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# MY OWN TIMES

## LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

EDITED BY HER SON

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# MY OWN TIMES

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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LADY DOROTHY NEVILL IN 1846

FROM A MINIATURE BY ROBERT THORBURN

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# MY OWN TIMES

BY

## LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

EDITED BY HER SON

WITH SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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## PREFATORY NOTE

"MY OWN TIMES" has been written in response to numerous suggestions received after the publication of "Under Five Reigns."

I can only hope that this new volume may be accorded something of the same generous and kindly reception as welcomed its predecessor.

Dorothy Neill
August 1912

# CONTENTS


I

PAGE

The Victorian age—Modern pessimism—Life without living—Sixty years ago and now—Increase of amusements and of sport—Anecdotes—The Press—Toby, M.P.—The "Keepsake"—A letter from Carlyle—Demoralizing literature—Social progress—A worthy use of artillery—Beneficent capital—Anecdotes—The Crimean campaign—A public scandal—The Victoria Cross . . . . . 1

II

The progress of invention—The late Mr. Stead—His faith in spiritualism—A séance that failed—The Great Eastern—Old world travelling—Sir Tatton Sykes—Dangers and discomforts of the road—Threadneedle Street biscuits—Turnpikes and "Turnpike money"—Anecdotes—Railroad and Tramway—A snob in office—Anecdotes—There's no place like home . 28

III

The changing East—A strange bequest—Lord Palmerston's forecast—Sir Robert Morier—Recollections—Travellers' tales—Tiresome officials—A strange refuge—Il Conte Hulme—Discomforts of old-fashioned hotels—Vicenza—A real romance—The Palazzo Paciocchi—King Bomba and his cook Beppo—Going to Rome in 1845—A faithless postmaster—Pio Nono and his joke concerning Fanny Elsler—The late Mr. Watts . 46

IV

A conversation with Mr. Hyndman—Why Unionism has lost ground—Disastrous apathy—An apologetic party—Hedging and quibbling—Lord Beaconsfield's methods of recruiting clever young men—Enemies in the House of Commons, intimates in private life—Labour and capital—Semi-education—Anecdotes—Setting class against class—Political renegades—Mr. Lloyd George—Chartism—Misguided zeal—An outspoken divine—History repeats itself . . . . 81

V

PAGE

Janus and his political devotees—Anecdote of Lord Palmerston—Mr. Lowe—Lord Iddesleigh—Anecdote—The decay of oratory—Jobbery and election tricks—The late Lord Lytton's apt criticism of Parliamentary life—'eds of feathers and 'earts of gold—Anecdote of Mr. Gladstone—The Parliament Bill—Lord Halsbury's fearless British pluck—Sham Radicals and shoddy titles—An amusing anecdote—Women's rights—My own view—"Babes for men"—An old French tale—Victorian women—Mademoiselle de Fauveau . . . . . 114

VI

The rage for wealth—Madame de Castiglione—Anecdotes—Cutlet for cutlet—Former contempt of the English for foreigners—Modern cosmopolitanism—A vulgar Anglo-American habit—Anecdote of Queen Victoria—*Nouveaux riches*—Anecdotes—"Quizzes"—The power of fashion—West End tradesmen of the past and their ways—Rotten Row in old days—Disappearance of fine equipages—Some vanished figures—Modern improvements in the Parks . . . . . 144

VII

Disraeli as a dandy—Prince Louis Napoleon in his days of exile and as Emperor—A stickler for etiquette—His gratitude—Anecdotes—Ill-fated first-born—Beaux of other days—Count d'Orsay and Prince Paul Esterhazy—Anecdotes—An official "Sleepy Hollow"—New men and old acres—Sir Richard Wallace—Sir John Murray Scott—The Admirable Crichton—Esquires—King Edward VII and his high qualities—The coronation of King George V . . . . . 177

VIII

The old aristocracy—An adroit reply—Anecdotes of queer characters—The last of the Gordons—Stories of the Iron Duke—An ingenious subterfuge—Peers of the old school—Vicissitudes of great families—"Finderne flowers"—Curious old privileges of actors at Drury Lane—Matrimonial alliances between the aristocracy and the stage—Romances of the Peerage—The purchase system—Ruthless discipline—The "Wolseley gang" 209

IX

Country-house life—Then and now—The spirit of unrest—Simple pleasures—The old English Christmas—Old country towns—

PAGE

Bee-keeping—Strange beliefs—Ancient abodes—The absentee landlord — Local gentry — Vandalism — All honour to Lord Curzon—The curse of "Restoration"—Quaint customs—Old-fashioned parsons—Anecdotes—The obsolete three-decker—Ritualism and Dissent—Rustics of the past—Anecdotes—"*A way to get Wealth*" . . . . . 236

X

London sixty years ago—Fogs—Amusements—Improvement in locomotion—Hackney coaches and hansoms—Street noises and cries—Punch—Unmelodious music—Letters from Mark Lemon and Dickens — Tolerated mendicity — The London police in its early days and now—Impostors—Begging letters —A curious specimen—London rivers—The Lord Mayor's barge — London bridge and Free Trade — The Spitalfield weavers — From Camisard to Cockney — The Reverend Osborne Jay and his admirable work—The London hospital . 259

XI

Modern London—The Casino style of architecture—An original scheme of decoration—Increase of unwieldy statuary—The *Allée Verte*—Northumberland House—Open spaces—Colonel Sibthorp—Berkeley Square—London fountains—The Albert Memorial—Victory or Peace?—Tombs of the Great Dead—Architectural samples—James Gibbs and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—Mid-Victorian taste—London improvements—Temple Bar—The mystery of its single room—Legal phraseology changes but 6s. 8d. remains—Suburban health resorts of the past—Travelling by canal-boat . . . . . 285

XII

The frugal past—Rise and fall in prices—Tea, oysters, and sealskin—Before envelopes and postage stamps—Mulready—A curious craze—Foolscap—Priceless MSS. at £7 a ton—An astute collector—Gretna Green—Sir Henry Peyton's driving-whips — "Amadio" portraits — Pins and fancy ware — The White Lodge—Miss Braddon and her son—Teapots—Bomba dollars—Anecdotes—Eridge . . . . . 312

INDEX . . . . . 335

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


LADY DOROTHY NEVILL IN 1846 . . . . *Frontispiece*
From a Miniature by Thorburn

FACING PAGE

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL (FRONTISPIECE TO "THE KEEPSAKE" 1851) . . . . . 16
After a Painting by Buckner

PARADISE LOST; OR, THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE PERI 132
(A Cartoon published in 1868)

DERBY AND JOAN (MISS FARREN AND LORD DERBY) . 228
From a Print by Dighton, 1795

MARY, COUNTESS OF ORFORD . . . . . 242
From a Crayon Drawing by Sir George Hayter

A DRAWING BY R. SEYMOUR . . . . . 266

ERIDGE CASTLE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO . . . 332
From a scarce Lithograph

# MY OWN TIMES

## I

The Victorian age—Modern pessimism—Life without living—Sixty years ago and now—Increase of amusements and of sport—Anecdotes—The Press—Toby, M.P.—The "Keepsake"—A letter from Carlyle—Demoralizing literature—Social progress—A worthy use of artillery—Beneficent capital—Anecdotes—The Crimean campaign—A public scandal—The Victoria Cross

TO deplore change and disparage the present has ever been considered as the privilege and appanage of old age; indeed, in former days, almost without exception, all who were able to number their years as three-score and ten were confirmed pessimists; to-day a more just outlook prevails amongst a great proportion of old people, who recognize that, whilst human nature remains what it is, the world, though it may not get much better, does not change for the worse.

Let pessimists say what they will, there has been much real progress during the last seventy years.

In all probability no era has so profoundly affected humanity and contributed so much to civilization—as that word is generally understood—as the reign of Queen Victoria, which gained such lustre from scientific research and mechanical inven-

tion. From quite another point of view no age can boast such a variety of range and richness in personality. Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning, Fitzgerald, and the Rosettis have bequeathed to us much verse which will survive; whilst in prose Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, Stevenson, Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and others have done work which will continue to delight thousands of readers for ages to come. The historians Carlyle, Froude, Freeman, and Green have left no successors approaching them in brilliance of style. Though in the main the Victorian era was, as regards England, at least fairly peaceful, it is interesting to recall that modern Imperialism really dates from the first Jubilee of 1887 when the country began to show so much enthusiasm for the colonies. From that period also dates the somewhat bellicose spirit which was more or less quenched in the none too glorious South African campaign.

Since this deplorable contest there has arisen a greater tendency than ever to declare that we are all going downhill.

The English, it is declared, have lost many of the splendid qualities which served them so well in the past. The luxuriousness and extravagance of the richer classes are bitterly denounced. This, however, is a very old cry.

In the "Memoirs of Lord Gambier," for instance, by Lady Chatterton, we find Hannah More writing of an entertainment given by a certain lady of fashion

whereat the strawberries alone cost £400; elsewhere this writer says: "I saw so much of the shocking way of going on in the short time I was in the town, that I must acquit myself to my conscience on this momentous subject before I die. Dancing and music fill up the whole of life, and every Miss of Fashion has three dancing, and a still greater number of music, masters."

The real trouble of the leisured classes is their inability to make good use of the time which now so often hangs heavily on their hands. No individual without interests or occupation can really enjoy life, for, by the inexorable decree of nature, the only real happiness lies in useful or interesting work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as over-exertion of either is avoided. It should be the aim of every one to be constantly employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world; and if so-called "reformers" would spend their time in efforts to make people more intelligent, they would be doing much more good than by agitating the many vexatious questions and impracticable theories which cause so much trouble and confusion without producing any real or lasting benefits.

On the other hand, a number of rich people are the victims of their own wealth and, as it were, go through life without living—for the mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round

in the mill of habit, and turn thought merely into an implement of moneymaking, is but a poor existence. In such people merely a small fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awake, whilst the realities which make it worth while to be still slumber. Knowledge and intelligence alone are able to give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

On the other hand, a life of mere luxurious laziness is even more unsatisfactory, and, in the case of women, I believe, often makes them prone to indulge in imaginary ailments, an obsession chiefly caused by lack of occupation and weakness of mind. It is a pity there is no Abernethy alive to deal with these modern *malades imaginaires.*

On one occasion a lady, who had received a severe bite in her arm from a dog, went to this great doctor, but, knowing his aversion to hearing any statement of particulars, she merely uncovered the injured part and held it before him in silence. After looking at it an instant he said, in an inquiring tone—

"Scratch?"

"Bite," replied the lady.

"Cat?" asked the doctor.

"Dog," rejoined the patient.

So delighted was Abernethy with the brevity and promptness of her answers, that he exclaimed—

"My dear madam, you are the most sensible woman I ever met with in my life."

A sick glutton sent for this doctor. "I have

lost my appetite," said he, in great alarm. "All the better," was the blunt reply; "you'll be sure to die if you recover it."

Another celebrated practitioner, when dealing with sham invalids, used invariably to prescribe a dose of common salt. The nature of what he called a sovereign remedy for every complaint under heaven, he concealed by calling it by its scientific name. "My dear madam," he would say, "all you have to do is to ask your chemist to make up this prescription, which merely contains muriate of soda, and dissolve one half-teaspoonful in a quart of rain-water, and take a teaspoonful twice a day."

The lady followed the advice thus given, and, strange to say, after a few doses was entirely cured of her ailments, and recommended it to others as a specific in all similar cases. Who can doubt the power of the imagination.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent individual obtains, the lazy one never. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.

Making allowance, however, for the general increase of wealth, the well-to-do people of to-day are, I think, little if any worse than their predecessors. In any case many of the denunciations hurled at them are too severe.

Modern society, as we all know, is constantly being attacked for its frivolity, its heartlessness, and its indifference as regards morals, which are un-

favourably contrasted with those of the same section of people during the Victorian age. If, however, anyone cared to study the Law Court Reports which appeared in the newspapers at that period, they would, I am almost certain, discover that, in this respect, things were pretty much the same, indeed they might even appear to have been worse. But against this it must be remembered that, in such matters, a good deal more reticence is now observed. Again, the vast changes in the composition of Society of which we hear so much are, in all probability, a good deal exaggerated, the truth being that they are merely a little more obvious, that is all. I believe that, if one were to take the trouble to read the files of the "Morning Post" and of the "Times" of sixty or seventy years ago and the lists of the prominent guests at the great parties, comparatively little difference would be found in the class of people that went to them. A particularly striking feature is that, at the parties given in 1849 and for some years afterwards, one-half of those present seem to have been Railway Promoters—Queen Victoria herself, I believe, was once entertained by Hudson, the Railway King. The latter, having been run after by everybody, eventually came to great grief.

In the plenitude of his power he was overwhelmed by testimonials, so much so, indeed, that a satirist, marking the behaviour of the various companies, proposed "A Mutual Piece of Plate Presentation Society," whereof every member subscribing the

expected sum should have, in rotation, the usual handsome epergne, tea-set, or candelabrum. This benevolent scheme, unfortunately for the silversmiths, never came to anything.

A Peer who held ideas ahead of his age was Lord Churston, who, in 1858, declined to take shares in the Dartmouth and Torbay Railway, on the ground that no Member of Parliament should hold shares in any railway on which he may have to legislate.

Stock-jobbing in connection with railroads was then raging as a veritable mania, and it seems doubtful whether—making, of course, allowance for the vast increase of wealth which has since taken place—Society ever had so much to do with it before or since. The craze lasted for about ten years, till, as almost invariably happens where speculation is concerned, everyone more or less had burnt their fingers. The railway mania was a disastrous phase similar to the one which followed the South African boom, which, whilst enriching a few individuals, ended in a disastrous slump.

Fortunes made in no time are like shirts made in no time; it's ten to one if they hang long together.

The reckless finance which prevailed reached its climax when, at a meeting of shareholders of what was then called the Eastern Counties Railway, the chairman, no less a person than Mr. George Hudson, "the Railway King," informed the assemblage that he deemed it quite the right thing to pay dividends out of capital—"It made matters pleasant."

When people had recovered from the craze of railroad speculation they began to look around for the causes which had ruined so many.

The chief factors which contributed towards disaster were said to have been palatial stations and termini, the plunder of lawyers, and the formation of non-paying branch lines upon a principle of competition, speciously described as "commanding a country district," so as to prevent it falling into the "system" of another company. The confidence of the public in the security of railway property was sadly shaken by these occurrences, and thus even those companies which had no share in these proceedings did not escape the effects of the general distrust.

Much too pessimistic an outlook is taken concerning various things, which, far from being decadent, are really more flourishing than ever before.

A characteristic feature, for instance, is the enormous increase in facilities for popular amusement. Formerly people of small means very seldom went to the theatre—a great change from to-day when practically every one goes. Whilst the poorer classes now have numberless forms of recreation which their forefathers never dreamt of, the pastimes of the rich still flourish as of yore.

Sport, which we are sometimes told stands in great danger of disappearing, has in reality increased to an enormous extent. Fishing has increased a hundredfold in a hundred years. A salient proof

of this is that the so-called "idle rich" now fish rivers in Scotland which were not thought worth paying anything for comparatively few years ago.

As regards shooting, its increased popularity is obvious, and may be realized from the fact that the amount of game shot in the three kingdoms every year is fifteen times what it was in 1860. On the other hand, the methods employed are not as sportsmanlike in the true sense of the word as in the old days before battue-shooting and partridge-driving produced an era of huge bags.

As regards hunting, which old-fashioned people declared was seriously threatened by the spread of railways, steam has vastly increased the facilities for locomotion, enabling hunting men to go all over the country as they never could do before; indeed, a serious danger is the large amount of people who attend the meets of favourite packs, and the number of which is much larger than it was in the past.

The conveniences of everyday life have been enormously improved; the present generation has no idea how gloomy and dark the streets of London used to be at night. Instead of the murky gloom which used to prevail on winter evenings, the metropolis now fairly blazes with electric light.

In the way of lighting, old London, I think, was always better off than Paris, which, until the end of the eighteenth century, was lit during only nine months of the year, and then only in the absence of moonlight. Louis XVI it was who decreed its

continuance during the whole year. Afterwards it was lighted by lamps suspended from ropes hung across the street, which, though aided by reflectors and kept well cleaned, served for little else than to make darkness visible, which was very much the case with the old gas lamps in our own streets, though just before they were supplanted by the electric light they had been considerably improved.

The light of my early days was not gas or electricity, but oil, and considerable economy was generally displayed in using that.

In other directions than lighting the progress of science and invention has greatly conduced to the increase of convenience.

Most people recollect the days before the telephone, but few, like myself, remember the time when the electric telegraph first came into use.

What a marvellous thing it was considered to be! All sorts of amusing stories used to be told about the way unsophisticated people took the wonderful new inventions.

One old woman, it was said, hung an umbrella on the post to go by telegraph! Another good old soul at Gateshead addressed a new pair of boots to her son in the Crimea, and hung them to the telegraph wires! The next morning she found an old pair in their place—not an unlikely thing to occur. "God bless the lad!" she exclaimed, "that is good of him. I never thought he'd have sent his old ones back to be repaired."

"Mother," asked a child, "how do they send messages by those bits of wire without tearing them to pieces?"

"They send them in a fluid state, my dear," was the reply.

Perhaps, however, the greatest instance of rustic *naïveté* was the countryman who, in the early days of photography, entered Whipple's daguerreotype saloon, and ordered a daguerreotype of his uncle.

"Bring him here and I will take his likeness," said the proprietor.

"Oh, he's dead!" was the simple reply; "but I've got a description of him in an old passport."

The greatest and most far-reaching change I remember is the enormous development of the Press, due, of course, to popular education.

In old days there were not many papers, and except in the case of the "Times" very little was known as to those who wrote for them, the names of the editors, managers, and staff of the principal London journals being, as it were, supposed to be shrouded in mystery. Perhaps this was why so many bowed down before the editorial "we," and wondered at the sagacity displayed by that plural pronoun, which has now pretty well lost its power.

The influence of the "Times" in old days was very considerable, and even great statesmen were supposed to stand in fear of its power. When in 1859 Mr. Disraeli appointed Sir Charles Trevelyan, a Whig, to the Governor-generalship of Madras, it

was alleged that the appointment was merely a sop thrown by the Tories to the "Thunderer," as the "Times" used to be called.

The modern daily newspaper, compared with that of the past, is a marvellous production. As a writer of the past once said, it clasps the world's daylight. Bound in its daily columns the world, with all its passing events, circles. "In it the steamship arrives and unloads her freightage; in it the lightning flashes from thought; in it the City booms, the corn blades glitter, the wheat rustles its golden heads, the cattle low from a thousand hills, and the market hums; in it the poet sings, and with his song the low wind comes fresh and sweet over old meadows, and happy faces gleam from forgotten doors." Yes, the world turns every day in the daily newspaper. Its columns are freighted with the world's merchandise. Through their avenues ring merrily the marriage bells, and through them the hearses move and funeral knells are tolled.

Since my childhood a good many newspapers have come and gone. Well do I remember the starting of the "Pall Mall Gazette," orginated by a friend of mine, Mr. Greenwood.

His original idea was to publish a new journal which should reproduce the form and spirit of Canning's Anti-Jacobin, but the plan of the evening newspaper, as eventually agreed upon with the late Mr. George Smith, whose firm assumed the pecuniary responsibilities, was widely different.

The name "Pall Mall Gazette," it should be added, was chosen by Mr. Smith in allusion to the journal that Thackeray invented for the benefit of Arthur Pendennis.

February 7, 1865, saw the issue of the first number, which was a large quarto in form, and cost twopence. The first leading article, written by Mr. Greenwood, the editor, dealt in a sympathetic manner with "The Queen's Seclusion," whilst a long letter by Anthony Trollope made a strong appeal on behalf of the North in America. It also contained the first of a series of letters from Pitt Crawley, Bart., to his nephew Pitt Crawley about to enter Parliament—this was the work of Sir Reginald Palgrave. The first number of the "Pall Mall" fell rather flat, only some four thousand copies being sold to an indifferent public. Before long, however, the new publication began to flourish. At present, under its new and brilliant editor—my friend Mr. Garvin,—the success of the "Pall Mall" seems more assured than ever.

Far younger than the "Pall Mall" is the well written "Westminster," so admirably edited by clever Mr. Spender,—its daily cartoon is always attractive. Though strongly Conservative, I must confess that I could never help taking great delight in the whimsical work of the first of our modern English caricaturists—Sir F. Carruthers Gould. As a political cartoonist he, of course, stands absolutely alone, while his gifted pencil generally carries far greater conviction than the impassioned

harangues of most politicians. Though he has mercilessly lampooned most of our public men, he somehow contrives never to give offence, whilst always amusing and never lacking in spirit. I do not think that anyone has ever been offended by any of his clever caricatures; as a matter of fact, even when the sarcasm is a little biting, the victims probably find their consolation in the fact that if they were not deemed forces to be reckoned with they would not be caricatured at all, for Sir Frank Carruthers Gould is about the best judge alive as to who interests the public and who does not.

I remember the days when "Punch" was yet undreamt of, and I have known a great many of the clever people connected with it, including Thackeray.

As is well known, the famous novelist was an accomplished penman, and used to pride himself on the neatness and dexterity with which he could cram the greatest possible number of words into the smallest possible space. A few weeks before his death he was present at the usual Saturday dinner, at which the contributors to "Punch" were accustomed to meet and arrange the programme for the next week's number. The conversation turning upon Mr. Thackeray's skill in this way, he was challenged to give an illustration, whereupon he produced a four-penny-piece, and, having marked the circle of the coin with a pen on a piece of paper, he drew in the

centre a crown, and filled up the remaining space with the Lord's Prayer, which he transcribed without a single contraction, except in the case of the word "which," spelling it "wh." Singular to relate, too, the pen used was an ordinary goosequill.

Amongst the present staff I have the greatest admiration for my friend Sir Henry Lucy, who, in his own particular line, is certainly one of the most gifted men alive. His contributions to "Punch" as "Toby, M.P." are absolutely unique, he being the only individual in the world who can amusingly describe the proceedings of that dismal make-belief assemblage—the modern House of Commons.

"Punch" took its second name, the "London Charivari" from a French daily sheet which has now, I think, ceased to exist.

The word signifies "marrow-bones and cleavers," by which the rough music which formerly greeted unpopular married couples was produced. The "Charivari" often took physical defects as the subject of its caricatures. It is said that the discovery that the head of Louis Philippe resembled a pear, by Philippon, one of the caricaturists of the "Paris Charivari," annoyed Louis Philippe more than the attempt upon his life by Fieschi, and that his famous "law of September," against the press and pictures, was due to the "Pear-portrait."

A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it by becoming a subject of

thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; alas, that so many should be attracted only by trash. Matters in this respect, however, were a good deal worse fifty or sixty years ago.

Ladies, for the most part, then read nothing but sentimental novels; at the same time it is only fair to say that for those who loved serious reading, ample provision was made. Those were the days of Books of Beauty and the Keepsake.

The portrait of myself which appears as an illustration, I may add, served in the same capacity to a volume of the latter published in 1851.

Miss Power, a relative of Lady Blessington—a rather clever woman whom I knew well,—was the editress, and it contained, besides a much too flattering poem about myself by Charles Howard, verses by Lord John Manners, and contributions from Dickens and Carlyle, whose article "The Opera" was prefaced by the following characteristic letter.

Dear P——,—Not having anything of my own which I could contribute (as is my wish and duty) to this pious Adventure of yours, and not being able in these hot busy days to get anything ready, I decide to offer you a bit of an Excerpt from that singular "Conspectus of England" lately written, not yet printed, by Professor Ezechiel Peasemeal, a distinguished American friend of mine. Dr. Peasemeal

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

(FRONTISPIECE TO 'THE KEEPSAKE,' 1851)

AFTER A PAINTING BY BUCKNER

will excuse my printing it here. His 'Conspectus,' a work of some extent, has already been crowned by the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Bunkum, which includes, as you know, the chief thinkers of the New World; and it will probably be printed entire in their 'Transactions' one day. Meanwhile let your readers have the first taste of it; and much good may it do them, and you! T. C."

Quills, it has been said, are things sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the ideas of another—this was very applicable to a certain number of the minor writers of the Victorian age.

Of late we have heard something about "demoralizing literature." I do not think there are any publications to-day so demoralizing in a certain sense as the novels which delighted a former generation; whilst not vicious, they were vapid and silly to an incredible degree. A great purveyor of this stuff was Anthony King Newman, the proprietor of the Minerva Press Printing Office, who died in the late Fifties. This individual was about the most indefatigable caterer for novel readers who ever existed. He had gained great celebrity as the publisher of a long series of romances, dubbed by the literary critics of a past era as the Minerva Press School of Fiction, a school all of whose writers dealt in the marvellous, used high-sounding adjectives, defied the unities of time and place, dismissed probability as an item of no importance, and always finished off their heroes and heroines by placing them in bowers

of bliss, and bestowing on them basketfuls of babies. He had long retired from business to enjoy the wealth which the devoted worshippers of the article wherein he dealt enabled him to acquire.

There was a curious combination of sentiment and business about some passages in such books. Witness the following, culled from the first chapter of a mid-Victorian novel: "All of a sudden the girl continued to sit on the sand gazing on the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much joy and sorrow, and pine and lumber, and emigrants, and hopes, and salt fish?"

Extraordinary statements abounded in some of these books. Speaking of a fire, one author wrote—

"A horse entirely consumed made its escape, uttering horrible cries!"

Another told of an unfortunate traveller who, after being perforated with innumerable bullets by bandits, and thrown into a lime-kiln, where he was burnt to a cinder, had strength and resolution enough to drag himself to a neighbouring village, and lodge an information before a magistrate!

The most vulgar productions of all were the cheaper novels dealing with fashionable life.

The following, an extract from one published about 1863, shows the sort of thing which numbers then read with delight—

"Having resolved on this, Lady Theresa went in search of her Bible and her 'Christian Year.'

"Accompanied by Sir Arthur, she entered Lord Beaurepaire's room.

"He was lying on a couch, wrapped in a thick brocade dressing-gown.

"His small arched feet were in embroidered slippers, and a ruby velvet and gold fez covered his fine head and thickly-curling auburn hair.

"He was, in truth, superbly handsome, of that lofty, refined, and highly-finished style which we are wont to consider patrician or aristocratic, although, perhaps, the finest specimen of that antinous and chiselled face was to be found in 'the grand old gardener,' in whom, after all, duke and dustman, count and costermonger, alike have their origin.

"Lord Beaurepaire was very pale from recent confinement and severe illness, and the thinness of his face made his large, sloping, violet eyes look all the larger.

"A crimson flush mantled his cheek when he saw Theresa.

"He held out his wan white hand, and thanked her rather confusedly with his lips, but very eloquently with his eyes.

"'Sit down on this low chair, near Beaurepaire, my love,' said Sir Arthur, 'and read whatever you think best suited to the occasion. I have begged Lady Theresa to read in my stead, Beaurepaire,' said Sir Arthur, 'because she's used to reading aloud to her mother.'"

It seems strange that the age when this sort

of stuff was eagerly swallowed should have produced Dickens, whose works effected so many real reforms.

By natural intuition the great novelist in question seems to have realized that the world is moved by feeling more than interest or argumentative power; and that an able pen can enlist on the side of justice that large force of public feeling which is called the opinion of the day, without which the legislative machine could not be made to move.

The true cause of the great popularity of Dickens is, I think, that all his works, in spite of descriptions of humble life and occasional sketches of the fashionable world, essentially make their main appeal to the middle class of England. With this particular stratum of our society—their hopes and fears, loves and hates, struggles and temptations, as with every action of their daily lives, the great novelist was perfectly familiar. In addition to this, by his crowd of quaint out-of-the-way characters, careful pictures of eccentricity, and skilfully drawn pathos he touches the hearts of every reader—grave or gay, old or young. Marvellous at depicting either mirth or sorrow, Dickens possessed an unrivalled power for creating types. So much so is this the case that many of his characters have become household words by which we indicate certain qualities and phases of human nature.

Whilst owing largely to men like Dickens various social abuses have been rectified—the hideous curse of war still exists as of yore. One of the most

cheering symptoms of progress is the appearance of what, I hope, is a growing feeling in favour of universal peace. People indeed are gradually coming to realize that, considering the humanizing creed which we profess, the civilization of which we boast, the ferocity of warfare is as brutal to-day as in the remotest times of savage ignorance. The most civilized man and the lowest savage are, to all intents and purposes, one and the same when they meet as destroyers on the battlefield, and, morally at least, what are called the glorious victories are scarcely to be distinguished from the butcheries of the barbarian savages of a remote past. No circumstances can palliate the naked and horrid aspect of war, the offspring of brutality, yet civilization's adopted child.

In some respects modern warfare is even more repulsive than that of the past, when its horrors were obscured by so much pomp and panoply, most of which, now that it is an affair of cool, calculating, scientific slaughter, has been abandoned as useless. It is to be feared, however, that the day when the sword shall be turned into a ploughshare is yet far distant. I remember hearing of a curious instance of this in 1858, when a battery of artillery was put to a really worthy use. A road was then under construction near the Pyrenees. The contractor found the process of blasting an overhanging rock rather difficult, and, a battery of mortars of the 10th regiment passing along, he telegraphed

to Paris for leave to open fire on a craig a good height above the road, over which it impended. A few rounds of ten-inch shell brought down the whole mass in fragments; it was the affair of ten minutes.

Naval warfare, before the days of skilled surgery, was terrible beyond belief. "Which was the most solemn and awful moment of a naval battle?" once asked a lady of a naval officer of the old school. "The moment before the battle, madam, when they sprinkled sand on the decks to absorb the blood that was to flow," replied the officer.

War, even when it is unavoidable, is always a mighty evil.

The only possible defence for it is the stubborn courage and endurance—the self-sacrificing chivalry, which it has not infrequently evoked; pathetically enough, however, it is just those who display the finest qualities who are the most apt to perish.

In the South African War the vast majority of those who surrendered lived to see the shores of England again, but a tragic fate befell those who exhibited the fine courage (now by some deemed merely a waste of useful life), exhibited by their ancestors.

Such a one was the gallant young officer Gurdon Rebow, who, when challenged by an overwhelming force of Boers to surrender, like his brave Huguenot forbears, preferred to die.

How many acts of self-sacrifice and chivalry have been rewarded by death upon the battlefield! One

of the most pathetic occurred during the battle of Waterloo. A trumpeter boy of the 2nd Life Guards, Thomas Beamond, was riding through the field when a cuirassier rushed at him with his sword's point levelled at the boy's breast. Discovering that he was a mere lad, the gallant Frenchman dropped his point, spared him, and passed on. Sad to relate, in sight of the poor boy, a comrade, who had not witnessed the noble act of the cuirassier, fell upon him and slew him. When the boy, grown a man, told the story, he was, though years had elapsed, affected even to tears.

An even greater curse in connexion with war is the widespread misery and desolation which follows in its wake—it paralyses industry and destroys commerce.

If the accumulation of vast wealth is a great curse, war is a much worse one. The interest of Capitalists now lies entirely on the side of peace, and it should be remembered some of them have rendered Europe great services in this direction.

Amongst these was the Right Hon. Alexander Baring, afterwards first Lord Ashburton, second son of Sir Francis Baring, head of the well-known firm. Some of his monetary operations on a gigantic scale were of European importance. The greatest of these—one of the greatest ever performed by a single banker—was that he freed France from the incubus of an occupation of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian armies of 50,000 men each, by the loan of a large sum of

money. This financial feat occasioned the saying of the witty French Premier, the Duc de Richelieu, "There are six great Powers in Europe—England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Baring Brothers."

Whilst great financiers abhor war, there is a class of minor speculators who, for interested reasons, like it. Some of these indeed are about the only people who gain by war, owing to obtaining contracts for munitions and supplies. Too often very unscrupulous methods have been employed. Few honest people make much profit.

"I mourn for my bleeding country," said a certain army contractor to General Sheridan. "So you ought, you scoundrel," replied the gallant soldier, "for nobody has bled her more than you have."

Some army contractors of the past were frank robbers; such a one was the Frenchman who obtained a contract to supply the army of the Khedive Ismail with new uniforms. The Sovereign in question, though he was as fond of military tailoring as the Emperor Nicholas himself, knew little what things should cost. Oddly enough, however, he did know nearly the fair cost of military buttons. Disgusted by the exorbitant charge for this item, he sent for the contractor, and, pointing to the total of his bill, flung it down indignantly, saying, in French: "It is an infamous robbery; I won't pay it." On this the Frenchman coolly replied: "If I don't rob your Highness, who the deuce would you have me rob?"

(Si je ne vole pas votre Altesse, qui diable voulez-vous que je vole?) The Khedive, it is said, was so delighted at the impudence and humour of the man that he passed his account, and the Frenchman received the money, and boasted of the presence of mind to which he owed it.

The Crimean Campaign was one of the most miserable wars ever waged. About the only individuals who profited by it were a certain number of contractors and merchants, one of whom, a few years after the war, sold about 15,000,000 pounds of wrought- and cast-iron, made out of the projectiles found on the battlefields around Sebastopol.

The one redeeming feature was the devoted bravery of the gallant six hundred, whose famous charge at Balaclava won them immortal fame.

What, I wonder, has now become of their lances?

In 1858 they were to be seen at Dover Castle; I hope they are preserved there still.

Before leaving this subject, I cannot help saying that it seems to me that any old soldier who has fought gallantly for his country should be safely secured against abject poverty to the end of his life.

In continental armies, I understand, due provision is made for the support of deserving veterans who may have fallen upon evil days, there being a regimental fund for such a purpose in connexion with a regular roll of those who have at any time served with its colours.

Such a thing as a gallant veteran practically dying from penury and distress is a scandal, and ought to turn the cheeks of some high military officials, who have never been under fire and draw huge salaries, as scarlet as their gold-laced coats. Our army is the most costly one in the world, and surely, out of the huge sums wrung from the tax-payer, a minute portion might be set aside to relieve those who have fought their country's battles in the past.

It is curious to remember that many soldiers of the old school disliked the institution of the Victoria Cross.

Sir Colin Campbell, for instance, wrote to the Duke of Cambridge that, since the institution of the cross, advantage has been taken by young staff officers to place themselves in prominent situations for the sake of attracting attention. "To them," observed Sir Colin, "life is of little value as compared with the gain of public honour; but they do injustice to the officers in command of the regiments, and are useless to the soldiery, who are unacquainted with them, and look to their regular leaders."

At that time even those favourable to the institution of a reward for especially conspicuous valour did not foresee that the Victoria Cross would prove such a highly coveted decoration as it has since become. A proof of the great importance now attached to it is the high price which one of these crosses, intrinsically of infinitesimal worth, fetches when through the

death of its owner it comes into the market. Far from having promoted mere foolhardy feats of gallantry, the Victoria Cross has ever been the worthy reward of unflinching self-sacrifice and splendid valour.

## II

The progress of invention—The late Mr. Stead—His faith in spiritualism—A *séance* that failed—The Great Eastern—Old world travelling—Sir Tatton Sykes—Dangers and discomforts of the road —Threadneedle Street biscuits—Turnpikes and "Turnpike money"— —Anecdotes—Railroad and Tramway—A snob in office—Anecdotes— There's no place like home

DURING a long life I have seen numberless changes, and it is curious to reflect that most of the inventions which have contributed so largely to the convenience and comfort of modern life were undreamt of during my childhood.

Only six years before I was born had the first steamer which ever crossed the Atlantic arrived at Liverpool.

This was the "Savannah," an American vessel, which, partly sailing and partly steaming, had arrived direct from the United States in what was then considered the marvellously quick time of 26 days. The first two steamers which left England for New York were the "Sirius" and the "Great Western." The former, starting from London on 4th April 1838, arrived at New York on the 22nd of the same month; while the latter, which left Bristol three days later, reached it on the 23rd.

It is a far cry from these little vessels—the

"Savannah" was only 350 tons—to the great steamships of to-day like the "Titanic," 45,000 tons, which recently met with such a terrible fate. To the best of my belief there was only one individual on board whom I knew. This was Mr. W. T. Stead, most brilliant of journalists and in many ways an extraordinary man.

Some years ago I saw a good deal of him, and he once induced me to go to a spiritualist *séance* where the medium was a young girl in whom he placed implicit faith. Mr. Stead indeed was always placing implicit faith in somebody or something, he seemed to have an infinite capacity for belief.

The medium, I remember, said she had never seen anyone so surrounded by spooks as I was, nevertheless, except that she tore a handkerchief to bits in a sort of frenzy, nothing whatever happened, and I thought the *séance* a complete failure. However, Mr. Stead's enthusiasm was not in the least cooled. I thought it a pity that such a clever individual should devote so much of his attention to spiritualism, connected as it generally is with so much nonsense and humbug.

He was a large-hearted and generous man, in fact in some ways he resembled a mediaeval saint. What a pity that Julia or some other spook did not warn him against setting out on his fatal journey. According to all accounts, by the irony of fate he met his death clinging to a piece of wreckage in company with an American millionaire, his own

prediction as to his end—being kicked to death in the streets of London—being thus completely falsified.

It is curious how a certain kind of intellect—often of a high order, as in the case of poor Mr. Stead, is attracted by spiritualism. Believers in it are generally people possessed of a vivid imagination and very prone to emotion. Matter-of-fact individuals take little interest in efforts to communicate with those in another world.

Dr. Wolff, the father of the late Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, used to tell a story of a certain M. Preisweg of Geneva, a good and excellent Christian, to whom a ghost appeared as he was going to bed, and said: "I am the ghost of a person who was hanged here six weeks ago." "That is no business of mine," replied Preisweg; "so good-night."

I remember the "Great Eastern" and the wonder it was thought to be—nevertheless, except for the purpose of laying the Atlantic cable, it did not prove very much of a success. A story connected with this steamship would have interested poor Mr. Stead.

Somehow or other an impression got about that this ship was haunted by the ghost of an unfortunate riveter, which was to be heard working in various parts of it. The captain, as a matter of fact, used to say that he believed a workman employed upon the construction of the "Great Eastern" had got riveted up in some part of the vessel, for one man had never

come for his wages. This idea getting about amongst the ship's company actually caused some of the men to leave, declaring that they had heard their departed friend busily engaged in riveting in the middle of the night. The story was believed by many persons in New York, and on one occasion, while the ship was under repair, a diver was signalled to be drawn up. He appeared pale with fright, and affirmed the ghost of the riveter was busy in the bottom part of the ship,—in fact, that he began riveting immediately over his head. Such was the consternation among the divers that they called in the aid of one of the mediums, who were then flourishing in America. The medium came on board the ship, and, after an examination, declared that the missing man was there both "in body and spirit." Fortunately, however, the captain—Paton by name —by pure accident, was enabled to dispel the illusion. Being in a boat near the bows of the ship, he discovered that a swivel connected with the moorings worked to and fro, the movement causing a chink or vibration which at times, more especially at night, was heard throughout the vessel. It was this sound which had conjured up, in connexion with the supposed fate of the unfortunate riveter, the phantom whose mysterious doings spread such consternation on board the big ship.

An even greater failure than the "Great Eastern" was the "Castalia," which, in the Seventies, by a sort of swinging arrangement, was supposed to abolish sea-

sickness. Many other ideas have been mooted to abolish the horrors of the Channel passage.

A scheme for a roadway beneath it was once actually laid before Napoleon, whilst after the introduction of railways, several plans were proposed to connect the roads of England and the Continent.

A good deal of attention was attracted by the proposal of a French engineer in 1857. His idea was to form thirteen islands in the Channel, by carrying material out to sea, dig down through the said islands into terra firma, and tunnel east and west.

Another scheme was that put forward by Mr Chalmers in 1862. His plan was to consist in submerging tubes of suitable dimensions, loading them down, and making ample provision for ventilation, light, safety, and comfort, while the shore embankments would form magnificent harbours of refuge on each side of the Channel.

Since then efforts have from time to time been made to obtain permission to construct a tunnel beneath the sea, but this does not seem likely to be done for a long time to come.

The early days of railways still linger in my memory, and I can recall the dislike with which old-fashioned people like my father—a Tory of Tories—viewed them. He always remained faithful to the post-chaise, the internal arrangement of which, by the by, was not altogether dissimilar from the modern taxi cab. The calculating machine now in general use, it is curious to remember, is also not altogether a new thing.

As long ago as 1865 what was called a calculating machine for cabs was in use in Paris. It was supposed to record, in view of the passenger, the exact distance traversed, the time occupied in traversing it, and the stoppages—which were calculated as adding at the rate of about five miles per hour. This contrivance was supposed to prevent all dispute, and enabled the traveller to ascertain at once what he was bound to pay. Moreover, all the journeys made during the day were recorded automatically on a small card, as also the time occupied by each, and the distance paid for by travellers respectively. The contrivance in question, however, did not work as efficiently as its inventor claimed, and the "calculating machine" retired into obscurity till, in a different and more successful form, it blossomed out again a few years ago in the modern motor cab.

Whilst a great many of the old school remained, like my father, faithful to the post-chaise, a certain number rode. One of these was the well-known Sir Tatton Sykes, who invariably went on horseback from Sledmere to London and back, whenever he had occasion to visit the Metropolis, his rule being to ride to London and return as far as Barnet the same night. It is related of him that when a young man he went off to ride a race for a friend, and started home again immediately after weighing in, the distance being nearly four hundred miles.

For seventy-four years—1789 to 1862—Sir Tatton

never missed a St. Leger ; fitly enough, a horse called after him carried off this classic event in 1846.

Sir Tatton's seventy-four Legers, however, is not a record. Mr Henry Binnington of Doncaster, who recently died, aged 92, between 1831 and 1911 witnessed seventy-eight.

As a fine old English squire, Sir Tatton, of course, kept foxhounds, and in this capacity vied in popularity with any sportsman in the country. His pack he maintained solely at his own expense until he had passed his seventieth year, and only resigned it into the hands of Lord Middleton on the determination of his son not to accept it. Sir Tatton, his man Snarry, and his horse, were all characters ; his servant had been at Sledmere fifty-two years, and Sir Tatton used to say that himself and his horse were one hundred and fifteen years old. Sir Tatton was an early riser, often mounting before the sun had risen. He never omitted attending the cattle fairs, and enjoyed enormous popularity amongst his tenantry and labourers. It was not an unusual thing, when there was no hunting or other engagement to call him away, to find Sir Tatton relieving a labourer at a stone heap or slashing a fence, while the labourer was sent to enjoy a flagon of ale. As a landlord, a master, and a friend, Sir Tatton was much beloved. "He never lost a friend nor made an enemy," and was a typical fine old English gentleman. I am delighted to learn that his clever grandson, Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Sykes, is likely to make a name for himself in English public life.

Like many other able men he probably inherits a good deal of his intellect from his mother, the late Lady Sykes, a clever woman who, had her lot been cast in a different sphere of life, might have accomplished much.

Before the railway era, ladies, of course, owing to the discomfort, travelled much less than they do to-day. They did not go on the coaches,—that is to say if they could help it,—but drove.

Whilst not unnaturally, of course, one cannot help regretting the good old times, they probably gain a good deal of attraction because they have passed away. Many of the joys associated with the years that have gone are a good deal tinged with romantic fiction.

On the whole railways have been a blessing, for poor people suffered terribly on a journey in old days.

For the rich things were better, but travelling by road was rarely an unmixed pleasure. In my childhood we generally drove up and down from Norfolk in a barouche, but my father remembered hearing of the days when old family coaches were used for the journey. In these somewhat unwieldy conveyances a budget, or stout leathern bag, always hung under the coachman's seat, to contain "a hammer, a pair of pincers, a cold chisel, 24 clouts, 12 linchpins and hurtees, and 200 of clout nails." This shows how the roads must have been very bad to make it necessary that in travelling the coachman should have a hammer and other necessary implements for the repairs required after an occasional break-down. At

the present day, in "state coaches" the hammercloth, which once covered the receptacle for these tools, still preserves its name in remembrance of the practice, though now used only for ornament, or heraldic display.

The term "budget," to which I have alluded, now synonymous with the financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Parliament, originated in a way not generally known. It was originally derived from the Norman-French word *bougette* signifying a leather purse or wallet. It was the custom in the early Parliaments of England to put into a leather bag or *bougette* the accounts submitted to the Commons, and hence the word passed from the containant to the thing contained, and, with this new signification, returned to France. The word "budget" is first officially used in the arrêt of the Consuls, 4th Thermidor, year X., and Germinal, year XI., of the Republic.

Hammercloth, it must be added, has also been set down as a corruption of armour-cloth, because in former times, and not unfrequently now, the cloth in question has affixed to it, or woven into it, the arms of the family to which the carriage belongs.

Travelling by coach, in early times, was a most uncomfortable if deliberate affair. Time was of less consequence than safety, and coaches were advertized to start "God willing," and "about" such and such an hour "as shall seem good" to the majority of the passengers. The difference of a day in the journey

from London to York was a small matter, and a certain geologist used to leave the coach and go in search of fossil shells in the fields on either side of the road while making the journey between the two places. The long coach "put up" at sundown, and "slept on the road." Whether the coach was to proceed or stop short at some favourite inn was determined by the vote of the passengers, who usually appointed a chairman at the beginning of the journey. In 1700, York was a week distant from London, and Tunbridge Wells, now reached in an hour, was two days. Salisbury and Oxford were also two days' journey, and Exeter five. The Fly Coach from London to Exeter slept at the latter place the fifth night from town; the coach proceeded next morning to Axminster, where it breakfasted, and there a woman-barber "shaved the coach." Between London and Edinburgh, as late as 1763, a fortnight was consumed, the coach only starting once a month. The risk of break-downs in driving over the execrable roads may be inferred from the circumstance that every coach carried with it a box of carpenter's tools, and the hatchets were occasionally used in lopping off the branches of trees overhanging the road and obstructing the travellers' progress.

One of the old school said: "I could fill a whole sheet, were it worth while, with details of accidents and calamities on the coach road, in all of which I was personally concerned. I have gone bodily with a dozen companions over a hedge into a bean-field;

I have burst through the crust of a gravel pit by the roadside, and been deposited in the ditch; I have come down with a crash on the stones through collision with a wagon, when a fellow-passenger was killed on the spot; I have been left in the snow on a moonless night in consequence of the driver nodding on his box; I have come to grief in various ways, as well through the weather or unavoidable accident as by the neglect, the thoughtlessness, and the insobriety of those to whom the public safety was confided. When I recall the casualties by stage coaches, and compare them with those attendant upon railway travelling, I am forced to the conclusion that, looking to the number of travellers by both modes of conveyance, the percentage of the killing and maiming on the turnpike road was ten times the amount of the same disasters on the rail."

In my early youth, of course, great strides had been made in travelling, nevertheless the "good old coaching days" which a generation fortunate enough to escape its discomforts is occasionally apt to glorify, were, except in the finest of weathers, supremely uncomfortable; whilst, though there were famous old inns where excellent fare was to be obtained, the facilities for obtaining good food were often very poor.

Our chief standby on our journeys, I remember, was a box of the famous "Threadneedle-Street Biscuits" which made the fortunes of several generations of biscuit-bakers,—the Lemanns by name—a

very old firm which still exists. The recipe for them, as given in an old book, was as follows: "Mix three ounces of good butter with two pounds of the very best sifted flour, and work into the smallest possible crumbs; then take four ounces of fine, dry, sifted sugar, and make your crumbs into a firm paste with new milk. Beat this with a rolling-pin, roll it out one-third of an inch thick, and cut with a square of lozenge cutter; bake in a very slow oven till the biscuits are crisp to the centre; no part must remain soft. Half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda will improve them."

The present generation would not, I believe, put up with turnpikes (the last private one, I read, was removed this year—1912), which, besides being a great nuisance, led to extortion on the part of coachmen and others, for it was almost impossible to check what they called "Turnpike Money" in their books.

In the Sixties only did the turnpikes begin to be removed.

In 1865, the turnpike gates on the Surrey and Sussex roads were taken away, and next year those who drove to the Derby did not pull up at Kennington and Sutton, as they had had to do for so many years that "memory of man ran not to the contrary." In consequence of this, there were amusing contests at some of the gates and sidebars around London. Cab-drivers knew that twelve o'clock at night was the time when the new Act of Parliament came into operation, and refused to pay

toll; while, on the other hand, the gatekeepers were desirous of taking the advantage of a few minutes to increase their "takings." The police, however, came to the rescue, and those who had purchased the material of the gates and houses followed, so that in a short time neither keepers, bars, nor gates were to be seen.

In connexion with turnpikes, a curious incident was a legal point raised in the Fifties of the last century, when the Court of Queen's Bench was to decide whether a person driving in one of Her Majesty's carriages is liable to pay toll. In the case in question Mrs. Groves, the wife of Major Groves, was driving through Bathampton, in Somersetshire, in one of the Queen's carriages, driven by the Queen's servants. She refused to pay toll, and the toll-keeper brought his action. It was contended on his part that the toll was personal, and did not depend on the ownership of the carriage. But the Court overruled that pleading, and laid it down that the prerogative of the Crown gave exemption to the carriage whenever used by Her Majesty's permission.

Careless cooking and tough meat were by no means uncommon. A well-known old story indeed used to relate how a party of travellers, taking a meal at a country inn, found the poultry so tough that it was impossible to carve.

One of the guests, after exercising his ingenuity to no effect in trying to dissect an old fowl, at last turned to the waiter, and asked—

"Have you any such thing as a powder-flask?"

"No, sir, we have not; do you want one?"

"Why, yes. I think the shortest way would be to blow the fellow up."

When there were no railways, and when the steamers were neither frequent in their passages nor punctual in their arrivals, the "Times" had organized its own system of couriers, and for a long time it competed with the "Morning Herald" as to the greatest expedition in the conveyance of the Overland Mail from Marseilles to London. At one time the "Times" had the best of it; on another occasion the couriers of the "Times" were beaten by the couriers of the "Herald." The agents of the papers sowed their money broadcast on the route between Marseilles and Calais; they outwitted one another in retaining all the post-horses, until these expensive manoeuvres were finally rendered unnecessary by the railway service and the submarine telegraph. Owing to this, extraordinary stories were current on the Continent, where it was generally believed that the "Times" had its score or so of special trains steaming away on all the railroads of England from year's end to year's end.

"Railway," it is curious to remember, is a purely English word, whereas "railroad" is not, being an importation from America.

"Tramway" is also purely English; the origin of this word is odd. I suspect that very few people now alive know that it was taken from part of the

name of the founder of the great Butterley Ironworks —Sir James Outram's father. Mr. Outram was a man of great ability, energetic, self-reliant, of fertile and ready resource, so much so that his opinion was deferred to by many of the most eminent engineers of the day, such as Sir John Rennie and Thomas Telford. He was the first, in connexion with these works, to lay down an iron way, and it is to this circumstance, and from his name, that we have the term "tramway."

1826—the year of my birth—was the starting year in the development of the England of our day, and it may emphatically be asserted that the new order of things commenced with that first instalment of the modern railway system—the line between Stockton and Darlington.

The spread of railways after this first line had been laid down was extraordinarily rapid; very soon navvies were at work all over England. They penetrated into the east and the west, spread themselves over the south, and covered the midland counties with a network of iron. This then extended into Scotland, crossed over to Ireland, and before a decade had passed railways had become institutions in France, Germany, and the United States of America.

Early railway travelling, though an improvement upon the slow progress of the road, "was none too comfortable,"—third-class passengers were treated like cattle. Many of the newly-appointed officials were

full of importance, and enforced the regulations in an uncompromising manner, though for this they perhaps ought not to have been blamed.

A peculiar case of this kind was that of a stationmaster on the Great Western Railway who, descrying a gentleman smoking on the platform, told him that it was forbidden. The gentleman, however, continued to smoke, upon which the stationmaster repeated his behests more peremptorily than before; but still the owner of the Havana maintained a provoking disregard. A third time the order was repeated, accompanied with the threat that if the obstinate sinner did not obey he would be handed over to the tender mercies of the porters. The stranger took no more heed than before; and so at last the stationmaster pulled the cigar out of the smoker's mouth and flung it away. This violent act produced no more effect than commands and threats, and the peripatetic philosopher continued his walk quite serenely. Presently a carriage and four drove up—an equipage well known to the stationmaster as that of the Duke of Beaufort. To his inconceivable horror the refractory smoker entered the said chariot and drove off to Badminton, nor was he at all relieved when he was told that the stranger was Lord Palmerston. Fearful of the consequences, the poor man at once ordered a chaise and pair and drove off to Badminton. Arrived there, he sent in his card, and urgently requested a private interview with Lord Palmerston. His lordship soon appeared, when the

stationmaster began a most abject apology for having "so grossly insulted his lordship; had he known who his lordship was, he would not have so treated his lordship for the world." The Premier heard the stationmaster out; then looking down upon him sternly, and with his hands in his pockets, said: "Sir, I respected you because I thought you were doing your duty like a Briton, but now I see you are nothing but a snob."

Railways, motor-cars, the electric telegraph and telephone, and the like are now familiar to all the inhabitants of the British Isles, but half a century ago there existed individuals who had scarcely heard of any of them.

William Miller, indeed, a somewhat eccentric individual who protested against being released when the debtors were cleared out of the Queen's Bench Prison in 1862, had never seen a steamship or a railway, a street gas-lamp or even an omnibus.

At the demolition of this old prison quite a number of prisoners sternly refused to be made bankrupts, though, by giving their consent, they could have immediately obtained their release. The most curious case of all was, undoubtedly, that of this man Miller, who had been in prison since July 1814—forty-eight years! He had lost all desire to go out, and would sign nothing which would have the effect of making him a free man. When at length he was absolutely forced to acquiescence, he begged to be allowed to remain in the prison a few days longer; and when

his time was up he still lingered fondly within the gates to bid the officials farewell, and to shake hands over and over again, until he passed the outer gates of the old prison which had for so many years been his home.

## III

The changing East—A strange bequest—Lord Palmerston's forecast—Sir Robert Morier—Recollections—Travellers' tales—Tiresome officials—A strange refuge—Il Conte Hulme—Discomforts of old-fashioned hotels—Vicenza—A real romance—The Palazzo Paciocchi—King Bomba and his cook Beppo—Going to Rome in 1845—A faithless postmaster—Pio Nono and his joke concerning Fanny Elsler—The late Mr. Watts

AMONGST modern developments nothing, I think, is more remarkable than the way in which, owing chiefly to the progress achieved by science, distance has been annihilated and countries about which formerly little was known have been brought as it were to our very doors.

Daily events in Pekin, Tokio, and other cities not so very long ago enveloped in a glamour of mystery, are chronicled in our daily papers much as are happenings in Paris or Berlin,—the East of to-day apparently is not that of the past.

One realizes this reading of the boy-scouts of Siam.

Truly, times have changed since, as an apology for delay in receiving the British Consul, the Monarch of that far-off kingdom wrote him in pencil: "Mr. Consul—I am very much sorry to keep you in waiting; but my royal body is visited by superhuman agency, with a fit of stomach-ache, and so I request that you

will delay until that it is ameliorated. P.P.M. Mongkut, Rex, M.S."

The whole body of reliable human history seems to prove that the stream of civilization has been flowing westward ever since man acquired the ability to take note of time, but at present we are confronted with the apparent contradiction of the East being invaded from the West—the awakening of China is an extraordinary result.

Sixty years ago, and less, no one would have believed that a Chinese Republic would ever be proclaimed.

I remember the excitement caused by our differences with China, and how amusing was the way in which the Chinese Government of the Sixties explained away its very unsuccessful war with England and France.

In the Imperial Almanac for 1861 it was gravely stated that the foreign ambassadors, being accompanied by a numerous guard of honour, misunderstandings had arisen between the soldiers of that escort and those of the Chinese army, but that all difficulties had been arranged by the self-devotion of the chiefs of the Government.

Few people, unless at the call of duty or business, then visited Pekin, but one Englishman who went there was so pleased that he left the Chinese Emperor a somewhat extraordinary bequest.

This was Mr. George Wilson, of Carstairs Lodge, near Wigton, who in his will, proved at Carlisle, put :

"I give and bequeath unto the person for the time being Emperor of China the sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings as a mark of my gratitude for the uniform attention with which I was treated by the officials of that empire during my visit there in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five."

Another unexpected development in the East is the rejuvenation of Turkey, which is now in a far more stable condition than for the last two hundred years, during which it has constantly been expected to break up.

Lord Palmerston, M. Thiers, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe meeting once in Paris, the conversation turned on the state of Turkey; and M. Thiers asked Lord Palmerston if he thought the "sick man" was about to die. The English statesman, in his usual genial manner, jokingly replied: "I was one day walking in the streets of London, when a passer-by told me that my pocket-handkerchief was hanging out of my pocket, and that I should lose it. 'Thank you, sir,' I answered; 'but I believe that unless someone pulls it out it will not fall!' Turkey is in the same position—if she be not thrown down, she will maintain herself perfectly."

This forecast has been completely verified.

I remember Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who used to send me some of the poetry which he wrote after he had retired. The strong, vigorous, and independent school of ambassadors to which he belonged seems

now to be extinct. About the last was the late Sir Robert Morier, a great friend of mine, who was quite determined not to be dominated by anybody, and was always prepared to resent the slightest attempt to make him play second fiddle.

This was once very forcibly impressed upon me when I met him at Hatfield during the visit of the old Shah of Persia to the fine old ancestral home of the Cecils.

Sir Robert was taking me to have some tea, and there being a great crowd we could not find our way to where refreshments were being dispensed, with the result that he eventually inquired the way from one of the attendants who, perfectly recognizing the famous Ambassador said, "Your place, Sir Robert, is in the 'Lower Room.'"

This reply made Sir Robert highly indignant and considerably ruffled. He proceeded on his way with me on his arm indignantly murmuring, "The Lower Room, the Lower Room," once or twice stopping to pointedly inquire of people he passed, "Can you direct me to my place in the 'Lower Room'?" and when we got there his indignation had by no means subsided. Under these circumstances I was considerably relieved, when we finally reached our destination, to catch sight of the Shah himself there. Turning to Sir Robert I said, "Well, after all, you were wrong to think you had been slighted, for there," and I pointed to the impassive figure of the old Eastern Monarch, "is the king of kings himself, and

surely you can't want to be in more exalted company than that?"

Sir Robert realized that he had been mistaken, and for the rest of the afternoon was in the best of humours.

Sir Robert's bluff, generous, outspoken methods were, perhaps, never better illustrated than by his behaviour towards a friend of mine, the late Sir Edward Fitzgerald Law.

In the late Eighties of the last century, Major Law, as the latter then was, after having for some time been connected with certain mercantile enterprises in Russia, the language of which country he knew well, was appointed to the new post of Financial and Commercial Attaché, with headquarters at St. Petersburg.

When Sir Robert heard of the appointment he was very much annoyed, not unnaturally, perhaps, disliking the idea of a man who had spent many years in a country as merchant returning in an official capacity. His first greeting to Major Law was, consequently, anything but cordial, in fact he made no bones about telling him that he did not know why he had ever been appointed at all.

Nevertheless, before the interview was ended, the greatest cordiality prevailed between the Ambassador and his new Attaché, whose forcible personality and enthusiasm appealed so quickly to Sir Robert that from that day forward he was ever his warm friend and supporter.

Sir Robert Morier, I believe, was a difficult man to work with, which explains many seemingly incomprehensible things which are to be found in the very able biography of him written by his daughter. A man of indomitable strength and character, his habit of pontificating naturally aroused a good deal of covert opposition amongst weaker characters, to whom his dominating methods did not appeal.

On one occasion when he, Mr. Chamberlain, the late Sir Charles Dilke, and the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the day happened to meet together at tea in the House of Commons, the conversation chanced to turn upon some subject about which Sir Robert felt very strongly, with the result that he pontificated for nearly an hour.

As the party broke up, Mr. Chamberlain, turning to the Under Secretary of State, said, "Do you know what I was thinking all that time?" "No," was the reply. "I was thinking," then said he, "that I might thank my stars that I was not Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs."

In these days it is curious to recall how, not so very long ago, anyone who ventured outside Europe was considered to have done something quite remarkable. Now that nearly the whole of the world has been explored, the "lionizing" of people who have journeyed to out-of-the-way places is a thing of the past.

Most travellers have little new to tell, whilst every day we are becoming more and more cosmopolitan.

Forty or fifty years ago all sorts of wonderful stories used to be told by returned wanderers when they underwent the lionizing process. Some of these men had a considerable sense of humour.

"And you had no other European with you?" asked a gushing lady of a bronzed individual just returned from the South Seas.

"Oh yes, I had one that lived in another island not far from me."

"I suppose, like yourself," she continued, "he was British bred? Had he the same taste as yourself?"

"No, madam," was the reply, "he wasn't bread, he was meat—leastwise the natives ate him; and as for his taste, the chief, I was told, said he tasted terribly of tobacco!"

As a rule, travellers who had been to out-of-the-way parts of the world returned laden with a number of strange costumes. In connexion with this an amusing story used to be told of the Prince de Joinville, whose sister, Princess Clementine, manifested great interest in the costume of the females of the South Sea Islands which her brother had visited.

"I should have liked," she said, "to have tried on one."

"Nothing can be easier, my dear sister," replied the Prince. "I assure you that your reproaches are unjust, for I have brought you the complete costume of a savage queen, who was about your height."

"Do let me see it."

"I will have it brought to you to-morrow."

The next day the Prince came to pay his usual visit, and said to his sister—

"I have come according to my promise."

"But where is the costume?"

The Prince de Joinville, without answering, took from his pocket a very curious necklace, composed of a string of red beads, intermingled with bits of blue glass.

The Princess Clementine closely examined it, thought it a pretty bijou, despite its simplicity, then placed it on her dressing-case, and awaited the production of the other articles of the queen's wardrobe.

But the prince was busy looking at a picture.

"But, Joinville, what are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Why this question, my sister?"

"Because you know very well that I am waiting."

"And what, pray, are you waiting for?"

"The costume, of course."

"But have I not just given it to you?"

"A necklace only."

"Well?"

"Well! I am waiting for the rest."

"But that is all."

"What!"

"I solemnly assure you that it is the complete costume, and that the queen of whom I told you wore nothing else besides."

The Princess said nothing more.

It is not so very long ago since travellers who had

been to the East (where people now go as it were for a few days) were made lions of. Even having gone to America was at one time considered a considerable achievement, and on the strength of a visit to that country people posed as knowing all about the United States.

A story of the Duke of Clarence in the days before he became William IV well illustrates this. Showing a picture of Columbus to Mrs. Jordan, he said—

"Here is the man who discovered America five hundred years ago." To which she replied, "Not quite so long as that." "Why, who told you so?" said the Duke; and the answer was, "I read it in Robertson's 'History of America.'" "Robertson!" responded the Duke, "what does he know about it? He never was there, but I was."

Even a voyage to Constantinople in former days was looked upon as something of an adventure indeed.

People who went to the East generally took a regular arsenal with them.

"Being a man of peace," said one traveller, "I went but lightly armed. A heavy, double-barrelled English hunting-rifle, a double-barrelled shot-gun, both of which pieces were breech-loading (at that time a great novelty), three heavy revolvers, and one ordinary muzzle loading shot-gun throwing slugs, besides a few knives and sabres, formed a light and unpretentious equipment. Nothing was further from my thoughts than fighting."

The man of peace in question fared better than another adventurous wanderer. A dandified young fellow, who aspired to be a great traveller, animated by an ardent desire to imitate Layard and write a book which should be famous, accordingly set out for a journey into Koordistan. Being, as he said, determined to "rough it," he merely took six or seven horses to carry necessaries, that is to say, a few little things he could absolutely not do without. Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles of a peculiarly fine polish for his patent leathers. Before long he was attacked by the Arabs, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles, they opened them, and the polish being made with spirit, and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure that it was too delicious for that; in order, however, to guard against poison, they requisitioned one of his own cut-class tumblers, and made him drink a glass of it.

There is no doubt but that during our old wars with the French it was considered good policy to indoctrinate the population with a thorough-paced contempt for everything connected with the enemy across the Channel. This spirit of hostility endured long after all reason or necessity for it had passed away.

"Skip the long words," said a patriotic tutor to his

pupils, "they're only the names of foreign countries, in which you will never want to be."

A certain bluff Yorkshire squire, having to go to France, on his arrival at Calais expressed himself surprised to hear the men speaking French, the women speaking French, and even the little children jabbering away in the same tongue. In the height of the perplexity which this occasioned he retired to his hotel, and was awakened in the morning by the cock crowing, whereupon he burst into a wild exclamation of astonishment and delight, and exclaimed, "Thank goodness, there's English at last!"

More amusing was the story of the English tourist who entered a restaurant, and by a few scraps of French was able to order dinner. He wanted some mushrooms, very delicious and large. Not knowing the name, he demanded a sheet of paper and pencil, and sketched one. The waiter understood him in a second, disappeared for ten minutes, and returned with a splendid umbrella!

The children of the wealthy, or at least the boys, were seldom taught to master a foreign language, and the majority possessed scarcely a rudimentary knowledge even of French, a state of affairs which sometimes produced comical results.

When Lord Royston married the daughter of the English Ambassador in Paris, a large party was invited to the ceremony, and the entertainments were kept up for some days. Two Englishmen, sojourning in a fashionable hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, had the

honour of being invited to dine at the Embassy; and one having devoted a little too much time to his toilet, requested his friend to proceed, saying that he would follow. Upon leaving the hotel, the former, in very indifferent French, requested the porter, as he thought, to keep in his fire; but, having told him to "*garder bein mon fou*," instead of *feu*, the porter imagined that some maniac had been left behind, and at once proceeded to lock the door of the room of the supposed lunatic. In vain he rang, in vain he rapped at the door; the only answer he received was "*Soyez tranquille, mon ami. J'ai reçu mes ordres.*" The dinner proceeded; an apology was made for the absent guest; when, upon the anxious friend returning to the hotel, great was his surprise to find his comrade in close confinement. Upon asking for an explanation, the porter quietly replied, "I've looked well after the madman; he had a *crise terrible*, but I told him to be quiet, and you will find him much calmer than when you left him."

To-day, travelling on the Continent is generally quite pleasant and easy, but in the days when there were very few railways the very opposite was the case.

There was great trouble in taking pets about in old days, owing to officials being very particular about details. There is a story of a gentleman travelling in Italy with his wife and a pet parrot. On coming to the frontier of the Roman States, an official demanded their passports, and after asking

them what they were going to do at Rome, he espied the parrot.

"Ah! you have a parrot, I see. Does it talk?"

"Of course it does."

"What does it say?"

"What does that signify?"

"Sir," said the official sternly, "this is no joking matter. Parrots sometimes use very improper language—seditious words, even."

"Interrogate the bird then," was the answer.

The official accordingly endeavoured to make it speak, but not a word would it utter, perhaps because it was fatigued, or did not understand Italian. At last the head official said—

"Well, there is only one way of arranging this business, you must write down the phrases your parrot can say, and declare on your own responsibility that it says nothing else. That done, I will give you a pass for it."

There was no alternative, so the gentleman made the declaration required, and went his way.

The passports which all travellers used to be required to carry were a most worrying nuisance, for most of the officials were very brusque and rude.

The French were perhaps better than other nations. Witness the way the famous singer, Madame Sontag, was once treated in Paris.

Applying for a passport at the police office in Paris, the chief, instead of filling out the personal description under the separate heads, gazed a few

moments at her with respectful admiration, and drawing a line down the column of particulars, wrote "*angelique*" (angelic) against them all.

The most impolite customs officers, I think, were to be found in Italy, besides which they were very cruel where animals were concerned—indeed, the Italian people seem lacking in feelings of humanity towards dumb animals.

Curiously enough, in spite of this, there formerly existed at Florence a curious house of refuge for cats in a cloister at the side of the Church of St. Lorenzo. One had only to go there to find a complete assortment of tabbies, tortoise-shells, blacks, whites, greys, and every other colour usual to the race of cats. There might be seen old cats, middle-aged cats, and cats just budding into youth—Angoras and Persians as well as the common species; in short, every variety of cat was plentiful in that unique institution.

Travelling abroad in old days was a terribly uncomfortable affair. Even now I can recall the inconveniences of a tour on the Continent on which I was taken by my father and mother some seventy years ago—and this notwithstanding that we took our own saddle horses, carriages, servants, including a cook, together with numberless things, even "travelling beds," in order to make our trip as enjoyable and easy as possible.

Like many other travellers of the pre-railway era, we wandered to all sorts of out-of-the-way places, now

scarcely visited at all. Who now goes to Pistoia, that old Tuscan town, situated amid a fertile country, at the base of the beautiful Apennines? To-day little is heard of it, but at one time people used to extol its carved cathedral of snowy Carrara marble, its convents and hospitals, its quaint streets of the Middle Ages, its old and crumbling walls, built by the last King of the Lombards, and the clear blue waters of the Ombrone, bordered by chestnut groves, and lands teeming with corn, wine, and oil, all reddened in the setting sun. In those days, of course, Pistoia had an Austrian garrison, and the inhabitants regarded the eagle which floated above their ancient fortress as a blot and a blight.

Some of the old Italian cities contained curious relics of the quarrels once so frequent between the different states.

Very curious was the bucket enclosed in an iron cage which was exhibited on the tower of the Cathedral of Modena—a proof, if ever there was one, of the old adage that "it is much easier to get into a quarrel than to get out of it." In the year 1005, some soldier of the Commonwealth of Modena ran away with a bucket from a public well belonging to the State of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel which was worked up into a long and bloody war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was made prisoner. His father, the Emperor,

offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twenty-two years' imprisonment he pined away, and was buried in the church of the Dominicans.

Fifty or sixty years ago, English people travelling on the Continent were, for the most part, taken for millionaires, and trusted to any extent.

Owing to this great reputation for wealth and liberality, unscrupulous swindlers often made great coups. One of the most daring of these was John William Hume, called Il Conte Hulme in Italy, who arrived at Milan soon after the victory of Magenta, and with a French lady whom he introduced as his wife, and a girl of fourteen, her child by a former husband, took up his lodgings at the Albergo del Marino, where he began to victimize the local tradesmen in a grand and generous style. Before three months were past, a milliner had supplied her ladyship with silks and satins to the value of 11,000 francs; another person for articles of dress had a claim of 29,000 francs; whilst the jeweller, the silversmith, and sundry other eager purveyors of aristocratic luxuries, had all become eager creditors of this magnificent Count. Meanwhile donations to the soldiers' hospital, with loud professions of zeal for the relief of the wounded and for the triumph of the French and Italian arms, covered a multitude of pecuniary obligations. The summer was hot, and in August the Countess, exhausted

by patriotic emotions, was taken rather unwell. The couple then retired to a villa, on the shores of Como, which had been hired for 120,000 francs. Here they indulged, as before, in all sorts of costly entertainments, in balls, concerts, and excursions on the lake. Before quitting Milan the Count had given his note of hand, payable at two or three months, to every Milanese creditor for the amount which he owed. The Milanese were satisfied with the paper till the date came at which the payment fell due. They went or sent to Como, and discovered, to their consternation, that the wealthy foreigners were gone to Switzerland for a short autumnal trip. The course of false rogues, however, does not always run quite smooth, and so it happened that the vagrant family were stopped at Coire. The lady, Madame Julie Girardeau, was consigned to the French consul, to answer some previous accusation in her own land. The gentleman, who was also charged with the offence of wearing false decorations, and who styled himself a Cavalier of St. Sylvester, after a trial of three days was sentenced to a couple of years' imprisonment by the Criminal Court of Milan.

On the whole, however, the innkeepers and tradesmen on the Continent reaped a rich harvest from visitors from across the Channel, who, in return for their money, got very little indeed.

The accommodation was usually execrable. Owing to the discomforts they had to suffer, visitors were generally glad to go to bed early ; another reason being

that, after an indifferent dinner, it was not pleasant to support the draughts of cold air in the carpetless rooms.

Even in bed, however, there was frequently little real rest to be obtained. Too often one was tormented by fleas, kept awake by bad music intended as a serenade, and finally roused before daybreak by the noise in the streets.

No bathrooms furnished with luxurious fittings were to be found in even the best hotels, and at times one was of necessity obliged to belong to the "great unwashed," for at the smaller inns the means of ablution were often limited to a little warm water brought in a milk jug.

I wonder what people accustomed to the luxurious and palatial hotels of to-day would say, could they be carried back to the past and had to put up with the old-fashioned Italian inns in which we were obliged to stay. At certain portions of our tour it was impossible to procure anything beyond the coarsest necessaries, though the hostelries were a good deal frequented by English travellers.

The best one could generally hope to find after ascending a staircase, never washed since the staves composing it had been laid, was a room with a dusty, uncarpeted brick floor containing a couple of beds, each large enough to hold three or four persons, a few wooden, rush-bottomed chairs, a wine-stained deal table, and a basin and jug. The beds in question consisted of boards laid on iron tressels on which was an

immense sack of the dried leaves of Indian corn with a wool mattress, and flat hair cushions by way of pillow and bolster. As some sort of compensation these were generally clean, about the only things in the inn in connexion with which that word could fairly be used. The dinner provided as a rule consisted of warm water thickened with vermicelli—called soup; wine that seemed to be sweet and sour at the same time; bread made of beans, as a large one found unground in a roll would occasionally remind one; chickens, thin, stringy, and fresh killed; coarse cotton diaper for table linen; pepper as coarse as gravel; and, to crown everything, dirty salt. The worst inns of all were on the shores of the Adriatic, large desolate places where they gave you little else but bad bread, rancid butter, stale fish, to be washed down by undrinkable wine.

Of course we did not fare so badly as this discription implies, for we carried a travelling larder which generally contained mutton chops and portable soup. One of my worst experiences was at Vicenza, where, as a child, I passed eight weeks with my mother in a horrible inn, waiting for my father, who was delayed in England. We were so uncertain of our movements and the place was so dirty that we never really unpacked. Occupying the only two tolerable sitting-rooms, we were nevertheless most uncomfortable, for we had scarcely any books and none were to be obtained in the town; our only recreation was worsted work, at that time highly popular with ladies.

Even to-day I can thoroughly revive the discomforts of our sojourn by looking at a painted china plate which represents our abode at Vicenza, various views, including one of the bedroom I occupied, being depicted in the margin.

This plate, I may add, belongs to a set which my father had made as a reminder of our tour abroad, many of the towns we visited being represented. The series was taken from water-colour sketches, the work of my clever governess Miss Eliza Redgrave. She came of a talented family—her brother, Mr. Samuel Redgrave, wrote "A Dictionary of Artists of the English Schools," and other works—another brother, Mr. Richard Redgrave, was also well known in the world of Art.

One of our worst trials at Vicenza was the food, which was execrable, and, I may add, after we had been imprudent enough to take a look at the kitchen, almost uneatable. I well remember how relieved we were when an English friend of my uncle's, a retired officer, who for some extraordinary reason resided at Vicenza, came back and called upon us. His kindly efforts softened the rigour of our sojourn. He lent us some novels and the letters of Madame de Sevigné, which was all his library contained, and subsequently mended our bad fare with the gift of a pigeon pie, which—think of this, ye travellers who feast at palatial hotels—was to us a highly appreciated luxury.

As an additional kindness he took us to see a picture gallery—which in sober truth was but a

collection of daubs—and the far more interesting Rotunda, a Palladian Villa from which the Duke of Devonshire's house at Chiswick was copied. With him for guide we also saw the rival castles of the Montecchi and Capuletti, and finally ended by being taken to the play, which, however, proved a far more dreary amusement than sitting at home, for the theatre was empty and the performance wretched. Later on he offered to show us pretty rides, but these were not a success, as they mostly lay up and down steep, stony hills, or along routes bordered with ditches into which the shouts and furious driving of the country carters many times all but precipitated the overfed and underworked horses which we had brought with us from England.

When we were shown this gentleman's pretty house, prepared for the reception of English visitors, we thought there were hopes of society at last. These, however, were doomed to fail, for when the Major's guests did arrive we received no invitation—this we afterwards discovered because the new arrivals were too Bohemian in their life and habits.

Modern travellers rush through towns, and very few of them now mix with the local society. Things were different in this respect in old days when people generally took with them letters of introduction, and if they remained any length of time in a town saw a good deal of the inhabitants.

When I was at Munich with my parents in the Forties we quite entered into the life of that pleasant

town, and were told all the gossip. One curious story I recall—an instance of fidelity—which is perhaps worth recording. The whole thing was a romance which culminated in a marriage—for many a long day the talk of the Bavarian capital.

Twenty years before a lady of Munich, well born but poor, had refused a penniless attaché who was desperately in love with her—she was even then on the wrong side of five-and-twenty.

During our visit the erstwhile attaché came back as Sardinian Minister with an immense fortune from Brazil. With matchless constancy he returned to his first love, whom he found living with her mother and sister on a pension which was to cease at the death of the former. This time she accepted him; "ugly, poor, and forty-eight," she made the best match in Munich. The bridegroom gave her all her trousseau, which was universally considered a magnificent one, for it contained fifty gowns. Almost incredible stories were also told about the diamonds, lace, and rich furs which he laid at her feet.

A romantic attachment, indeed, the interest of which was not decreased by his constantly reiterated expressions of gratitude for the sacrifice the lady was making in marrying him!

We were all very sorry to leave Munich, and we too were regretted by some of the residents, who, as my dear and clever governess put it, "privileged by acquaintance and friendship," followed us with kind adieux to the carriage which bore us away.

The Bavarian peasantry then practically all wore their national costumes; the effect, however, was not invariably pleasing.

Costumes in a picture or on the stage are almost always pretty enough, but in real life they are sometimes garish. In Bavaria I remember the dress of the female peasantry was in some cases positively unattractive. Dirty, faded, tarnished, and worn by coarse sunburnt crones, these costumes had little charm, and when we saw scanty grey hairs torn back from ancient foreheads and painfully collected under the tinsel *riegel-haube*—the swallow-tail gold or silver head-dress of Munich—we all agreed that we much preferred the neatly parted heads of our own country girls, their black silk bonnets and red cloaks. These, alas! have now long been discarded to make way for cheap imitations of Paris fashions of the year before last.

Besides unlimited discomfort, considerable excitement and even danger attended journeys abroad in days before railways had entirely altered everything.

Going from Florence to Padua in July 1843 we were all nearly killed. In ascending the long hill beyond Caffuggiolo (the villa where the Grand Duke Franceso murdered his wife Eleanor of Toledo), the mules which drew the coach, maddened by the flies, grew restive, kicked, struggled, got entangled in the rope traces, and as nearly as possible overturned us at the edge of a steep bank. The loud braying of the animals, the tingling of their bells, and the

shouts of the drivers added to the confusion and alarm. How relieved we were when we arrived at Covigliajo, and how beautiful seemed the wavy summits of the Apennines in the sweet dawn of a summer morning.

It was terrible driving to Padua in the heat, indeed so unendurable and close was our conveyance that from time to time we were obliged to stop.

We were indefatigable sightseers, and on reaching Bologna, in spite of the burning atmosphere, spent a day in visiting the Pinacotheca, some churches, and the Palazzo Paciocchi belonging to the daughter of Elise Buonaparte. This palace was full of busts, statues, pictures, and other memorials of Napoleon's family. One cabinet was furnished with the needle-work of Elise, another contained a mask of Napoleon taken after his death, and coloured bronze; oddly enough it was far from unpleasing.

The great hall contained busts and statues of every member of the family, and how handsome they were! Joseph, perhaps the least so—Pauline, of almost faultless beauty.

The only son of Elise and the Prince Paciocchi was killed by a fall from his horse at Rome at the age of nineteen, and so the palace passed to a race of another name.

We left Bologna at six in the evening to avoid the heat, and had an uninteresting journey of six hours to Ferrara, where we stopped at the "Tre Corone," an inn abounding in fleas.

We were too much oppressed by the heat to see anything of the town immortalized by Tasso and Ariosto, though we waited till six in the evening to make a night journey to Padua. It was beautiful watching the bright decline of one day and the soft dawn of another. A certain lovely lady was once compared to a July morning at three o'clock. The admirer returning from a London ball at that hour, who made the simile, probably hardly realized the high compliment he paid her.

In addition to danger and discomfort, English travellers were constantly fleeced by unscrupulous innkeepers, who, having an exaggerated idea of their wealth, not unnaturally perhaps looked upon them as fair game. Disputes with harpies of all kinds often completely disturbed the pleasures of fine surroundings and beautiful scenery.

My father was an Englishman of the old school, and, in spite of his having been in diplomacy, heartily despised all foreigners, most of whom he considered, I am pretty sure, as inferior and noxious beings.

Possessed of a thorough command of forcible language, he was constantly engaged in violent altercations with officials of every kind, whilst his rage at the rapacity of postilions and other folk of the same kind at times knew no bounds.

Warned, as he said, by many unpleasant experiences, when we set out to drive from Naples to Rome he determined to settle all expenses before

starting, and thus ensure a peaceful and untroubled progress to the Eternal City.

King Bomba, of execrable memory, then ruled in Naples, which was entirely demoralized owing to his methods.

One of his favourite ways for suppressing inconvenient comment was the "Cap of Silence," which, in his distracted realm, was dropped over the heads of the turbulent. This very barbarous appliance, it may be added, was common enough in English prisons as late as the year 1818, when it was screwed on the head of one, Denis Haggerty by name, to prevent his singing "rollicking songs" in gaol.

When not employed in attempts to dragoon his subjects, King Bomba devoted a good deal of time to the pleasures of the table, his wants in this direction being supervised by his cook Beppo, who was a well-known character in Naples.

Beppo it was who devised one of the most wasteful and curious *consommés* ever invented.

A round of veal was introduced into a round of beef, which in its turn served as an envelope to a turkey. Inside the turkey lay a fowl, inside the fowl a pheasant, then a partridge, then a woodcock, then an ortolen, and last of all, just filling up the almost impossible small space, an anchovy! Here lay the great art, and Beppo was the individual whose special business it was to send up to the king, once a day, the phenomenal teacupful of gravy produced, as the above-mentioned cook of

cooks used to observe, "by an anchovy being encased in an ox."

My father, as I have said, resenting the gross rascality which then raged in this part of Italy, made elaborate preparations for our journey. First and foremost came the question of horses to drag our carriages and *fourgons*, and eventually an agreement was made with the Neapolitan postmaster, Pareti by name, who undertook to ensure our comfortable and easy progress to Rome.

Everything was paid for in advance, even to the *buonamano* or tip of the postilions. This, my father thought, would save trouble on the journey. It proved, however, a very unfortunate arrangement, increasing every annoyance it was intended to prevent, especially the grumbling of the drivers.

We left Naples amidst a storm of rain. At Capua we were beset with beggars, who then swarmed all over Italy, many of them, sad to say, blind.

Here national costumes were seen to the best advantage, the women being usually handsome, and adding to their charms by a picturesque head-dress of white muslin edged with lace; their petticoats were of bright crimson or blue.

Leaving Capua we were inconvenienced by heavy rain, while the bad consequences of Pareti's broken faith became more evident every minute. The horses of the coach and *fourgon* became restive, and about the middle of the stage from St. Agata one of the postilions came running up to the foremost carriage,

and, vociferating in Neapolitan, gave us to understand that one of our carriages containing servants had been overturned in a ditch. It was pitch dark, the lamps were not lighted, and pouring torrents of rain. The postilion of our carriage was terribly frightened, and when we urged him to go and help, or at least learn the extent of the disaster, merely trembled, whimpered, and excused himself from leaving his horses. Eventually, however, we were relieved to be told that the carriage had not been overturned, though it had been in imminent danger. When we reached the post-house after crossing the Carigliano, we lighted our lamps, and learned to our dismay (oh, faithless Pareti!) that no fresh horses except a wearied pair for our barouche were to be procured, the coach which preceded us having taken all the available steeds. The poor, tired-out pair dragged us painfully on for about a mile, when suddenly, refusing all obedience to whip or spur, they jibbed, kicked, plunged, and pulled the light carriage down to the roadside ditch.

My father now insisted that they should be changed, and having with much difficulty made the postilion take out the poor jaded creatures, we were left in the utter darkness and pelting rain with no servant near. The coach with our maids was far in advance, the two *fourgons* with our men-servants were still waiting at the post-house for horses, and we began to distract ourselves with imagining every horror that might possibly happen to our scattered

and separated party. We were then close to the Marshes of Minturnae, and as my dear governess, Miss Redgrave, said, even Marius could scarcely have spent a more dreadful night there than that with which we were threatened. "Suppose," said she, "brigands, attracted by our lights, should fall upon us in our defenceless situation!"

Happily, however, all gloomy forebodings of this sort were falsified, for after a time we hailed with joy the voice of a civil soldier, who appeared with a new postilion and fresh horses—and very fresh they were, for they tore up the rocky street of Mola di Gaeta with a speed and din that struck showers of fire from the flinty road and startled the silent echoes of the sleeping town! Our troubles were at an end, and soon, safe and well, we were seated before a blazing fire eating our supper at the classic inn known as the "Villa of Cicero."

We saw many picturesque scenes on our way to Rome; particularly characteristic was a group of labourers in the fields who, having washed their shirts and dried them in the sun, were making their toilet on a sunny bank. Beside them their wives had spread on the grass a white cloth on which were wine, bread, and oranges for a midday meal. Well might the sandalled peasantry make their dining- and dressing-rooms of the green fields with the blue sky for curtains and canopy. In the odd little comical erections thinly scattered near the roadside all the way to Rome, there could be little room to do anything else

but sleep. These dwellings looked very much like haystacks, and small ones too; on the top were two sticks forming a rough cross, and the aperture at the side was closed with a wooden door. The furniture within was scanty, very rough, and the whole thing, had it not been for clothes drying near and an occasional cat walking about as if quite at home, seemed scarcely like the habitation of a civilized being.

The Pass of Lantulae, between the sea and the hills covered with daffodils and other garden flowers, had been very notorious for banditti, though to us it looked safe and commonplace enough. We were, however, told that it would not be wise to wander over these flowery hills even in the daytime without an escort.

How dreary was the straight road along the Pontine Marshes. No village or cottage except now and then a wigwam—such as has been described—square buildings for the shelter of the guards, and at regular intervals a lonely post-house. When we reached one of these the horses were generally running wild in a field, and much time was lost in catching the shaggy, miserable, little creatures, able, however, in spite of their uncouth appearance, to go at a fine pace. The postilions here were far better than Pareti's dawdling boys.

At the entrance of the Pontine Marshes a sort of Flibbertigibbet mounted our barouche-box, and when desired by my father to drive well, nodding a willing

assent, he whipped his horses till we flew along the perfectly straight road at a pace that brought us to the end of the stage as if we were reaching the winning post of a race, while the other three carriages clattered behind. Picturesque figures along the way were some peasants on horseback, armed, whether for defence or sport we could not make out, and shepherds clothed entirely in skins, with coats of sheeps' wool and breeches made of the shaggy long hair of the goat.

After Cisterna, for two posts we traversed a beautiful country, the road bordered with *daphne*, *phyllerea*, and other evergreens. We passed two of the places mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles where St. Paul was met by the brethren from Rome —Treporti, formerly called Appii Forum, and Tres Tabernae, the Three Taverns.

At Genzano we caught the first glimpse of the Campagna, and at first were almost inclined to take its long, dark, level line for the sea. At Albano we had hoped to see some of the beautifully picturesque costumes for which its women were noted, but, although it was Sunday, to our great regret few specimens were about.

A few stages more and we were told Rome was in sight, and straining our eyes towards the distance we soon perceived far off and in a mist, yet not to be mistaken, the widely-spread buildings of the Eternal City, and, towering above all, the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

Ruins in every form and of every size now bestrewed the road for many miles, while the long line of the aqueducts rising above the rest and stretching in various directions reminded us of the glorious days, the grandeur and magnificence of Ancient Rome. The whole scene was in perfect unison with the pensive recollections of the historic past, the sublimity of the entrance to Rome as in those long past days, travelling by road we saw it, could scarcely have been exaggerated. At last, much to our satisfaction, we entered Rome at sunset by the Porta San Giovanni, and the first objects that presented themselves within its walls seemed an epitome of all the various sources of interest—classical, poetical, and picturesque—that the city in those far-off days, much less disfigured by modern innovations, offers to an enthusiastic traveller.

On the right was the Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, built to contain the wood of the true cross upon earth brought from the Holy Land; on the left the fine façade of San Giovanni Laterano; in front the portico of the Scala Santa with its inscription in letters of gold.

Behind us lay the long line of indented wall backed by the desolate Campagna and the Alban Hills.

The glorious tints of an Italian sunset with its inimitable and magical beauty, as it were, gilded, crimsoned, and enriched the whole scene. On our way to the Hotel Melloni we observed that the

whole length of the Corso was thronged with a double line of carriages. The day of our arrival in Rome, I may add, was Thursday, 9th January 1845.

Good genial old Pio Nono was then on the Papal throne.

This Pope was, in many ways, a thorough man of the world, and possessed a very keen sense of humour.

When Fanny Elsler, in the Forties, delighted the Eternal City with her dancing, some of her admirers subscribed the sum of 12,000 lire, which was the price asked by the jeweller for an intended present—a golden wreath. The wreath was finished and ready to be presented to the fair Fanny, when the consciences of the faithful Catholics were disturbed by the doubt whether such a demonstration might not be distasteful to the Pope. Accordingly, it was resolved to consult His Holiness on the matter. Pio Nono answered: "You do not need my consent for what you intend to do. Give the wreath to the dancer, if this affords you pleasure; but allow me the remark that you do not seem to have been fortunate in the choice of the keepsake which you have decided upon. I should have preferred a garland, a bouquet, or something of the sort; for I thought, till now, that wreaths were meant for the head, not for the feet." This shows that the Pope, as little as any other man, could resist the opportunity of making a joke. However, he made atonement for it in giving 4000 lire to the poor on the day the golden wreath was presented to the fascinating danseuse.

It was during our tour abroad that I first met Mr. Watts—then a young man at Florence.

His death in 1904 left a void of a peculiar kind, which, in all probability, will never be exactly filled.

His one aim was the elevation of humanity, and in a materialistic age he stood out from the crowd as a soul apart. Honours and distinctions, which most of the world holds so dear, he prized not at all. Though taking the greatest delight in everything which seemed to give promise of fulfilling the high ideals which he loved and believed lay in store for his fellow-men, his real life was passed in a world of his own creation. At work in his studio he was mentally in communion with the great souls of all ages, and here at least he could picture a universe nearly fashioned to his heart's desire. Delicate from youth upwards, a secluded life had always been more or less of a necessity to him, and, indeed, became a necessity in his last years. For this reason the rare occasions when I had an opportunity of renewing a friendship which had begun in another era were the more pleasurable to me, and I think Mr. Watts also enjoyed them. During our last meetings he never failed to greet me with an embrace. In the Sixties, I remember, he used to live at the quaint little old-fashioned residence which was known as "Old Little Holland House." The main features of this were a low thatched porch, a sunny lawn, and a little pond, whilst a delightful sense of peaceful calm reigned throughout the frescoed rooms. Old Little

Holland House, however, in course of time, was offered up on the altar of commercial progress, and with the building of Melbury Road it disappeared; but Mr. Watts, devoted to the recollections of his old home, built almost upon its site another peaceful abode which he called by the familiar name of the old one. Here he continued to work, not for gain but for the joy of working, for he was indifferent to most of the earthly things which men prize, his whole soul being concentrated upon the realization of his high ideals. Art for Art's sake was not a cry which appealed to his essentially altruistic nature, and of this gospel of refuge for materialistic minds he spoke with contempt. His work was a protest against the modern opinion that Art has no intellectual message. His idea was that it should say a good deal. This belief he succeeded in putting into triumphant practice, appealing in a universal language to the highest instincts of humanity.

Owing to his constitutional delicacy Mr. Watts' health was always precarious, but, fortunately, kindly providence provided him with a kindred soul to whose loving care he was undoubtedly indebted for the prolongation of his industrious and useful life. Mrs. Watts, I should add, still carries on the noble traditions which the great painter loved so well.

# IV

A conversation with Mr. Hyndman—Why Unionism has lost ground—Disastrous apathy—An apologetic party—Hedging and quibbling—Lord Beaconsfield's methods of recruiting clever young men—Enemies in the House of Commons, intimates in private life—Labour and Capital — Semi-education — Anecdotes — Setting class against class—Political renegades—Mr. Lloyd-George—Chartism—Misguided zeal—An outspoken Divine—History repeats itself

IN his most interesting recollections, "The Record of an Adventurous Life," Mr. H. M. Hyndman has been good enough to speak approvingly of a summary I once gave him (in the early Eighties of the last century) of what I considered to be the attitude of the aristocracy towards modern, social, and political developments. According to him,—and as far as I can recollect his summary is correct,—speaking as a Conservative, I then said: "We have had an excellent innings, I don't deny that for a moment: an excellent innings; and the turn of the people will come some day. I see that quite as clearly as you do. But not yet, not yet. You will educate some of the working class; that is all you can hope to do for them. And when you have educated them we shall buy them; or, if we don't, the Liberals will, and that will be just the same for you."

As the sequence of events has turned out, it is the Liberals who have made the purchase in question, and acquired complete control of the country—largely, let it be added, through the ineptitude and obtuseness of the modern Conservatives, who, without doubt, are far less clever organizers and tacticians than their predecessors. England has altered a good deal since the days of my conversation with Mr. Hyndman, and can now no longer lay claim to possessing the most astute aristocracy in the world.

Since the death of Queen Victoria the mental attitude of the populace seems to have undergone considerable change, a good deal of that respect for old institutions which was formerly such a characteristic of certain classes of the population having seemingly ceased to exist, whilst a new feature is the general distrust (well deserved, it must be confessed) of both political parties, and especially of official Unionism.

The Boer war undoubtedly also dealt a great blow to the Conservatives.

Though in all probability inevitable, there can be no doubt that the unfortunate struggle in question largely contributed to the eventual downfall of the Unionist party. A generation which knew nothing of war except what they had read in highly coloured narratives describing the prowess of their ancestors under the great captains of the past, were not unnaturally disillusioned when they found the armies of England held at bay by a comparatively small number of Boer farmers; and after a more or less

satisfactory ending had been reached, they were of course anything but pleased at having to pay a very large bill. As a matter of fact, however, this lamentable war was probably inevitable—it was the direct result of Mr. Gladstone's policy in 1881, when, quite ignorant of South African affairs, he made peace after the disaster of Majuba.

In addition to the effects of the South African war,—the enormous increase of wealth, in many cases notoriously the result of speculation,—the disappearance of the old class of landlord, and the appearance of the new; and finally, the dissemination of socialistic teaching—all of these have combined to do the Tories harm.

Of late years the Radical party, which contains a number of first-class mimes, has thoroughly mastered the art of playing to the gallery; whilst the Conservative, a less clever company, have entirely failed to present any connected entertainment at all, being content for the most part to try and appropriate some of the Opposition troupe's business and milder gags. At the same time, they have most unwisely continued to present Tariff Reform, which, whatever its merits, is palpably a failure with the electorate, whose palates have been so adroitly tickled by the highly spiced fare provided by more clever if less scrupulous politicians.

As has been well said: "To hold our own, we must know with whom we have to combat—we must be fully alive to the consequences which will ensue upon

our turning back in the day of battle. If we never prosecute this inquiry; if we remain ignorant of the devices of those opposed to us; if, in the false security of a proud self-sufficiency, we leave our gates open, and our territory unguarded, fall we must. Forewarned, as the proverb says, is forearmed; but if we neglect this caution, if we seek no information respecting those who seek our destruction, if we remain utterly careless and indifferent as to the results which will accompany their success, what must the end be?"

Lack of keenness has for many years now been apparent in the Unionist ranks—very different from the zeal which is constantly exhibited by the Radicals. In addition to this, the Radicals are far more energetic, and ready to throw their whole energies into the fight—indeed, the enthusiasm displayed by many of their rank and file is extraordinary as compared with the somewhat apathetic attitude of their opponents.

An amusing if rather malicious instance of this was the Radical engine-driver who, having been told that Mr. Balfour when speaking was particularly sensitive about noise, drove his engine up and down, emitting the while piercing whistles, on a line which chanced to be close to the hall where the leader of the Opposition was delivering a great speech.

One of the salient characteristics of the old Tories was their dogged determination; and, notwithstanding their antiquated ideas and perhaps narrow views,

they seldom lacked fire or courage. During the last two decades, however, the whole spirit of the Conservatives seems to have changed, and they have, it seems to me, become rather an apologetic party—pleading, as it were, that they are just as anxious for reforms as the Radicals.

From an altruistic point of view all this is no doubt very laudable, but a perpetual if well-ordered retreat has never yet secured victory.

A successful general must build his fame on his advances rather than on his retreats—on what he has attained rather than on what he has abandoned. In addition to this, too, many of our modern leaders have resembled that general of Napoleonic days who was so famous for his retreats that his companions in arms compared him to a drum, which nobody hears except it be beaten.

For some reason or other, the Unionists have been very unfortunate in their tactics—or the lack of them.

For instance, they brought in the Referendum much too late, hardly giving the British elector time to realize it was not a vegetable.

When they were in power, they had ample time to bring in a Redistribution Bill, and so get rid of a number of quite unnecessary Irish members; yet they never attempted to do anything of the sort, nor did they make any serious effort to reform and so strengthen the House of Lords.

The organization of the party during recent years

has also left much to be desired. In many cases indeed it has seemed as if they considered anyone who had failed at everything else good enough to work for the Conservative cause. In old days far more strenuous efforts were made to secure the return of their candidates. In short, the whole impression conveyed during recent elections has been that the hearts of the leaders of the party were not in their work.

At present, except Tariff Reform, the Unionists can scarcely be said to have any real policy of their own—one of the great delusions of the party seems to be the idea that it will gain votes by going one better than the Radicals; and though in all probability scarcely a vote is gained by such a manœuvre when confronted with any question on which firmness should be shown, there is always a certain amount of quibbling and hedging. The party seems perfectly incapable of taking a bold line and saying, "Thus far will we go, and not one inch further."

Witness the weak Unionist opposition to the Insurance Act by which Englishmen have been made not only fools, but something like slaves, to a social despotism as oppressive as inquisitorial. Every child born after the Act came into force is no more of the free-born British breed than were the serfs who first saw the light on the lands of some unreasoning despot of the Middle Ages.

Another source of weakness to the Conservatives is the tendency which certain members have shown to indulge in faddism. Formerly restrictive legislation

curtailing the liberty of the individual was not popular with the Tories, who would have bitterly resented anyone on their side attempting to dabble in anything of the sort. Now, however, all this seems changed. A Conservative—the member for the Eccleshall division of Sheffield—some little time ago actually brought in a Bill to assimilate clubs to public-houses. A more outrageous interference with personal liberty cannot be imagined.

One great fault of the Unionist party would appear to be that those responsible for its policy attach overmuch importance to parliamentary tactics, which, no matter how clever they may be, are not understood by the average voter, who much prefers straightforward methods. In addition to this, the individual in question cannot fail to perceive that, in spite of a good deal of talk about verbal felicities and skill in the game of dialectic, the Unionist leaders have been outmanœuvred and beaten on every political issue of serious importance ever since their more astute opponents came into office. Three general elections have already been lost in succession, and, unless a bold, straightforward policy is adopted, the Unionists will probably lose a fourth.

Their methods require overhauling. No General can presume to say he may not be defeated; but he can and ought to say that he has left as little as possible to chance. There are dispositions so skilful that the battle may be considered to be won even before it is fought, and the campaign to be decided

even before it is contested. If, instead of wailing and wringing their hands in impotent despair, the more wealthy props of the Unionist party had devoted their energies and cheque-books to forming a large campaign fund wherewith to build up a thoroughly efficient organization, a very great deal might have been done to stem the rising tide of socialistic agitation; but they have not had sufficient foresight to do this, nor seemingly do they possess either the dogged fighting instincts or the rough geniality which did so much to make the old Tories popular with the people of England.

Up to quite recently at least, owing to the ruling powers of both sides forming more or less a family party, into which new-comers were coldly welcomed, the rank and file, especially on the Unionist side, knew scarcely anything of their leaders. Recruiting has been almost entirely neglected. Whilst the Radicals seem to keep their eyes wide open in order to snap up any young man of intelligence and promise, little seems to be done by the Unionists to secure clever recruits. Some promising young candidate spends his time and money fighting a hopeless seat, and what does he get in return? Two or three telegrams, perhaps a couple of letters from his leaders, and nothing more.

How different is this from the methods pursued by Lord Beaconsfield, who never left a stone unturned to lure clever young men into the Conservative field, and when he had once got them there took care to

show that their efforts were held in high appreciation.

As the great Tory leader used frequently to tell me, a constant flow of energetic and enthusiastic young men is the very life-blood of a great political party. Though, considering his many worries and his arduous life, it cannot have been otherwise than wearisome to him, Lord Beaconsfield made a special point of personally entertaining all sorts of youthful aspirants to political fame, whom he thought might in one way or another assist the triumph of the Conservative cause.

In one year alone I know that over four hundred and fifty of such individuals enjoyed his hospitality. Often after dinner, leaving his place at the head of the table, he would go and sit for a quarter of an hour or so by some youth whom he thought might be of particular use to the Tory cause. In this way he secured quite a number of waverers who might in time have become valuable to the enemy.

Such methods, however, involving as they do a certain amount of trouble, and even boredom, seem little to the taste of the modern political leaders, some of whom, no doubt, are much too tired after their golf to be bothered with rising young men at dinner or anywhere else.

Another cause which—unreasonably, perhaps—has, I think, been most prejudicial to the Unionists has been the entirely modern fashion of Radicals and Conservatives hob-nobbing together on every sort of

occasion—which practice, it should be added, is a complete innovation.

Whilst those two Titans of the past, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, would as soon have thought of meeting one another at a dinner-party as fighting a prize-fight, Messrs. Asquith and Balfour are constantly announced as being present at various social functions in company with one another. Perhaps the most striking of these was the fancy ball where no party distinctions were allowed to cloud the gaiety of a number of guests drawn from both sides of the House.

Voters who do not grasp the subtleties of up-to-date party politics not unnaturally dislike this extreme cordiality between the leading spirits of both sides. Owing, indeed, to the entirely new fashion of politicians bitterly attacking one another in the House of Commons and then going off to spend the week-end together, an increasing body of electors seem gradually to be coming to consider the whole thing as an impudent piece of humbug, and consequently lose all interest in the party for which they have been accustomed to vote. No explanations about the amenities of modern life having softened the asperities of political warfare, and excuses and pretences of a like nature, will ever convince the sturdy-minded British voters (and there are some still left) that the newfangled system of intimate friendships between political opponents is anything but a cause for distrust.

The new methods would not have commended themselves to the old school of English politicians.

Gladstone and Disraeli never met in private life. In their day it would not, I think, have been considered very dignified for such bitter political opponents to be close friends.

Nevertheless, it is pretty certain that even had they both been of the same way of thinking, they would not have got on together, for never surely did Nature create two individuals whose dispositions were so totally unlike.

The natural antagonism between their two minds was insuperable.

Notwithstanding this, the curious thing is that in the House of Commons there seems never to have been anything but the slightest skirmishes between them. One explanation of this used to be that Gladstone so thoroughly disliked Disraeli that he would not even fight with him, and that Disraeli stood so much in awe of Gladstone's weapons that he gladly kept clear of them.

Besides the somewhat inefficient policy of the Unionists as regards recruiting and organization, a number of other reasons have tended to weaken the party.

To-day the power of what used to be known as the "upper class" is gone. The middle class also seems to exercise far less influence than in former days when it merited its old appellation of the Backbone of England. At present, I fear, it has more or less sunk into a condition varying between pretentious luxury and stagnating respectability. The more

serious portion of it is governed and directed by old rules, old ideas, and old routine. On the other side is an enemy who does not care a halfpenny for antiquity, and is not above adopting the most irregular methods to win a victory.

The woes of the workmen obtain a sympathetic hearing much more easily than those of the middle class. When the former are evicted, endless declamation ensues; but when shopkeepers are evicted, no one cares. Not such a great time ago it was a regular custom for corporations and companies which had obtained Improvement Acts to use them as slowly as possible, so that the householders to be evicted, being unable to improve, or repair, or sell, might consent to easy terms. The householders to the east of King's College Hospital, for example, complained bitterly that, while they had been for six years under sentence, they could not get a final settlement, or the compensation which would accompany it.

Not so many decades ago the proletariat had real grievances, whilst a draconic code of laws dealt in a savage manner with offences against property. To-day it is difficult for us to realize that in Blackstone's time there were one hundred and sixty felonies punishable with death. But very few of these had reference to the defence of life or person; the vast majority of these statutable crimes were made crimes in defence of property, and the statutes which created them were statutes to protect the enjoyment of property. In the time of Sir Samuel Romilly, the contemporary of

Lord Byron, of Wordsworth, of Canning, of Lord Palmerston, of Sir Robert Peel, it was "capital punishment" to steal in a dwelling-house to the value of forty shillings, or in a shop to the value of five shillings; capital punishment to counterfeit the stamps used in the sale of perfumery, or to counterfeit those used in a certificate for hair-powder; capital punishment to cut down a hop-vine growing in a hop plantation; and even, I believe, according to the law, capital punishment to cut down a cherry tree in the county of Kent.

All this, however, has been long set right; yet the populace seems more discontented than ever.

Without doubt a great cause of the increase of class hatred is the great wealth of the new multi-millionaires. These are now identified in the minds of the populace with the aristocracy, who within the last thirty years have, rather injudiciously perhaps, welcomed all sorts of people (provided they were rich) into their once exclusive circle.

The results of this policy have not been favourable to the prestige of the so-called upper class; for whilst a considerable number of these new millionaires are worthy and public-spirited men, others, purse-proud and ostentatious, are quite out of touch with national feeling. The constant announcement in the press of large sums paid for luxuries—descriptions of sumptuous mansions and extravagant entertainments—not unnaturally irritate and excite the envy of those in humble circumstances, with the result that a certain

number amongst the latter, conceiving that the social machine needs readjustment, have come to regard all rich people as criminals. An idea prevails that the people have not had their fair share of the great increase of wealth, and Labour demands of Capital a more equitable distribution of profits, and, accordingly, knowing the power of combination, "strikes" when its demands are not complied with.

> The hum of men is up—strange voices now
> Rise from the loom, the anvil and the plough—
> The warning trump hath echoed long and loud,
> Yet hear'st thou not, nor mark'st the gathering crowd.
> Still as the wing of soft oblivion throws
> Its silken shadow o'er thy deep repose.

One main factor in all this I cannot help thinking is the Education Act, the effects of which are now only beginning to be felt. Real education, of course, can produce nothing but good, for ignorance, as has justly been said, is the parent of nearly all crime and misery—ignorant people do things which those who are better taught never think of; and if they meet with misfortunes, they are quite at a loss as to the proper means of remedying them. Ignorant people may be said to be stuck fast in a bog, from which they will never get out until they lay hold of the friendly hand of knowledge. Knowledge, on the other hand, opens a man's eyes. The pity of it is, however, that the modern system of compulsory Board-school education, carried out at an enormous cost, does so little to further it. Without doubt, in a very large proportion of cases it merely teaches

children enough to be discontented with the lowly station of life in which, perforce, a great majority of the world must ever remain.

Cobbett once said to Lord Althorpe, "I want none of your school nonsense; for my plough I want a good ploughboy, not a historian." "Yes," replied Lord Althorpe, "that's just what I am trying for with schools: I want to make good ploughboys as well as good historians." Nevertheless, in the light of modern happenings,—increase of Socialism, strikes, and other symptoms of widespread discontent,—Cobbett seems to have been the wiser of the two.

It is very possible for a man to be altogether unlearned, and yet to be kind and trustworthy. On the other hand, a man may improve both his mind and his heart, and yet know nothing of what is commonly called learning.

The modern complaint that many a poor man is not given a fair chance in life is an exaggeration.

Long years ago, when the lot of humble folk was far harder than it is to-day, the great and good Sir Walter Scott declared: "I have rarely seen that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of any profession, and did not omit to take fair and honourable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon Fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, my young friend, is like a game of

cards—our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems at first glance to depend on mere chance. But it is not so; for, in the long run, the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Then do not be discouraged by the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourself to receive Fortune when she comes your way."

Man is the architect of his own fortunes rather than the creature of circumstance. The keynote to success is character. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that in the same circumstances one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives for ever amid ruins.

The wise man thinks not only of the present but of the future—he provides for the coming time. If one means of living fail him, he can turn his attention to another. Whatever may be said about rights and privileges, it is very certain that the man who is seeking steadily to improve his mind is much more likely to get all these rights and privileges than one who only talks about them; he works surely, although silently.

He understands what is going on around him; he does not take things upon trust; and gradually finds himself armed with new powers and capabilities. Who are the steadiest workmen? Those who have

done most to improve their minds. The chances are that if an ignorant man does right it will be only by accident; the man who seeks to educate himself knows how and why he ought to do right and to avoid evil.

Under our modern system individual effort at improvement is supposed to be not so important as elaborate codes of education which provide for the teaching of all sorts of unnecessary subjects.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and when a youth born amidst humble surroundings has done with his course of assimilating a certain amount of scraps of information, too often it is rather with those below him, than with the heights which soar far above, that he is disposed to contrast his standing-place. Viewed in false perspective the lowest eminence may swell easily into a mountain. Carried away by overwhelming conceit, the half-learned man often becomes quite spoilt by the mere smattering of education, which produces little but a self-sufficient ignorance.

A dangerous product of the present system of semi-education is the individual who wishes to destroy all ancient institutions whilst at the same time he has no clear idea what is to be put in their place.

Not constructive but destructive, such men labour under the delusion that out of anarchy will arise a new heaven and a new earth.

A typical instance of this school of thought was the ultra-Socialist Proudhon.

One day he was dining at the table of a very exalted personage. Of course there was plenty of lively chat; and by the time dessert was on the table Proudhon had demolished everything. Politics, religion, ethics—all were in ruins. The host, considerably annoyed, observed, "But really, Monsieur, you ought to do something besides criticizing and finding fault. Tell us what form of government would please you?" "Monseigneur," replied the author of the "Confessions d'un Revolutionaire," "you are aware of my social and political opinions. Well! I am longing for a state of things in which I should be guillotined as a retrogade Conservative!"

One of the worst features of violent Radicalism, I think, is the lack of respect which it contrives to inculcate in the young.

The introduction of Board Schools, though it has undoubtedly improved spelling and pronunciation amongst the people in general, cannot be said to have improved the manners of children. It seems indeed a pity that more trouble is not taken to inculcate those rudimentary principles of civility which so greatly tend to augment the amenities of life.

What a large amount of actual discomfort in domestic life would be prevented if all children were trained, both by precept and example, to the practice of common politeness! If they were taught to speak respectfully to parents and brothers and sisters, to friends, neighbours, and strangers, what quarrels,

squallings, and snarlings would be stilled! If their behaviour, within doors and out, were regulated by a few of the common rules of good breeding, how much unnecessary inconvenience and friction would be abolished! If courtesy of demeanour towards all whom they meet in field or highway were instilled, how much more pleasant would be our town walks and our rustic rambles! Every parent has a personal interest in this matter; and if every parent would but make the needful effort, a great degree of gross incivility and consequent annoyance would soon be swept away.

Formerly, when a child was brought into contact with any older person, it was but natural for it to behave with a respectful politeness, which to-day, I suppose, ardent democrats would deem to be too servile.

Little girls, for instance, in the country gave a graceful curtsey when they passed any grown-up individual whom they knew, and little boys touched their caps—old-fashioned ways, which, to a great extent, have now been superseded by a sort of "I'm as good as you" kind of air.

Also, when a child stopped one of his or her elders to inquire the time of day, the little one never failed to return its thanks when the information had been given. This act of ordinary courtesy is now, especially in towns, I am told, often omitted.

One of the old school who has observed the spread of this boorish behaviour has adopted rather a peculiar method of dealing with it.

When a child stops him in the street to ask the time he at first makes a point of telling it wrong; if, however, he is thanked for the information, he corrects the error whilst often accompanying his correction by a small tip. Consequently the uncivil children he comes across are often put to considerable trouble and discomfort which, it must be admitted, they thoroughly deserve.

On the whole it now seems very doubtful if the old-fashioned people who denounced universal and compulsory education were, after all, not in the right.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the mass of the population was practically uneducated.

Universities and public schools, together with a number of old Grammar schools, it is true, existed; the two former, however, were the exclusive property of the titled and wealthy, who, alas! did not profit as they should have done from these opulent sources of learning. For the industrial population there were no means of acquiring the commonest rudiments of knowledge. In fact, ignorance was encouraged largely from the idea that education would make the people less loyal and unfit them for the hard battle of unmitigated work. Some people even went so far as to say that if Englishmen were taught to read and write, they would lose their ancient courage and become timid, whether on land or sea.

At the time of the passing of the compulsory Education Act, England was behind most countries, and trusted the work to voluntary charities and

individual effort. Some remedy was undoubtedly needed. The State was obliged to step in, but it seems to have moved in a wrong direction. The national education afforded should be general and elementary, and confined strictly to the poor, and be simple in character. It should not extend to adults old enough to look after themselves, unless—a very important point—in early youth they show extraordinary ability and cleverness.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

Every one must admit that the present system, if it has done some good, has also produced some serious evils—the chief of which is an unreasoning class hatred which bodes ill for the future of England. Gone for the most part are the cordial relations which formerly existed between employers and employed. Education, however, is perhaps not entirely responsible for this; the cause of strikes and labour troubles of various sorts being in a great measure the impersonal nature of the modern employer, who is now often represented by an office which takes no account of human nature.

In old days workmen were well acquainted with the owner of the business in which they worked, and not infrequently their relations with him were very cordial, but there can be no cordial relations with a Board whose sole object is to ensure the largest possible dividends for shareholders.

In addition to this, a number of officials, drawn

from their own class, are kept solely to supervise and "speed up" workers, whom they often treat with the lack of consideration which distinguishes jacks-in-office. Many a costly labour dispute would never have occurred had there been easy personal access to the employer by his workmen. How can there be any great enthusiasm or pleasure in slaving for an individual, or individuals, whom you do not even know by sight, and whose orders only reach you through a rough-tongued mass of foremen and others, themselves forming part of a machine which works with a smooth, dull, soulless monotony?

Whatever may be his wages, from an intellectual point of view the lot of the modern worker who, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, devotes the greater portion of his life to turning out some particular portion of any article, cannot be compared with that of the craftsman of other days, who, though paid little, frequently found a real joy in his handiwork. Happily for him, modern so-called progress had not yet dawned to turn him into a machine.

The factory system, even with all its safeguards, is undoubtedly a deplorable, if necessary, feature of modern life, tending as it does to destroy mental independence, individuality, and much else—at best it can never be anything but a brain-deadening affair; indeed, the very perfection of its present organization has tended to make it more soul-destroying than the old-fashioned system, which, far

rougher though it was, did not hold the workers in such unbreakable shackles. How much preferable must have been the life of some of the poorly-paid, old-time workers—say the Dorsetshire button makers—who in their cottages followed traditional artistic designs handed down from their forbears, to the existence of even a well-paid factory hand of to-day.

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that a great cause of our unrest is the ignorance of human nature, which is a characteristic of so many of our modern politicians; their predecessors of a past age, as a rule, knew humanity well and had few illusions about it.

Every one complains of the distressing strikes which of late have disorganized the national life, but what else is to be expected when men in highly responsible positions—Cabinet Ministers and others—swayed by false sentimentalism go about using every endeavour to engender bad feeling amongst what, in a blunter age, were known as the Lower Classes?

The present state of affairs in England, or rather in its great cities, would seem to be altogether unparalleled. Never before have politicians in responsible places deliberately done everything they could to set class against class. The unthinking and poverty-stricken denizens of the slums have been taught to expect that the ideal government is the one which will plunder the rich and harass the well-to-do, whilst bringing about the transfer of all the

great means and instruments of producing and distributing wealth into the hands of the democracy at large. Happiness, opulence, and a delectable leisure are to be the lot of every man, whilst no class will dominate the other. The most powerful prophet of this new creed is, of course, the poet-idealist Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, who, however, is far less deserving of censure than the wealthy and unscrupulous individuals who follow in his train. He, at least, has fought a gallant and successful fight to emerge from the class in which he was born and which he continues stoutly to defend. They, on the other hand, have deliberately turned upon their own class, seeing in the new propaganda a comparatively easy means of obtaining political power, and, such as it is, renown. Not a few are renegades from the Conservative Party, who, having astutely perceived that it was falling into a condition of anæmic impotence, abandoned the ship of Unionism guided by weak and apathetic hands, and early in the day obtained a foothold upon the pirate craft which, cleverly steered by abler men, triumphantly sails along amidst the plaudits of all the forces which make for social disorder. Most of these renegades, like their colleagues, the rich and luxurious Radicals, who perceive that for the present their best chance of attaining distinction lies in professing Liberal principles, are probably of opinion that, should matters ever reach a pitch which would entail serious inconvenience to person or property, they will be

able to divert the stream of triumphant democracy into safe and peaceful channels, which idea, it may be remarked, was precisely that entertained by some of the ancient aristocracy of France, with the result that, having lost their estates they eventually had a bitter awakening upon the scaffold.

You cannot incite the populace against owners of property without eventually producing some effect. What wonder that the workers, excited by the wild talk of men who ought to know better, should develop a fancy for that policy of robbing henroosts openly advocated by Mr. Lloyd-George.

When all is said and done, I am not at all sure that the men of the past, narrow-minded and hard as some of their views might appear to the present generation, were not right. In a sort of hazy, dim way a number of them undoubtedly gauged with accuracy the great turmoil and social unrest which must follow in the wake of a dominant democracy. In all probability, all things considered, the present state of affairs would in no wise astonish most of them, for, after their own fashion, they understood the proletariat and its ways. What, however, they would not understand is the respect accorded to such modern products as radical millionaires and democratic aristocrats, a curious development of our national failing of taking ridiculous things and people seriously.

It is highly disheartening to observe how gullible the great English public continues to remain.

Writing just a hundred years ago, the author of a work dealing with English manners and ways said: "There is no part of the British character more inexplicable than that which makes the populace so extremely willing to acquiesce in the arguments and assertions of interested persons: the most absurd and improbable falsehoods are received as truths; and though we are generally a reasoning and a thinking people, and, after deliberation, almost always right in our decisions, there is not a nation in Europe whose subjects are less correct in forming an immediate just conception of men and their intentions."

The curious thing is that, in spite of all this social turmoil and unrest, the well-to-do people of England are scarcely disturbed. The secret of this probably is that, in spite of everything, the majority of this class has steadily been growing richer and richer.

As a lady of stanch Conservative views, complaining of the rising tide of Socialism, comically said to me, "The worst of it is that the country seems to get more prosperous every day!"

Nevertheless, in spite of this increased prosperity, there is undoubtedly a very dangerous feeling abroad amongst that part of the population least dowered with the world's good things, which, as I have said before, with some justice feels that it has not sufficiently participated in the great increase of wealth which has taken place during the last twenty or thirty years.

This, I think, is the real grievance, rather a vague and shadowy one, perhaps, unlike that of the Chartists whom I remember causing considerable agitation and dismay.

The Chartists were so called from the document which contained the basis of their political demands, and was divided into six heads, called the six points of the Charter. They were—Universal Suffrage; Equal Electoral Districts; Payment of Members; No Property Qualification; Vote by Ballot; and Annual Parliaments. Long before this two of these demands had been put forward, as probably Mr. Lloyd-George does not know, by a Duke. In 1780 the Duke of Richmond introduced a Bill into the House of Lords for Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage. In the same year, the electors for Westminster appointed a committee to take into consideration the election of members of the House of Commons, and, in their report, they recommended a very large extension of the suffrage. In 1832, the wishes of a large mass of the middle classes were realized and satisfied by the passing of the Reform Bill. The amended state of the representative system, and the advantages which it had brought, were narrowly scrutinized by the lower classes, and the consequences was the gradual formation of a party who were dissatified with its arrangements, and sought to attain the ends of political and social good by a more extensive change. This was briefly the origin of Chartism and the People's Charter. In

1838, the Chartists had become a large party, and embraced a great number of the working classes employed otherwise than in agriculture.

A considerable number of clever people sympathized with some of the Chartist aspirations. In after years, for instance, that clever artist, the late Mr. Frederick Sandys, executed a most admirable woodcut, "The Old Chartist." Reading one of Mr. Lloyd-George's celebrated "Limehouse" speeches, it seemed to me that the politician in question had drawn inspiration for one of its passages—that dealing with fields of golden corn and the like—from this fine design, which deserves to be popularized by reproduction.

The worst feature of the whole situation seems to me the growth of class hatred and an increased tendency to rush into extremes.

Clever men like my friend Mr. Frederic Harrison, who, in the last century, were full of optimism, are now beginning to realize that the triumph of that democracy of which they hoped so much need not of necessity produce an immediate Utopia; perhaps after all when the history of the twentieth century comes to be written, the forecasts of some of the stanch old Tories of a past generation will be found to have been based upon only too solid grounds. At present all that can be hoped for is that, with the progress of time, democratic opinion may grow more moderate and matured—in fact, that democracy may grow out of itself and realize those fundamental facts of existence, the importance of which were

thoroughly appreciated by the men of other days. Our outlook upon life undoubtedly needs readjustment.

"It is no less a fatal error to despise labour when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, they are at cross purposes, the one envying, the other despising; in consequence the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. All professions should be liberal, there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement."

So-called Reforms of one sort or another are, in these days, the stock-in-trade of numbers of individuals, many of whom make a livelihood by working for the triumph of some fad or other, which, at heart, not a few probably hope may be long delayed.

As the Irishman said concerning the now seemingly imminent establishment of Home Rule: "Home Rule," said he, "is like heaven, which we all long for; nevertheless, the nearer we get to it the less we like it."

Another disquieting symptom of the present age

is the way in which patriotism is denounced by a certain school of altruists, who, carried away by emotion, are always ready to declare that any other country than their own is in the right.

The doctrine in question, though formerly very few dared to press it upon the public, is, however, no new thing. There have always been sentimentalists who have tried to defend the enemies of England. After the Indian Mutiny, for instance, Mr., afterwards Sir Henry Layard, attempted to explain to the British public that the revolt had not been a mere military rising but a real national rebellion.

The "Times," however, threw a douche of cold water upon him by explaining how wrong his conclusions were. Layard laid some stress upon his not having been able to procure any direct evidence of the mutilations reported to have been committed by the sepoys; but a parliamentary paper, procurable by those who would "sup full of horrors," disposed of all the attempts to mend the case of the savages, or to impugn the stern justice which had been dealt out to them by the authorities in India.

Each age has to fight its own falsehood. The great curse of to-day is the large number of men in more or less prominent positions who are always saying to themselves and to those around them pleasant things and things serviceable for to-day, rather than things which are.

Noisy individuals of this sort remind one of defective engines which, whilst making a great uproar,

do very little useful work. When confronted with quiet men of intellect and character—alas, now so rare!—efficient drivers and stokers of our great social machine, they sink to the level of mere puppets.

The only satisfactory way to deal with many social evils is by the exercise of patient and gentle forbearance, perhaps the hardest of all weapons to wield with success and skill, which is the very reason they are not popular with blatant, self-seeking demagogues who combine a fluency of words with a great lack of ideas, the want of which they supply by advocating all sorts of wild and unconsidered measures likely to arouse the enthusiasm of the mob.

Enthusiasm, admirable as it is when used on behalf of worthy ends, does not always tend to good.

A remark once made by the French poet, Béranger, well summed up the result of unthinking zeal. At the time of the Revolution of the 24th February the famous actress, Rachel, resided near the Porte Maillot. To enter Paris she was obliged to make her way through armed groups, who endeavoured to keep their zeal at boiling pitch by singing the epidemical "Marseillaise." The contagion communicated itself to Rachel, who was going into Paris with Louise Collet. She commenced singing in the carriage, giving the hymn with the same intonation with which she afterwards brought it out on the stage. "One felt in the air," said Louise Collet, when she related the incident to Béranger, "like a mighty breath of hope that bore along with it all youthful

hearts." "I greatly fear," replied Béranger, who was no longer young, and who had as much good sense as genius, "I greatly fear we have been made to tumble down the stairs we should have walked down."

Whilst a large number of clever people must be aware that our present system, based upon pampering and flattering the unthinking mob, must eventually lead to disaster, only one, Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, has had the courage to speak out. His admirable comments upon certain developments of modern democracy, delivered at Sion College on 10th November 1911, show him to be quite devoid of that fear of speaking the truth which is now such a characteristic of public men. "To talk to the average Member of Parliament," said the Dean, "one might suppose that the ballot box was a sort of Urim and Thummim for ascertaining the Divine Will. This superstition was simply their old friend, the divine right of Kings, standing on its head, which was even more ridiculous in the new posture than in the old." His statement that it was quite as easy to hypnotize oneself into imbecility by repeating in solemn tones "Progress, democracy, corporate unity," as by repeating the blessed word "Mesopotamia," was also an admirable hit at a widespread modern tendency.

When, however, we are inclined to fall into a despondent state as to the present condition of England, let us remember that in the past many gloomy forecasts and forebodings have not been

justified. On March 9, 1781, for instance, my ancestor Horace Walpole wrote :—

"Our glory is gone, our constitution is gone, our sense is gone"; yet here we are to-day still alive and comparatively flourishing, and, what perhaps is more to the point, still saying the same thing.

# V

Janus and his political devotees—Anecdote of Lord Palmerston—Mr. Lowe—Lord Iddesleigh—Anecdote—The decay of oratory—Jobbery and election tricks—The late Lord Lytton's apt criticism of Parliamentary life—'eds of feathers and 'earts of gold—Anecdote of Mr. Gladstone—The Parliament Bill—Lord Halsbury's fearless British pluck—Sham Radicals and shoddy titles—An amusing anecdote—Women's rights—My own view—"Babes for men"—An old French tale—Victorian women—Mademoiselle de Fauveau

A WELL-KNOWN public man, who in his day had played many parts, once declared that "he had seen a good deal of rascality on the turf, more on the Stock Exchange, but only when he began to get behind the scenes in politics did he realize how contemptible human nature can become."

Long years ago Sir Robert Walpole said much the same thing; according to him it was fortunate that so few men could be Prime Ministers, as it was best that few should thoroughly know the shocking wickedness of mankind.

The only consolation about all this is the idea that time will always sift the wheat from the tares, and every true thought and genuine deed will have its value when the more showy performances of charlatans have disappeared from the face of the world.

There was perhaps a good deal of sense about

the whimsical suggestion which was made at the time when the great clock was set up high above the new House of Commons at Westminster.

For a time only two out of the four sides worked, making it double-faced, like a good many members. It was then said the clock ought to be called Janus, the great head and patron of all politicians.

The god in question has certainly never had more worshippers in Parliament than to-day; a particularly unsatisfactory result of which is that England, as has been aptly said, has become merely an island in the German Ocean governed by Scotland, coerced by Ireland, and plundered by Wales.

The present state of affairs has been largely brought about by so many men worthy of better things being totally devoid of moral courage—their main object seemingly is not to lead, but to follow.

What a difference from the old school and their unflinching ways!

Once when Lord Palmerston went to Glasgow the working men formed a deputation to present his lordship with an address. After the latter and his suite had retired from the conference, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, addressing the Premier, said, "My lord, it must be a great bore to you to receive and hear so many deputations from all parts of the country." "Oh yes," said Palmerston; "but it is my duty, and I get over it very easily. However, I have had some very curious deputations waiting

on me in my time. You all remember, of course, the tragedy of Rugeley, where Palmer poisoned Cook with strychnine. Well, what d'ye think?—a deputation of the principal inhabitants came up to me praying that I should give my consent to changing the name of the town, as it had become so infamous by the murder. After talking to them for a few minutes, I said, 'Gentlemen, the town belongs to So-and-so, who would require to be consulted.' The deputation thought I could settle the matter at once. I then asked them what they could propose as a new name, and they left it to me. 'So,' I said, 'in that case, the only and the best name that I could suggest is Palmers' town!' I can tell you that no deputation ever left my room quicker than they did."

The House of Lords is now weakened and revolutionary Radicalism exercises real influence throughout the land. Nevertheless, the public cannot be said to have benefited very much, for, though Parliamentary life now costs members a good deal less than in old days, it costs the British taxpayer a good deal more—the little item, for instance, of Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Belfast, owing to the police and military which had to be employed, took no less than £4000, I believe, out of the national pocket. Considering that no one was a penny the better for it, this visit of the First Lord was certainly expensive.

In connexion with the enormous increase of taxation which has become such a feature of recent

years, there are one or two politicians to whom one might well apply the line of Goldsmith :—

> A man is he to all the country dear.

Mr. Lloyd-George, with his philanthropic ideas and visionary schemes, squanders the large sums wrung from the moneyed classes. "Robbing hen-roosts," it seems, is far more to his taste than thrift, which one of his Liberal predecessors, my old friend, the late Lord Sherbrooke, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, understood so well.

Mr. Lowe, though his first two Budgets were very successful, aroused very great opposition when he proposed to put a halfpenny tax upon every box of lucifers. A regular riot, indeed, occurred amongst the East End match-sellers in April 1871, and the idea—not a very good one, it must be confessed—had to be abandoned, the Chancellor of the Exchequer being nicknamed "Lucifer Lowe."

He himself is said to have summed up his financial administration in the following lines :—

> Twelve millions of taxes I took off,
> Left behind me six millions of gains,
> Of debt forty millions I shook off,
> But I got well abused for my pains.

Mr. Lowe was a fine classical scholar, a highly appreciated quality in British statesmen in former days. Lord Iddesleigh, better known to his contemporaries as Sir Stafford Northcote, was also well known for his familiarity with the great Latin and

Greek writers. On one occasion, indeed, he had a scholastic controversy with the aged Marquis Wellesley, celebrated for his classical erudition.

The word was *littus*, which Sir Stafford Northcote maintained to be applicable to the seashore alone, whereas Lord Wellesley had used it of a river bank, for which kind of shore it was contended *ripa* was the proper expression. But Lord Wellesley met and silenced the contention by the authority of Horace and Virgil.

Before politics became such a business, public men in England prided themselves upon something more than their cunning in securing votes. Those, for instance, who possessed a gift for fine oratory were proud of exhibiting it even when nothing much was to be gained.

On one occasion Lord Brougham was met, just as he was leaving the House of Lords, by a brother peer, who had two very beautiful girls on his arms. "Sorry to see you leaving," was the remark, "as these young ladies came expressly to hear you speak." Lord Brougham, as a *preux chevalier* of the old school, declared that they should not be disappointed—returned to the House, and, asking some question on foreign politics, was smiled off by Lord Melbourne, who was unprepared; whereupon was delivered one of his Lordship's most memorable philippics, that shook the very foundation of the Ministry.

A very sporting spirit prevailed in the House of

Commons, which up to quite recent years adjourned on Derby day. In 1858 the Premier was early on the course at Epsom, to watch the running of his horse, Toxopholite. He had the mortification to lose the prize—the coveted blue ribbon of the turf—by about a length. It is said that he displayed great vexation, and remarked in a tone of impatience, that he would rather have accepted the defeat of his Ministry than that of his favourite horse.

At an earlier period a large number of members were ardent devotees of the chase, as was shown at the time when Sir Robert Walpole was left in a minority, whereby his administration was terminated. When the division had been taken, the "teller," as he went up to report the numbers of the division, vociferated "Whoo-hoop!" intending to apprise the House that "at length the old fox was run down."

Of course the passing of the Reform Bill put an end to a good many time-honoured abuses, and checked "jobbery," at which some of the old school were regular experts. One pawky old Scotch member, for instance, who, much to his surprise and indignation, lost his seat after the passing of the Bill, used to say that the right time for pressing a minister on a point of patronage was just before a critical division. Curious stories used to be told of his walking on such an occasion with Canning to the House, and when asked if his vote might be depended on, saying that his mind was at that moment so much occupied with the uncertain

position of a poor fatherless bairn who wanted the clerkship in the Register House for the support of a widowed mother, that he was really not in a condition to make up his mind how he would vote. Once the old rogue made such strenuous efforts to provide for a certain Lauchlan Macintosh, that two simultaneous appointments came to the fortunate youth—one in the Customs, the other in the Excise. Neither of these were to be thrown away. It was necessary, therefore, to send to the Highlands for a duplicate Lauchlan Macintosh willing to accept a Government appointment, and little difficulty was found in procuring what was wanted.

All sorts of unscrupulous tricks used to be played at elections. Everybody recollects the amusing account in the "Pickwick Papers," of Mr. Tony Weller upsetting a coach-load of "free and independent electors" into a canal, to prevent their attending an election. History furnishes almost as good a thing. When the celebrated John Wilkes was a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons at Berwick, the opposite party sent down a lot of voters from London by sea; and Wilkes bribed the captain to land them in Norway, which he did.

One of the most original and mischievous election dodges ever perpetrated was the hoax arranged by a successful candidate for a certain seat many years ago. This gentleman, in the most light-hearted way in the world, addressed by post to the electors of the division for which he was standing, visiting cards

bearing the name of his rival inscribed on them, but not prepaid. Each elector, when he had to pay the postage, was furious, and went about roundly denouncing the sender, whose opponent was not unnaturally elected by a vast majority.

In some boroughs all sorts of tricks were resorted to for the sake of buying votes, in evasion of the law. Just before a certain Irish election, one of the candidates, Mr. Anson, went into a barber's shop, and, having submitted to the idle ceremony of being shaved, paid the barber, who was a voter, five guineas for the operation. When the polls were opened, the knight of the razor came forward and voted openly for Mr. Benson, the opposing candidate. Anson, astounded, cried out to him, "What do you mean? Didn't you shave me yesterday?" "Yes, indeed, sir," replied the sharp-set barber, "but I shaved Mr. Benson this morning!"

Since those days the whole spirit of Parliamentary life has changed—if bribery has changed its form and "jobbery" to a very great extent been suppressed, personal independence is a thing of the past, whilst debates tend more and more to be useless and unreal.

One of the best criticisms of modern English Parliamentary life was that of the late Lord Lytton, a man whose intellect soared high above the pettiness of party politics. The debates of the House of Lords, according to him, were dreamlike and devoid of real life, whilst those of the House of Commons he likened

to one vast display of wasted power and passion misapplied.

Since his day, though we are supposed to have made progress, we have, I think, drifted into an even more unsatisfactory state of affairs, being now ruled by a mass of professional politicians ready to pander to anything which will enable them to retain office, acting in consort with Utopian dreamers devoid of personal experience and mentally quite out of harmony with the actual world, with its horde of commonplace human beings.

Great harm is also done by well-meaning men, earnestly desirous of improving the world in a minute —sentimentalists, quite out of touch with humanity as it is, who, as a well-known Member of Parliament sprung from the people once aptly said, "'ave 'eds of feathers and 'earts of gold."

Political leaders of every class soon find—very often to their great surprise—that to succeed in governing others something more is required than good qualities and right meaning on the part of governors.

A valuable qualification of a modern politician seems to be a capacity for concealing or explaining away the truth, but of course the great master of this school was Mr. Gladstone, who was so skilled at equivocation as to deceive even himself.

Before a certain election one reform in particular was held to be of vital importance by a large number of his followers, whom Mr. Gladstone highly pleased

by constantly assuring that the reform in question should be placed in the forefront of the Liberal programme.

After the election was over and the Liberals had come in, things went on very much as before, nothing being heard of the reform. Eventually a prominent supporter of the G.O.M. wrote reminding him of his promises, in return to which he received a letter stating that the forefront of which he had spoken was a line and not a point.

At the present time "After me, the Deluge," seems to be the motto of a number of politicians. Notwithstanding their somewhat narrow-minded views, the old blue-coated brass-buttoned Tory peers, who I remember in my youth, were perfectly right in their predictions; like Lord Halsbury, they fought stanchly for their class, and whilst they lived kept the flag flying. However, they are all gone now, and the Upper House has been to a great extent enfeebled. I think it was Lord Ribblesdale who, in one of the debates preceding the voting on the Parliament Bill, said that the country now no longer cares for peers except to open bazaars and act as masters of hounds. It is indeed more than likely that the average working man living in a great town has of late years come to regard the Lords, for whom his ancestors entertained a real respect, with a kind of envious scorn.

In sober reality the House of Lords has never really resisted the people's will at all. What it has done,

however, has been to try and make sure that measures sent up to it from the House of Commons really did express the will of the majority of the inhabitants of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Besides this, as regards Committee work, it should have earned the thanks of the whole country. As, however, this is scarcely understood at all by the democracy, a number of whom (especially in Scotland) believe, I am told, that the whole of the peers decide legal questions sent to the Upper House on appeal, the invaluable services it has performed in this direction receive not the slightest recognition from the preponderating mass of the electors, who, now that the territorial connexion of great land-owning peers with their tenants has to a great extent ceased, cannot see why the House of Lords should be entitled to alter or reject Bills passed by the House of Commons.

The Parliament Bill, I believe, was not really wanted by the nation, who only sent back the Radicals into office because the Unionists put forward no sound programme. They staked too much upon Protection, which for long years to come at least will scarcely be very popular with the people.

"Leave us alone in peace, and go and carry on the government of the country," was probably the idea of most of the voters, but as for any enthusiasm for the Parliament Bill it was almost admittedly non-existent.

Had the Unionists had some strong men on their side the whole thing would soon have been relegated

to the ignoble obscurity into which such a makeshift and unsatisfactory measure deserved to be hurled. There can be little doubt but that had Queen Victoria, whose loss is now so poignantly felt by all lovers of moderation and order, been alive such a measure would never have been countenanced by her —indeed, it is highly doubtful whether anyone would have ever dared to place it before her. The Queen, I believe, from the very beginning of her reign made a rule to give no conditional promise of any kind whatever, which practice on several occasions stood her in excellent stead. Had the Prime Minister gone to her and said, "If such and such a thing happens, may I rely that Your Majesty will make the number of peers requisite for my purpose," Her Majesty would probably have replied, "Wait till such and such a thing has happened and then come and see me again." A constitutional sovereign is surely entitled to take this course, which of course would have placed the Prime Minister in a most unpleasant dilemma.

The proceedings of the Radical party as regards the House of Lords may be without exaggeration described as "firing from behind the Throne." One thing, however, is certain; had the Unionist party during its long tenure of office only acted with foresight and decision, things would never have come to such a pass. It was a saying of the great Duke of Wellington that "the whole art of war lay in knowing what was on the other side of the hill"; it cannot be said that the Unionists ever took the least trouble to

look at anything except what lay just in front of their noses.

At the time when a joint protest was being made against our occupation of Egypt, the late Duke of Devonshire, one of the most sensible public men who ever lived, being asked his opinion merely said, "Why not copy the Sultan of Turkey, and do nothing?"

On the occasion in question this was excellent advice, but adopting it as a general policy, as the Unionists did, could only lead to defeat.

What might they not have done which would have dammed the tide of rising anarchy? The reform of the House of Lords, redistribution of seats, old age pensions on a sane contributory basis, and other salutary measures were all in their power to pass, but not one of these things commended themselves to the minds of the leaders. After Mr. Chamberlain had been stricken down, all force, energy, and initiative seemed to leave the Unionists, and since that fatal day Conservatism has been steadily outmanœuvred and outwitted.

Without doubt the Parliament Bill is a mere instalment of what is coming. A violent Sunday paper, which has lately risen to almost the dignity of an official Liberal organ, put the case very aptly in one of its cartoons.

Mr. Asquith is represented handing a coroneted peer a bottle of Veto Bill Hemlock, saying, "Now, my Lord, pull yourself together and get it down." The peer protests that it is an awful dose. "Nonsense,"

replies the Prime Minister, "this is only a draught. You will have to swallow all that lot behind as well presently." In the background are ranged other bottles labelled "Home Rule for Ireland," "Welsh Disestablishment," "Plural Voting," and "Home Rule All Round."

At eleven o'clock on the night of August 10, by 131 votes to 114, the House of Lords relinquished the main part of a power which for many hundreds of years it had wielded—on the whole, for good. Some eighty years before it had passed through an even more serious crisis, and owing to what Lord Rosebery called "the wise concession of the Duke of Wellington" emerged intact. It is curious to speculate as to what will be the verdict of history on the divergent views expressed concerning the Parliament Bill. There can be no doubt about one thing; that is, that full justice will be done to the straightforward thoroughly English attitude assumed by Lord Halsbury, an old friend of mine, for whom I have always entertained the greatest liking and respect. His fearless British pluck perhaps may be out of keeping with the spirit of compromise which is so popular in the present rather flabby age, but no one can fail to admire the determination with which he fought up to the very end. He acted precisely as another old friend of mine, Lord Ellenborough, did at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, when he left on record a protest in which occur the following words, since thoroughly verified by the

great strike which gave London a taste of what socialism really means. "It is to be feared," said he, "that when labour makes laws for capital, poverty for property, legislation, no longer directed by educated intelligence, will impair the individual freedom of action and the security of possession which have been the foundations of our prosperity and wealth."

At the same moment when the House of Lords let itself be crushed by pressure which possibly it would have been wiser to withstand, was voting away its ancient powers, "London—to quote a daily paper of August 11, 1911—was halting on the very brink of famine, not knowing how the bread of the morrow was to be procured, and the people of the greatest metropolis in the world were being confronted with an amazing and highly dangerous situation, owing to the strike of a few thousand men within the space of a few days." There was ample food for reflection in all this—would that it had been taken to heart by some of the sham Radicals!—rich men who, taking up politics as they might take up yachting or the Turf, have thrown in their lot with the so-called Liberals because they calculated that by adopting such a course they would be on the most convenient and quickest road to political success and the somewhat mud-stained distinctions which are its reward.

What possible value people can attach to these shoddy new titles I cannot understand—that they are almost openly sold for party purposes is notorious.

One of the most amusing stories connected with this iniquitous system of barter is that relating to a certain vender of patent medicines, well known by profuse advertising.

This worthy, it is said, having been told that he could procure a knighthood for £15,000 (to be paid into the war chest of one of the two great political parties), actually went so far as to attempt to enter into *pourparlers* with certain individuals well skilled in arranging such matters. His proposals, however, did not contemplate the payment of the whole sum in cash. He was ready, he is supposed to have said, to pay £3000 down, the rest of the sum to be liquidated by the delivery of his remedy up to the value of the remaining £12,000. Needless to say this amazing offer was not accepted.

Whilst aristocracy all over Europe, I fear, is suffering an eclipse, woman, in spite of plaints and protests, remains, as ever, an aristocrat, whom no one really wishes to depose. Say what she will, she is the only being who elects without voting, governs without law, and decides without appeal.

The universal domination of woman was never better expressed, perhaps, than in a certain British Colony where, one fourth of July, some Americans put up what they called a liberty pole, on which they wanted to hoist the star-spangled banner. Their request, however, being declined, a good-natured crowd cried, " Let's raise a pole and stick, the flag of

all nations upon it." In a few moments a petticoat was waving in the breeze.

The true empire of woman in old days was declared to be one of softness, dignity, and compliance —her commands were caresses and her menaces tears.

Most girls, according to general ideas at that time, were tender, yielding rather, were romantic, being rather addicted to falling in love, and to wasting their time over novels and letter-writing. Their worst foible was declared to be love of admiration ; their most perilous tendency one towards thin shoes and young officers.

Many young ladies were quite dominated by what they thought was romance.

One of these having fallen into a river and nearly been drowned, on coming round told her family with great ardour that she must marry him who had saved her. "Impossible," said her papa. "What, is he married?" "No." "Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighbourhood?" "Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog."

Feminine education was very limited at that time—a little French—some knowledge of piano playing, singing, and painting in water colours, was considered a sufficient equipment. As for occupations and amusements, crochet and worsted work, together with archery and croquet, were the main relaxations of well-to-do girls.

In the Sixties, when old-fashioned croquet occupied

much of their attention, it was supposed to be responsible for many marriages.

"Are you going to make a flower-bed here, Tomkins?" asked a young lady of a gardener. "Yes, mum; them's the horders," answered the gardener. "Why, it'll quite spoil our croquet-ground!" "Can't help it, mum; them's your pa's horders; he says as 'ow to hev it laid out for 'orticultur, not 'usbandry."

Undoubtedly in the past woman's value as a means of social usefulness and moral development has diminished by the habit of regarding her on the one hand as a toy, on the other as a drudge: on the one hand she was considered merely as a means of diverting idleness, to be trifled with and listened to, as an attractive child; on the other, as a piece of household furniture, useful in regulating domestic economies, proficient in the cooking of meats, the darning of hose, and the mending of socks.

With the foundation of Ladies' Colleges and the increase of High Schools a new spirit began to arise; soon the first symptoms of emancipation were seen, and old-fashioned folk were astonished to perceive there was a tendency to question the domination of man.

At first the campaign was limited to efforts in favour of broadening the feminine outlook.

"If you would qualify woman to take a more reasonable and dignified position in life," very sensibly said one of the champions of reform, "you must give her something to talk about: give her education with

this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our race. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political, and religious improvements of our times."

Since those days much water has flowed beneath the bridges, and we have got far beyond any such sensible and harmless ideas, and a new heaven and a new earth (which is to realize the old idea of heaven) is to be created by means of Female Suffrage—the only reliable panacea for feminine woes. The Anti-Suffragists, on the other hand, predict that dire calamity, perhaps even the downfall of the British Empire, must follow the granting of the vote.

Of the two sides I think the Suffragists, though in fairness it must be remembered they are the attacking party, have been by far the most intemperate. In some of their statements, in order to support their theories of woman's fitness to rule, they have ventured to cite Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria, the latter of whom—and let us remember the great Queen was gifted with quite extraordinary political judgment—absolutely abominated any idea of "Women's so-called Rights."

In 1870, indeed, long before some of the window-smashers were born, this wise sovereign wrote—

"The Queen is most anxious to enlist every one who can speak or write to join in checking this mad,

PARADISE LOST; OR, THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE PERI

(A CARTOON PUBLISHED IN 1868)

wicked folly of "Women's Rights," with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor, feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. God created man and woman different—then let them remain each in their own position. Woman would become the most hateful, heartless, and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself, and where would be the protection which man was intended to give to the weaker sex?"

As regards my own views, after a long and peaceful life, I have no desire either to have my windows broken or to quarrel with my friends who hold Anti-Suffragist views. Mr. Frederic Harrison, for instance, stanchly opposes any idea of granting the vote, whilst Mrs. Fawcett, for whose intellectual gifts I have the greatest admiration, is one of the most ardent advocates of female enfranchisement. Nevertheless, one who has seen so many movements rise, flourish, and pass away may be allowed to say that the time-worn question of woman's grievances against man seems to have been overdone to such an extent as to come dangerously near the limits of weariness and boredom. At the present time the Press is filled with letters from people of apparently unhappy and unsatisfied disposition, who think they have a special mission to tell everybody what everybody knows.

The truth is that man and woman, whether the latter obtains a vote or not, will, owing to their different temperaments, always require different treatment.

Ill-temper, unreasoning extravagance, and a condition of hysterical revolt will never do anything but augment feminine ills; it is not with such weapons as these that woman will overcome man.

The more hysterical suffragist is, I fancy, merely a product of modern social conditions, the main factors which have produced her being an uncontrolled (if self-sacrificing) zeal which owing to the lack of other interests carries her as it were "off her feet."

A woman endowed with an active mind often chafes at the somewhat unexciting and monotonous daily round to which fate has doomed her.

The suffrage agitation brought a new light into the life of many a one of this sort who, throwing her whole heart and soul into the movement, became imbued with something of the fervour which characterized a mediaeval martyr.

Whether posterity will take an admiring view of the women who have gone to prison for their suffragist convictions, or rather for the violence which is their outcome, is a very doubtful question. It is not improbable that future generations will despise everything connected with the suffrage, for it is inconceivable that a really enlightened society will take an admiring view of the system by which a number of individuals, the large majority profoundly ignorant and a great number quite indifferent, are, without any test as to their mental capacity, accorded the right of electing other individuals, generally not

much better equipped for ruling than themselves, to decide how a great nation is to be governed.

The proper rulers for the world are people possessed of intelligence, common sense, and efficiency. Would that some method could be devised by which people of this sort—nature's aristocracy—could be placed at the head of affairs!

About the best criticism of some of the suffragette extravagances, I think, passed at the time when certain of them were taking to chaining themselves up to railings, was the remark made by the late Sir William Gilbert.

"Ah," said he, "we shall soon have respectable old gentlemen chaining themselves to the railings of Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital and shouting, 'Babes for men.'"

I cannot see what the feminine campaign for votes would lose by being conducted in a more dignified manner; indeed, I fancy a complete abandonment of the so-called Militant Tactics would attract a large number of at present disgusted or hostile women to the Suffragist fold.

Woman was formed as the help-meet for man; she was not to be the slave to a tyrant, but the companion of an equal.

There is an old Norman law adage, "C'est l'homme qui se bat et qui conseille": "It is the man who fights and advises," which means that it is the duty of the husband to keep the wolf from the door, while it is the duty of the wife to keep all

comfortable within; the homely Saxon term housewife, plain and expressive, well describes the feminine ideal of these days.

Women were not expected or allowed to interfere with matters outside their homes. Though, owing to exceptional beauty or charm, they dominated kings and rulers, their influence upon the world at large in the way of manners and morals seems to have been small.

In the feudal days of Western Europe, when men gave all their thoughts to the tilt-yard and the battlefield, and left women practically in solitude at home, history has little to tell but of bloodshed and horror, of resistance and oppression. Men did not throw off their armour till, as it were, the iron had eaten into their souls and rendered them somewhat harsh and brutal; and when in subsequent centuries they did appear in another guise, it was only to give additional liberty to their drunken revelry. Many in the eighteenth century knew no moderation—and wallowed like swine in the slough of sensual enjoyment. In the Middle Ages, women were intermittently sickened by the frequency of warfare, which made their sons and husbands mangled corpses or maimed invalids, and intermittently hardened by privations and sorrows too common to excite emotion.

In the eighteenth century they were treated rather as agreeable dolls; never have they been taken so seriously as to-day.

In return for man's increased appreciation of the

higher qualities of women, he has been covered by showers of abuse as he never was before—after all it is impossible to deny that civilization is the result of his strong arm and on the whole well-balanced brain. Women should remember that to him she owes all modern improvements, such as railways steamships, and the like. No doubt he has been coarse and brutal in the past, but now that he appears ready to make amends, she should meet him half-way.

Heaven did not make women insinuating and persuasive that they might be peevish; it did not make them feeble that they might be imperious; it did not give them a softer voice than man in order that they might rail at him; nor delicate features to be disfigured by rage. Angry women forget themselves and the dignity of their sex, which has never gained much by scolding. The fact is that in a great many cases modern woman—in England, I mean—is spoilt. Many have no interests and too much time on their hands, with the result that they take up some fad. As for the well-to-do, a great number of them now seem to completely dominate their husbands. This struck the old Shah of Persia very much. "It seems to me," said he, "that an English or American husband is nothing better than a sort of butler."

Women should realize that at present they enjoy many privileges which, if they were considered as the absolute equals of men, would probably be withdrawn.

"Will you please to permit a lady to occupy this seat?" said a gentleman to another in a crowded railroad carriage. "Is she an advocate of women's rights?" asked the gentleman. "She is," was the reply. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her doctrine, and stand up."

No doubt the professional women from whom the suffragettes are largely recruited have a number of more or less real grievances, but it is very doubtful if any legislation would really benefit their lot.

No legislation can force employers to pay women the same wages as men in occupations where the latter is more efficient. The best thing women can do is only to take up such professions which are well adapted to their capacities.

Women are generally fluent speakers. A curious thing is that they are far less given to stopping or stammering than men; the reason of this perhaps is, that most of them talk so fast—a stammer has got no chance to get in. People "stutter" because they hesitate. But whoever knew a women to hesitate about anything?

As secretaries, and especially as copyists, women are admirable. Their aptitudes in the latter direction was long ago recognized by Elzevir, who employed women to correct the works issued by his press, assigning as his reason that they kept their eyes on the matter before them, and that as they understood nothing about it, their whole mind was occupied in taking care that there were no omissions; but that

when he employed Greek and Latin scholars to perform the same duty, they attended to the merits of the work, and did not pay sufficient attention to the matter before their eyes.

A first-rate female secretary, I believe, can always obtain a good salary, though no doubt many copyists and typists are but poorly paid; the remedy for this, however, seems to me to lie less in clamouring for legislation than in united effort.

As a matter of fact, it is not the professional class among working women that suffer the most; for these, at least, can get enough for their work to keep body and soul together. It is the still harder labouring and worse-paid class, who, living in wretched slums, work day and night, who deserve the most sympathy; but it is difficult to see how any employer can ever be made to pay sufficient wages when, as is often the case, he himself finds it difficult to make both ends meet. There is, indeed, no reason to believe that woman-made law would be better than the present system. Well-meaning legislation based upon sentiment too often, alas! defeats the very object for which it is devised.

There is an old French story—I think Rabelais wrote it—telling of the misfortunes of a married couple which bears some relation to the question of emancipated women and modern man.

A husband who had a dumb wife, though at first her other attractions outweighed her silence, eventually got bored with it.

Accordingly he determined that she should have the best medical advice, and eventually sent her to a celebrated physician, who effected a cure.

As time went on, however, the perpetual chatter of the good woman, who, naturally having only recently learnt to speak, had a good deal to say, ended by driving the man almost to distraction, with the result that he bitterly regretted that she had ever been made to talk.

At length he went again to the physician. "Doctor," said he, "since she learnt to speak my wife has become such a terrible nuisance that I have come to ask you whether you can't make her dumb again."

"That I cannot do," was the reply, "but I can make you deaf, which seems the only remedy for your trouble." The husband, worn out and weary, eventually consented to undergo this drastic treatment, with the result that when his wife found she was unable to worry him any longer she went raving mad.

The position between the suffragettes and those who refuse them the vote is not unlike this.

Man, having for centuries kept woman in a sort of subjection under which she never expressed any serious opinions, now wants her to be a more educated and intelligent being, with the result that, owing to a better education, she has become attracted by all sorts of novel theories and ideas with which she is perpetually bothering him. When he closes his ears to her clamorous demands for equal political rights

she becomes, as it were, stricken with a dangerous form of mania.

A purely modern pose is to assume that the women—there were women then, whereas now everyone is a lady—of the Victorian era were mentally inferior, or perhaps I should say less mentally alert, than the emancipated females of to-day, a number of whom go about excitedly proclaiming their equality with the oppressor—man.

The women and girls of the Victorian age were certainly less astute in one respect—namely, in contriving to obtain the large sums which are now expended in pandering to feminine vanities in the way of luxury and dress; otherwise, I think there was little difference. But, of course, they had not the talent for unlimited self-advertisement and bluff, which is such a characteristic of the present time.

Home life, which, if one believes a good deal of what one hears, has now ceased to exist, was then the main ideal of a preponderant number, for amusements were comparatively few and money not nearly so plentiful as to-day. Besides this, a woman who was always tearing about from one end of the country to the other would have been considered rather an extraordinary being. No doubt the feminine outlook on life of the women of the past was more limited than that of their granddaughters, but it should not be forgotten that the mid-Victorian woman, owing to her simple virtues and stanch nature, played a considerable part in making the British Empire what

it is—I will not, as I might perhaps with some justice say—what it was.

The devoted women who, with Miss Florence Nightingale, nursed the sick in the Crimea, lowered the death-rate in the unscientific field hospitals from 52 per cent. to 2 per cent. The names of practically all of these heroines, with the exception of the first-named, scarcely emerged from obscurity, though they were the pioneers of the present admirable nursing system which has so enormously contributed to the diminution of death, disease, and pain.

In those days there was little support for women's suffrage, which was more a subject for ridicule than anything else.

"At half-past six this evening in the schoolhouse a hen will attempt to crow," was the way in which one of the old school of parsons announced a lecture upon woman's rights.

Nevertheless, though there were no suffragettes searching for martyrdom, there were women who in a more dignified way were just as determined.

Such a one was Mademoiselle Felicie de Fauveau, whom, nearly seventy years ago, I met at Florence. I have a sketch of her still, a fine-looking woman with very short hair—she had vowed not to let her locks grow till the Bourbons once more sat on the throne of France.

Mademoiselle de Fauveau was well known in her day for her talent in the way of romantic sculpture —a vogue which did not last very long. Jean du

Seigneur, for instance, of whom Theophile Gautier thought so much, is now completely forgotten, as is his one-time celebrated creation—the "Roland Furieux" of the Exhibition of 1855. One of the best known works of Mademoiselle de Fauveau was her "Françoise de Rimini," which was included in the Pourtales collection. In 1832, Mademoiselle de Fauveau had, with her mother, been implicated in a political plot which led to a trial at Fontenay le Comte. She was, however, acquitted, her defender being M. Berryer, who in court produced a large number of caricatures representing Louis Philippe as a pear. Some of these were so comical that the judge himself could not keep from laughing. Whilst in prison, Mademoiselle de Fauveau heard of the death of the ardent Royalist, Louis de Bonnechose. At once determining to design a monument to his memory, she availed herself of the only surface possible, and in the embrasure of the window of her cell painted an allegorical composition in which the young Comte de Chambord figured as St. Michel. After she was liberated this painting was reproduced in a lithograph, which has now become rare.

# VI

The rage for wealth—Madame de Castiglione—Anecdotes—Cutlet for cutlet—Former contempt of the English for foreigners—Modern Cosmopolitanism—A vulgar Anglo-American habit—Anecdote of Queen Victoria—*Nouveaux riches*—Anecdotes—"Quizzes"—The power of fashion—West End tradesmen of the past and their ways—Rotten Row in old days—Disappearance of fine equipages—Some vanished figures—Modern improvements in the Parks

LADIES and gentlemen, it is sometimes said, are no longer what they were; it is even maintained that the class in question has seen its best days. Be this as it may, during the last thirty-five years a great change has assuredly taken place in the social organization of the Upper Classes, whose ideas and ideals seem to have altered even more than those of a less favoured section of the population. There was a soothing influence about the atmosphere of certain houses in old days which can only be compared to the restful effect produced by an old-world garden.

Around them hung an air of dignified simplicity, the secret of which in this age of hurry and bustle seems to have been lost.

Money whilst thoroughly appreciated—indeed in those days its value was probably better understood than is at present the case—was not valued for

itself alone. Apart from rank, birth, or intelligence, it conferred no particular distinction upon its possessor.

To-day it is to be feared money is valued more than any of these.

I remember once being told of a missionary who was much puzzled what to do with some of his young native converts who would not appreciate the benefits of geography.

When he tried to impress upon them the fact that the earth, contrary to their belief, was round, they invariably replied, "Well, we believe it is level; but supposing it is round, what difference does it make to us? We won't make any more money whether it is round or flat."

A great many modern people seem to reason in the same way, and attach no importance to knowledge or learning unless it carries with it some ultimate financial benefit; and the so-called fashionable society of to-day cares little for culture or cleverness unaccompanied by abundant cash.

This is one of the reasons why wit and brilliant talk have ceased to be common in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair.

Formerly conversation was carefully cultivated as a social accomplishment, and in consequence at certain houses dinner-parties were enlivened by a witty and clever talk which is now almost extinct. At others, however, it must be admitted that, owing to the greater formality then prevalent,—as Rossini said of

Wagner's music,—"Il y avait des jolis moments, mais des mauvais quarts d'heure."

As for the ladies, not a few of them resembled the beautiful Madame de Castiglione, who used to be called the "silent lady," because her voice was so seldom heard. Even the Duc de Morny declared that he had for all his attentions only received signs of gratitude, "nods, becks, and wreathed smiles," but never one single little word.

As is well known, the lady in question was in her day one of the most surprisingly beautiful creatures ever seen. She was the wife of a Piedmontese diplomatist, whose first wife, it was said, had been hideous beyond degree. After the death of the latter, M. de Castiglione, who inherited some money, declared he would marry the most beautiful woman he could meet with.

A peculiar and unpleasant defect from which many of the clever talkers of other days were apt to suffer was a lack of consideration for the feelings of less gifted individuals, ill fitted to hold their own in conversation or repartee.

Nothing conduces to social unpopularity so much as the unrestrained exercise of a mordant tongue, and many a man has made bitter enemies owing to the display of caustic and uncurbed wit.

This unfortunate tendency is very difficult to overcome; it was a weakness which absolutely dominated certain natures. Mr. Bernal Osborne, for instance, though well aware of such a failing, could never entirely control himself when opportunity arose. Of

another man of much the same type it was aptly remarked that he would rather lose a lifelong friend than a bad joke.

In connexion with such methods Lord Erskine once made a very good point. Discussing with Mr. Canning the merits and gifts of Mr. Perceval, whom Lord Erskine thought Mr. Canning underrated as a rival, the former said that Mr. Perceval was a much abler man than Mr. Canning was disposed to admit, for various reasons, which he gave, and then he added, "Remember, Canning, that you never speak without making an enemy, Perceval never speaks without making a friend, and this in itself is a great power."

The greatest compliment ever paid to a wit of the past was the remark of a certain nobleman who said, "You have been laughing at me constantly for the last ten years, and in all that time you have never yet said a single thing that I wished unsaid."

The men of the past were, for the most part, a good deal given to plain speaking, and I am doubtful whether some of their utterances would be appreciated now.

A certain Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer of other days, giving a dinner-party, when the conversation had turned upon what some considered to be unnecessary passages of the marriage service, said, referring to the absurdity of a man without property gravely declaring that he endowed his wife with all his possessions, "Why, when I married I hadn't a shilling in the world." "But," chimed in his wife, "you had your splendid talents." His rejoinder,

"Well, but I didn't endow you with them," was considered very smart. To-day it would probably be viewed in a very different light.

The system of "cutlet for cutlet" prevailed then as now, in fact rather more than at present, when people of enormous wealth are often quite content to fill their houses without thinking of obtaining anything in return.

Entertaining, except amongst a certain small set who were very intimate, was done in a more formal manner than at present—many of the old school, if the conversation became at all animated, would at once become very stiff—as it were climbing up their genealogical trees.

The cooking, as a rule, was simple and good; towards the end of the mid-Victorian era, however, it became rather more pretentious. Some people who prided themselves upon giving French dinners were the despair of diners-out. Not infrequently everything was sent up cold except the ice.

Soyer effected quite a revolution in British cookery, proving that the simplest things could be rendered delicious by proper preparation. He gave a little dinner in his own room at the Reform Club, just before he left, to a small party of friends. A dish of fish was placed on the table; they were excellent, and served by Soyer with taste and care. "How do you like it?" said he. "Magnificent!" The dish consisted of half a dozen fresh herrings, trimmed like trout of classic Windermere! No one could tell the

difference; the herring flavour was rendered delicious by Soyer's sauce. "You are extravagant, Soyer!" "Oui, sometimes," responded the chef, "but not at present." The herrings cost threepence!

The upper middle class then had no palatial restaurants to go to. Those who entertained at all gave dull, solemn, private dinner-parties during the season, with massive plate and expensive viands and priceless wines, and no conversation. They believed in the roast beef of Old England, and called French dishes kickshaws; above all they hated all foreigners, imagining their entire food to be composed of frogs, oil, and garlic, and their entire occupation to consist in dancing and playing the fiddle.

The ancient Greeks spoke of all other nations on the face of the earth as "barbarians"; and for a period, I believe, they were quite right. In old days people often used to say every real Englishman thanks God in his morning's prayers that he has not been created a foreigner. "He is a foreigner, but a very nice man!" "A very gentlemanly foreigner, indeed!" "What a pity he is a foreigner!" Time was when offensive compliments of this sort fell very frequently from British lips, whilst not a few who prided themselves upon their intense John Bullism made a point of being something more than blunt when obliged to enter into conversation with anyone who did not belong to their own country. On one occasion, for instance, when a distinguished German nobleman had been introduced to a certain English-

man, and by way of appropriately commencing the conversation, had observed, "It is bad weather to-day," the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders, curtly replied, "Yes, but it is better than none."

On another occasion an excessively polite Frenchman once said to an Englishman, "If I were not a Frenchman I should like to be an Englishman." The Englishman very drily answered, "If I were not an Englishman, I should like to be one."

No wonder that a distinguished foreigner, who had been staying at a country-house, being asked if he had not had great fun, replied, "I smile ver' moche, but one such fun was enoff."

With increased facilities for travel most well-to-do people have become fairly familiar with the Continent or at best its pleasure resorts.

Not so very long ago even quite wealthy people went abroad only once a year to one of the foreign health resorts such as Homburg or Carlsbad, their object being not so much pleasure as to make up for the wear and tear of the season's dissipation. At these resorts, I remember, it used amusingly to be said could be found the greatest amount of calculating economy in the world, for early in the season a number of German Jews made a practice of sending one of their number with the symptoms of various diseases in order that he might tell his co-religionists the exact treatment suited to their case and thus save expense.

At the present time most people of any means at

all seem to be always flying abroad, not in search of health but of pleasure; the popularity of the foreign watering-place is a symptom of the age. It must be confessed that to many its attractions are great, the chief perhaps that it is a neutral ground, where all respect of persons and the etiquette of society, as it exists in the working world, are laid aside; and where all who can lay claim to a certain standard of manners and of dress mix freely and without reserve. Nothing is so remarkable as the social intercourse of men and women who are utter strangers to each other. Once they have crossed the Channel, mothers, who in town stand over their marriageable daughters like guardian ogres, and who refuse to countenance even the politeness of any young gentleman who does not come with an introduction and a satisfactory statement of his finances, will set out their daughters on chairs on the sands, like the dressed dummies of a milliner's window, or like so many traps to catch lobsters, and allow them to speak to almost any stranger of good appearance and address. Families who at home are noted for stern and Puritanical views, flock to play at Petits Chevaux, nor are the Casinos less crowded on Sundays by English people, though at home most of them would be horrified by the idea of even the mildest gambling upon the Sabbath. Of late years the French watering-places have been much improved, and those responsible for their management spare no trouble to provide amusements which attract.

The same cannot be said of our own seaside resorts, many of which seem to be wrapped in a sort of perpetual gloom. Nevertheless they continue to increase; the number of small seaside villages which have, during my lifetime, grown into towns is enormous. Generally this has been caused by some local resident who has perceived the possibilities of developing an estate.

Sir Henry Wolff, for instance, was one of the first to recognize the advantages of Bournemouth from a residential point of view. As one of Lord Malmesbury's secretaries at Heron Court he soon appreciated the charms of a part of the country which was then practically free from houses. In after years he had a very delightful residence at Boscombe with extensive grounds down to the seashore, which now for some time, I believe, have been covered with houses. Bournemouth and Boscombe seemingly never cease to grow.

A striking feature of the present age is the cosmopolitanism which prevails amongst the wealthy.

Quite a number of people are equally at home in London, Paris, or New York. Now well-to-do Americans send their sons to be educated in England, with the result that they become almost as English as ourselves.

The old-fashioned American is rarely seen now; a curious type he used to be, unwilling to admit that Europe had anything fit to compare with what was to be found in his own country. Such men often

supported their presumptuous contentions with a considerable amount of smart if primitive wit. One, a Yankee exceptionally full of brag, after having been told at Naples that at any rate he must own that there was no such volcano as Vesuvius across the Atlantic, quite undefeatedly replied, "No, perhaps not, but then you must remember we've Niagara, which I guess would darned soon put it out."

Americans did not then occupy the dominating position which they have since attained. Truly the times have changed since a wit facetiously described the arms of California as being—

> Two posts, standant,
> One beam, crossant,
> One rope, pendant
> And a knave on the end on't.

To be absolutely fair it is, I think, quite an open question whether the incursion of Americans into England, with its after effects of Anglo-American marriages, has not been a good thing. Be this as it may, however, there is one very bad failing which American women have imported into our social life—unpunctuality, which spoils everybody's temper and poisons pleasure.

"The selfishness and self-indulgence of my friends," said one of those Anglo-American ladies who took great interest in the East End, "positively disgusts me"; yet she herself seemed to make a point of being amost invariably late for dinner—that odious

and vulgar affectation—by which every one's comfort is upset.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

Though it may seem a paradox, there is such a thing as habit of irregularity, and once this has been acquired it is, I believe, very difficult to overcome.

Without doubt, manners have degenerated within the last thirty years. In all probability the main factor in this has been the hurry and bustle almost inseparable from an age of telephones and motor-cars, though mere careless selfishness has much to do with it. Formerly if anyone received an invitation to dine, they would as soon have thought of leaving it unanswered for a day or two as of jumping out of their skin. Now, I am told, certain individuals make a practice of answering at the last moment, and in some cases not answering at all.

Some, I believe, rather pride themselves upon being casual, though why vulgarity should be deemed a source of self-congratulation it seems impossible to understand. Of course the plebeian origin of a large proportion of those who now consider themselves at the top of the tree, in some degree elucidates the mystery. In many cases descended from those who lived amongst the dregs of the people, they have no inherited traditions. Sumptuous clothes

and costly surroundings cannot altogether annihilate feelings derived from an ancestry of the slums.

A gentleman called on a lady one day, and was told by the servant that she was not at home. As he turned to go out he caught a glimpse of her head in a mirror through a half-open door. An hour afterwards he called on another friend, and found the lady there. "I have just been to your house," said he, "but had not the pleasure of seeing you." "Indeed! I'm sorry; but I went out in haste on business." "In such haste, I presume, that you left your head behind you, for I saw it in the glass." "Did you? It is very possible—I am so absent-minded."

In old days English people considered it a great breach of good manners to keep people waiting, now certain ladies seem to make a point of practising this vulgar trick.

Queen Victoria, in particular, hated unpunctuality, and once administered a particularly apt rebuke to a certain Mistress of the Robes. A day and an hour had been appointed for a certain public ceremony in which the Queen was to take part. The hour had arrived, and of all the Court the duchess alone was absent, and her absence retarded the departure. The Queen gave vent more than once to her impatience, and at length, just as she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady of honour, the duchess, in breathless haste, made her appearance, stammering some faint words of excuse. "My dear

duchess," said the Queen, smiling, "I think you must have a bad watch." And as she thus spoke she unloosed from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch which she herself wore, and passed it around the neck of the offender. On the next day she tendered her resignation, but it was not accepted. It was said that ever afterwards she was, if anything, more punctual than the Queen herself.

From about 1835 to 1870 was the time when the largest fortunes were made by brewing. The profits were then often enormous. This was clearly demonstrated in an inquiry into the legality of the will of a predecessor of the late Sir Henry Meux.

In 1841 Sir Henry Meux's share in the great monopoly was worth £200,000; in 1858 it was worth £600,000, and this in spite of a career of fifteen years' neglect of business, of hunting and racing, of French cooks, collecting china, and every kind of extravagance; of battues, moors, and deer forests; of Epsom, Newmarket, and Ascot; and an entire lack of attention to the brewing business, for which that Sir Henry Meux had no taste.

Some of the people who had made fortunes in trade were ashamed of it, but a number made no attempt to conceal the origin of their wealth, to which they would openly allude.

An original mode of reconciling a party to sitting down thirteen to dinner was once adopted by a certain rich man, whose fortune had been accumulated in connexion with bread. He had invited twelve

friends to dine with him, and some of them objected to sit down together at table, as the whole company numbered thirteen. The host wittily allayed their apprehensions by telling them that in his house they were only a dozen, "for, as you all know, I am a baker and follow the customs of my trade."

At the present time we boast our emancipation from many superstitions; but, if we have broken some of our idols, it is probably through a mere transfer of idolatry. If most of us have outgrown the somewhat snobbish veneration which was once accorded to birth and rank, the cult of the golden calf has, without doubt, increased; multi-millionaires have taken the place of the old aristocracy—that is the real fact of the case.

There is little doubt but that "society" which still existed in the early Eighties of the last century could have driven a better bargain with the swarm of *nouveaux riches* who made their determined assault upon the West End at that time. Instead of welcoming almost anyone reputed to possess great wealth into what had formerly been a rather exclusive stronghold of aristocracy, it would have done better to have exercised more discretion, and admitted to their drawing-rooms only such of the invaders who possessed social and mental qualities likely to be of use to the old English governing class. Alas! lured by ideas of material benefits, "society" showed no discrimination at all, with the result that in its old sense it no longer exists, whilst the invaders

have now pretty well carried all before them, and quite relegated the old English families to the background.

Ostentatious wealth is a real social danger. Referring to the causes of the fall of the "Knights Templars" an old author quaintly wrote—

"The chief cause of their ruin was their wealth. They were feared of many, envied of more, and loved of none. As Naboth's vineyard was the chiefest ground of his blasphemy, and as, in England, Sir John Cornwall said merrily, that not he but his stately mansion was guilty of high treason, so, certainly, their wealth was the principal evidence against them and cause of their overthrow. It is quarrel and cause enough to bring a sheep that is fat to the shambles."

The immense power which wealth now wields is in no respect more conspicuous than in the deference now accorded to great millionaires, whilst no one asks or cares how their money has been amassed provided it is there in sufficient quantities. In old days, as recently even as thirty or forty years ago, people made some pretence of living up to a certain standard in such matters, though in one case I remember the excellence of a certain lady's entrées did succeed in causing society to regard her husband's defalcations and peculations (the penalty for which he somehow managed to evade) in a lenient way.

As the old proverb says, one man may steal a horse while the other may not look through the

stable door; it is quite wonderful how some people contrive to weather storms. Like Shadrach and Meshach, they are protected by a mysterious force against the usual effects of the heated furnace. When they come out, we can plainly see that on their bodies the fire has no power, nor is a hair of their head singed, nor are their coats changed, nor has the smell of fire passed on them. Instead of courting retirement, they seek as much society as they can get. Instead of covering up their humiliations or misconduct, they treat it all as something quite in the ordinary course of things, and, in a large number of cases, the world they live in accepts this point of view.

Before, however, what may be called the era of "wealth at any price" had dawned, mere moneybags were kept in good order by the leaders of society both in France and England. The Duc de Morny, for instance, dining one evening with a financier whose love of giving himself airs would be better appreciated in the present age, observed that his host was drinking a different brand of wine from that offered to the rest of the party. Calling for a large tumbler the Duc bade a footman fill it to the brim with the vintage which had not been offered to the guests, then raising it to his lips he pledged the scandalized millionaire saying, "You need not have feared to have our criticism; it is quite a good wine."

A rebuff of an even more severe kind was once administered to a certain English *nouveau riche* who

was very apt to boast of how much he was in the habit of paying for various things. "You can't guess what that wine cost me?" said he to a guest one night at dinner. "Surely not, I only know that it is excellent." "Well, now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just ten shillings per glass." "Good gracious! You don't say so?" was the reply; after which, draining his glass, the guest hastily presented it again with the remark, "Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

At the present day a millionaire seems to be free to indulge every kind of petty meanness or fad without anyone venturing to resent his behaviour. One of this kind of gentry after having purchased a well-known country house actually wanted to keep the visitors' book which he had seen in the hall there, and only gave it up to the departing owner after a keen struggle, his contention being that it formed part of the property and should therefore go with it.

Whilst a great number of the new plutocracy are good-natured, kindly men, not a few seem to be oppressed with the peculiar kind of sadness or depression so often seen in connexion with vast wealth. They appear weighed down, as it were, by weight of shares and gold, and lack that spontaneous if rather plebeian humour which was the appanage of many of the parvenus of the Victorian era.

A certain section of humanity, when they become possessed of money which they themselves have not earned, are like men who have swallowed a large quantity of ardent spirit at one draught. It gets into their head, and they become confused and silly. There is an intoxication of the pocket as well as of the head.

A certain lady who had been in humble circumstances, after having suddenly been raised from poverty to affluence was spending a good deal of money buying costly jewellery. A jeweller selling her a diamond ring of great value observed, as she tried to force it over a remarkably red and knotty finger, that the ring was a trifle too small, and said she had better take a larger one. "No matter," was the naive reply, "this will do; I don't expect my hands will be so large after a while."

The greatest modern change of all would seem to be a tendency towards the standardization of life, every one trying to live like every one else, irrespective of differences in rank, means, and social position. Formerly, a great number of those who were moderately well off made no effort whatever to entertain beyond occasionally asking some relative or friend to share their simple dinner; now, the same class of people not unusually make a pretence of keeping a *chef* and give frequent dinner parties of an ambitious kind, straining to copy the luxurious ways of more opulent friends. Young ladies who have been brought up in the country, after they have been

some time in London are now very apt to acquire extravagant ideas, the simple style of living to which as children they were accustomed gradually beginning to appear old-fashioned, narrow, and even sordid. Almost insensibly a number drift into extravagant ways, and try to extend their purses to meet luxurious demands, which end by plunging many a one into a sea of debt.

The position of a young lady of high birth but strained means has probably never been so bad as it is to-day when feminine dress has become so outrageously expensive, but on the other hand relatives and friends seem to be a good deal kinder than of yore.

The wealth of the great brewing families, which, owing to changed conditions, has now in certain instances passed away, was the accumulation of several generations. Now, fortunes are made so rapidly that a son not infrequently becomes half-ashamed of his father, who, however, owing to his wealth being the real mainspring of the family, has to be tolerated and sometimes allowed to be present when smart house-parties are given. If, however, he is too plebeian in appearance or accent, most cunning efforts are made to prevent his personality from becoming too obtrusive. In some cases he is scarcely introduced at all, or, if he is, the relationship, where possible, is glossed over. Often, too, by a sort of tacit consent, he is regarded in the household as if he were a sort of poor dependent of his

better educated and more presentable son. I remember hearing with amusement of the horror of one of the old school who, on arriving for a Saturday-to-Monday visit to a certain country house, happened to find every one out except a curious-looking old gentleman who placidly consented to be introduced by the butler, not by name, but as the "host's father." But the worst case of all was the host who, when giving a great party, upon being asked, "Is your father here?" replied, "Well, no; hang it all, you know one must draw the line somewhere."

Often, again, the wealthy but somewhat plebeian father of some modern fashionable young man occupies quite an uncomfortable position, his son's friends attributing a huge fortune, possibly made by perfectly honest means, to the exercise of sharp practice or worse.

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I often read of people poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?"—"Tut, tut, my son," said the father, "nobody would believe them."

The newly enriched parvenu of half a century or so ago had a far more difficult task when he wanted to enter society than has the modern millionaire. In fairness to the latter it must be admitted that the *nouveau riche* of other days was far more blatant in his methods, often pushing himself forward in quite outrageous fashion and never losing an opportunity of letting anyone know how intimate he was with the great.

Talking of dinners on one occasion, and commenting upon the eccentricities of hosts, an individual of this sort said: "For instance, only a few days ago I was dining at my friend's, the Duke of Northumberland, and there was no fish." "I suppose," said a quiet voice from the other end of the table, "it had all been eaten upstairs."

A man of this kind always seemed to wish to focus public attention, like the individual of whom it was said that if he went to a christening he wanted to be the baby, to a wedding the bride, and to a funeral the corpse.

At the present time all this kind of thing has come to an end, and a *nouveau riche*, instead of pushing, has all his work cut out for him in resisting being pushed. It is to the interest of many to show themselves in touch with wealth and he has more invitations than he can accept.

This is not a very healthy state of affairs.

So much idle waste intelligence seeking to wriggle its way into something—too often, one is inclined to fear, hesitating at little—must operate injuriously on the general welfare. When, indeed, the insatiate avarice of the age, the panting desire to gallop into a fortune instead of walking surely into one, the incessant gambling that is carried on among all classes, are taken into consideration it seems quite extraordinary that people manage to get on as well as they do.

People are ruined, not by what they really want, but by what they think they do. It is a great mistake

to go abroad in search of your wants: if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for the individual that buys what he or she does not want will soon want what she cannot buy.

A curious development which has arisen in connexion with the modern system of kotowing to wealth is the system by which, for some financial consideration, the exact terms of which are of course kept very quiet, well-known ladies of good social standing undertake to arrange entertainments for rich people anxious to attain a prominent place in London society. In long-past days ladies of the aristocracy did, it is true, occasionally arrange balls or parties for other people, but in every case these were either their relatives or some intimate friend. The only reward which it was the custom to accept for this was generally permission to ask six "quizzes"—a word which, now practically obsolete, was then a good deal used when one spoke of friends. In these days I fancy some of those who organize entertainments for wealthy hosts or hostesses very often make something out of it directly or indirectly. This is not altogether unfair, for, considering the origin of many of the latter-day aspirants to social success, there is no particular reason why otherwise efficient social mentors should bother about them at all.

Together with the increased social importance which has gradually come to be attached to wealth there seems to have arisen a far more selfish spirit than formerly prevailed. Luxury and amusement

indeed have become necessities to many, a considerable number indeed being quite unscrupulous as to what means they employ in order to gratify such tastes. I remember hearing of a very good-natured lady who was always helping a relative of hers much addicted to extravagance. Having one summer lent this feather-brained creature a considerable sum of money, what was her surprise at the end of the season to be applied to again in order that what were described as some pressing debts might be settled. "I am very sorry," said the kind-hearted lady, "but I can't possibly help you again just now. In order to lend you that money a short time ago I was forced to go without a motor this season." "Dear me," was the reply, "if I had only known that I should have been delighted to have lent you mine."

Speaking of a certain type of so-called fashionable woman, a cynic said her life consisted in buying everything she did not want and paying for nothing she could help—smiling upon all mankind but her husband, and being happy everywhere but at home.

This, perhaps, is severe, but not altogether untrue. At all events, without doubt a certain number of ladies, as much no doubt from thoughtlessness as from any other reason, are very unscrupulous about paying their debts. In order to flaunt about in extravagant and unpaid-for dresses, they will go through all kinds of inconvenience—not to mention the fact that they are dunned by poor milliners and others whom the long credit they require tends to ruin.

As to making anything themselves, not one probably could do any useful work of any kind, not one could say with Lisette when she had been complimented in the old vaudeville of "Les Couturières"—

Qui n'eut été comme moi,
Touchés de ce double suffrage
Car la taille était bien à moi
Et la robe était mon ouvrage.

The fanciful and fickle freaks of fashion have ever been amusing to contemplate. She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades their pleasures and interrupts their business; she compels them to dress gaily, either upon their own property or that of others, and causes them to appear in all sorts of queer garb.

In the matter of feminine dress there appears to be no appeal against her decrees—however hideous or unsuitable, crowds of women rush to be the first to observe them.

Fashion has sometimes been rather severely styled the Queen of Fools, and though the designation is not universally true, it must be acknowledged she has a very large number of votaries whose only object in life is to follow her.

When hoops went out of vogue, the ladies vowed that scanty petticoats were infinitely prettier; and they vied with one another in reducing their dimensions, until within recent years their skirts have so shrunk that some seem hardly able to move their feet within the limited circumference.

Why crinolines were ever popular, goodness alone knows. Nobody could tell what comfort there was in being encased in an iron cage, yet numbers of ladies said they liked them and declared they would never revert to the tight skirts which, but recently, have again had such a vogue.

In the sixties all sorts of queer materials were used for ladies' dress. In 1863, for instance, there was a mania for leather, started, I believe, by Princess Metternich, who one day made her appearance in a dress of Havana-coloured silk, ornamented with leather trimmings, studded with steel-headed nails. The bonnet was of the same material, ornamented in a like manner, and, strange to say, so was the parasol. Similar ornamentation became all the rage, and many ladies looked as if they were ironclad.

Trimmings of leather were soon generally to be seen, and leather belts, dyed in all colours, ornamented with steel in the similitude of screw heads, etc., with bright steel buckles and mounting, were much in vogue. They were not durable, and unless in the natural russet soon lost their bloom. Even bonnets were made of leather at this time, the material being precisely that used for binding books.

At another period there was a great craze for green; some ladies even imitated nature too closely by dressing in velvet of a verdant hue in spring.

In one respect, at least, ladies' dress has greatly improved—tight lacing is no longer the fashion. The harm to health which this did to past generations of

women was incalculable. Numbers of foolish ladies, in spite of protests from their medical advisers, quite ruined their health by it.

"Doctor," once inquired a squeezed-up, pale-faced, would-be fashionable lady, "is tight lacing really bad for consumption?" "Oh dear no!" was the reply. "Bad for it! I should say not, indeed. It is what it lives on!" The lady, who was dressed within an inch of her life, looked daggers at the doctor, and hastily withdrew.

Whilst in knowledge of the laws of health society has certainly improved, it has deteriorated in appreciation of the value of money, for extravagance is certainly the vice of the present age. It is quite extraordinary how well apparently a large number of people contrive to live beyond their means.

On the other hand, there is something quite amusing about hearing the gospel of thrift preached by very rich people—persons who themselves have neither the necessity nor the inclination to follow its dictates. Another form of cant of this kind is to talk of the oppressive responsibilities of wealth—an individual endowed with a great fortune can quite easily engage a competent secretary to deal with such responsibilities in an adequate manner.

Unfortunate is it that wealthy people, even when they are ready to lavish their money upon philanthropic objects, so often make a bad choice—witness Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his public libraries. He had much better feed the poor and destitute.

Old-fashioned people thought a good deal more about trifling sums than their descendants of to-day. Most of them thoroughly believed in the old adage which says: Look after the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. Young folks in particular have a contempt for small coins; nevertheless, in matters of high finance, infinitesimal sums are often of great importance. Hearing a young man speak scornfully of the halfpenny, Lord Rothschild once said, "That young gentleman does not appear to know much about large transactions."

The amount of credit formerly given in the West End of London was extraordinary; there were great noblemen who, to use an Irishism, never settled their bills till they were dead. The principal sufferer in such cases was generally the heir, who could not well dispute such long-standing claims, besides which, not infrequently, people having dealt with certain firms for several generations had come to regard their heavy charges with an almost affectionate toleration. On the other hand, most of the old-fashioned tradesmen prided themselves upon their connexion with the aristocracy, from which class a large number of their customers were drawn. "Do you know anything about gout?" inquired a mild provincial, whose trip to London had given him a twinge, of a well-known chemist in St. James's Street, at that time a favourite lounge of men of fashion. "Do I know anything about gout?" was the reply. "Why, the best gout in London passes my shop every day."

The art of advertising was then in a very primitive condition. Mrs. Warren, the worthy helpmate of the celebrated blacking-maker, boasted that her husband kept a poet. The art of advertisement was then in its infancy, and verse a novelty when used to puff goods of any kind; artistic posters were unknown. Now, however, we have all become more advanced in such matters, and first-class artists see no harm in lending their aid in the popularization of some article of general consumption.

The prices charged in the West End were stiff, but most people no doubt, taking into consideration the long credit given, paid them without a murmur. On one occasion, however, a certain tradesman was very wittily informed of a failing which his clients were beginning to resent. One night some burglars broke into the establishment but for some reason or other left empty handed. Talking of the affair to a customer, the proprietor expressed his surprise at having lost nothing. "Not at all surprising," was the reply: "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?" —"Yes."—"Well," said the gentleman, "I suppose they found your goods were marked so high that they couldn't afford to take them."

The relations between men-about-town and West End tradesmen have often given rise to amusing incidents and smart repartees.

In recent times the palm, I think, should be awarded to the well-known and very fashionable bootmaker who, in reply to the somewhat unreasonable complaints of

a big-footed client, retorted, "After all, sir, you must remember I'm here to make boots, not battleships."

The inhabitants of all the streets about Mayfair formerly had their favourite tradesmen whose establishments had been patronized by their families often for several generations. Shops of this kind were occasionally rather unattractive-looking and dingy; but their proprietors, as a rule, sold excellent things, and took great trouble to please the aristocratic patrons whose families had dealt with their grandfathers before them. At the present day, whilst commercial establishments have invaded Grafton Street and the other streets in its vicinity, most of these old-fashioned shops have disappeared, their business having decayed with the advent of the stores and other huge emporiums which are ready to supply almost everything on earth. At the time when the West End, or at least Mayfair, was a sort of family living apart from the rest of London, society had quite a number of usages the origin of which probably dated back to the eighteenth century. One of the chief of these, during the height of the London season, was eating ices outside the still-existing Gunter's in Berkeley Square. Here, on a hot summer's afternoon, were to be seen a considerable number of barouches drawn up near the railings of the square, whilst the occupants regaled themselves upon the refreshing contents of a long glass brought out by a waiter from the still-existing establishment on the other side of the road—this custom endured up to quite recent times.

At the corner of Berkeley Street where it debouches into Berkeley Square one of those old-fashioned crossing-sweepers who were always attired in red coats had his stand. For years a well-known Master of the Buckhounds living in the vicinity used to make a point of giving his cast-off hunting-coat to this individual, who, besides sweeping the crossing, carried messages and ran errands for a very moderate charge. One of his peculiarities was that never by any chance did he ask anyone crossing the road for a contribution; nevertheless he appears to have done very well, for it was said that he left quite a comfortable sum behind him when he died. There were other red-coated sweepers in various streets of the West End, but with the march of progress all of them seem to have disappeared, which, considering that they did no harm and contributed a note of colour to the streets, seems rather a pity.

Talk as we may of the superiority of modern times and the increase of civilization, every day we sink deeper into a frigid utilitarianism. This is especially evident in man's modern dress, which, though no doubt comfortable, is slovenly in the extreme compared with the clothes they wore in my childhood—and, for the matter of that, many years later.

Gone are the blue coats and brass buttons, the broad-brimmed hats, embroidered waistcoats, watch ribbons and seals pendant from the fob.

Rotten Row is no longer the lounge of elaborately dressed dandies, and people ride as well as walk in any

sort of costume they like. In old days, on a fine summer evening the Park was an unrivalled sight, where could be seen all the youth, beauty, and rank of London gorgeously arrayed. Magnificent equipages formed a never-failing source of attraction to idlers, many of whom passed hours in watching the procession going round and round like a stage army. A writer of that day has well described the same "heavy old family coaches," with coachmen and horses to match, and the most wonderful old ladies inside that ever were seen—equipages that crept out year after year with their panels re-varnished and their brasswork re-lacquered, slowly coming forth like a shoot of an old stump when summer approached, and disappeared again when it was over, together with the old ladies. There was indeed a great variety in the style of the various carriages: new barouches, blazing with escutcheons like theatrical banners, and liveries almost like harlequins, just started by "stuck-up" people living on the borders of the exclusive world, and constantly fighting to pass its frontier; mail-phaetons driven by men-about-town, who had gone round and round the Park for thirty years, and still clung to the peculiar dress of a vanished age; and lastly a number of quiet-looking little broughams containing mysterious occupants about whom there were furtive rumours. Few carriages are to be seen to-day, the well-turned-out barouches and four-in-hands having been supplanted by swift motor-cars and luxurious landaulettes.

One of the greatest changes in London has been the gradual but steady disappearance of the fine carriages and horses for which the West End was once so renowned. The splendid old chariot which almost every family of any rank formerly possessed has, except on a few State occasions, ceased to be seen. Most of these stately vehicles had steps which were let down from the inside by the footman or footmen (most people had two) who stood at the back of the carriage on a sort of board, as the Lord Mayor's footmen still do to-day. Fashionable physicians always had two servants on their box seat. The first to break through this custom was Sir Charles Locock, who took to driving in a high victoria with but a single man. The man of fashion affected a cabriolet with a tiger hanging on behind. Lord Anglesey, of Waterloo fame, drove two horses: his groom, however, had a fairly comfortable seat at the back. This man, it may be added, was a well-known figure in the Row when he rode behind his master—according to current report, he had accumulated quite a comfortable little fortune in a very curious way. Lord Anglesey, as was notorious, had lost the lower portion of one of his legs at Waterloo, but so admirably was its cork substitute adjusted that when the gallant old officer was on horseback it was practically impossible to tell which of his legs was the sham one. Numerous bets were constantly being made on the subject, which as a rule the groom was called in to decide—as has been said, with considerable profit to the man's pocket.

Though as a centre of fashion the Park is hardly what it was and the gay equipages have disappeared, in other respects it has greatly improved, far more attention being devoted to the flower-beds, which in spring and summer are now a real delight. In my childhood little attempt was made in such a direction, and only in the fifties of the last century was Hyde Park converted into the park-like domain which has been further improved since. Lord Carlisle it was who, with characteristic good-nature, placed boats upon the Serpentine, the condition of which, however, was so bad that for some time, owing to the foul state of the water, they could scarcely be used.

About the same time the number of chairs in St. James's Park was increased at the suggestion of a Member of Parliament.

The question of the improvement of parks occupied a number of men of taste in the nineteenth century. A suggestion for placing a number of flowering shrubs in this park so as to convert it into an agreeable and lively promenade, was first published in "A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Long," in 1825. How the judicious changes and improvements of later years would have gladdened the heart of the invalid old gentleman, who, on being asked how he was, replied, "Not improving in health and strength; formerly I was able to walk round St. James's Park, now I can only walk half-way round and back again."

# VII

Disraeli as a dandy—Prince Louis Napoleon in his days of exile and as Emperor—A stickler for etiquette—His gratitude—Anecdotes—Ill-fated first-born—Beaux of other days—Count d'Orsay and Prince Paul Esterhazy—Anecdotes—An official "Sleepy Hollow"—New men and old acres—Sir Richard Wallace—Sir John Murray Scott—The Admirable Chrichton—Esquires—King Edward VII and his high qualities—The cornation of King George V

A GREAT reproach hurled at the upper classes used to be the dandyism of its men, and the vacuity and folly of their lives. Nevertheless, a number were not so foolish as they are generally supposed to have been.

Talking to a lady once, Brummell, in allusion to a certain individual, said in his peculiar manner, "Who ever heard of his father?" in answer to which she replied: "And who ever heard of George B.'s father?" "Ah, dear lady," he rejoined, half-seriously, "who, indeed, ever heard of George B.'s father, and who would have ever heard of George B. himself, if he had been anything but what he is? But you know, my dear lady, it is my folly that is the making of me. If I did not impertinently stare Duchesses out of countenance, and nod over my shoulder to a Prince, I should be forgotten in a week; and if the world is so silly as to admire my absurdities, you and I know better; but what does that signify?"

Then, and for many years later, dandyism was a method of getting to the top of the social tree, and that is why a number of quite intelligent individuals wasted so much time upon frippery and dress.

It seems curious to remember that as a young man, Lord Beaconsfield rather prided himself upon being a dandy. This, however, was when foppery to an extreme of extravagance was the mode with young men of fashion, who were all seeking to outstrip each other in personal adornment. People, of course, were inclined to scoff at the appearance of Disraeli the Younger when he made his entry into society. Nevertheless, in spite of his ringlets, somewhat affected air, his dress coats of black velvet lined with white satin, his white kid gloves, and his tasselled ivory cane, one felt that he was a good deal more than an ordinary fop. His dress, indeed, was merely part of his plan for obtaining recognition; at heart, I think, he always despised all that sort of thing.

Unlike the men of fashion with whom he associated even as a young man, the future Prime Minister had fixed aims and ambitions of which he never lost sight for an instant.

There are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Won'ts," and the "Can'ts." The former effect everything, the other oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything.

Lord Beaconsfield was essentially one of the first class; and only those who know the difficulties he had to overcome can appreciate what a far-seeing and

wonderfully strong brain lay beneath those curling black locks, which remained one of his personal characteristics to the day of his death.

Another of the "Wills," whom I remember when as Prince Louis Napoleon he was in no very great favour with West End mammas, was the last Emperor of the French. He also was something of a dandy. During his sojourn as an exile in London very few believed that he would ever succeed in gaining the throne of France. From what I can recollect about him, he did not impress one very much; but he was a pleasant man, and did all he could to become popular in society.

In Piccadilly it was, I have been told, that Louis Napoleon first set eyes upon the man who, reputed to be his half-brother—the Duc de Morny—afterwards did so much to support the Imperial régime which crumbled away after his death. As Emperor, Louis Napoleon seldom forgot a friend of the days of his exile; he was essentially a grateful man, and could be very genial. After seizing the Imperial throne, however, he became a great stickler for etiquette, and affected a good deal of the ceremonial state which was such a prominent feature of the Court of the old French kings.

This was particularly shown when an English nobleman born without legs wanted to be presented at the Tuileries at the same time as his wife and daughter.

On the morning of the day on which the presentation was to take place, the Emperor sent word to

Lord Cowley that he could not receive such a visitor, who, having no legs, would be obliged to sit while the Emperor stood. Lord Cowley was much vexed, but sent an attaché to communicate the disagreeable news to the applicant. Meanwhile the Duke de Bassano came himself to Lord Cowley to tell him that the nobleman's chair had arrived at the Tuileries—that it must be instantly taken away, and that its legless owner could not be received. This was rather mortifying to the British Ambassador, but the Emperor was inflexible.

The latter, however, greatly appreciated any kindnesses done him in his exile, indeed, gratitude was one of his best qualities, and he never forgot any one who had rendered him a service. Visiting Vichy after he had become Napoleon III, while walking on the banks of the Sichon he lost his way. A labourer chancing to pass at the time, the Emperor asked to be shown the way back. "Second to the right and then first to the left, sire," said the man. "What! you know me?" "Yes, and have had the honour for years past." "Where?" "Your Majesty, of course, cannot remember me, but you were once the cause of my passing two days in the black hole; for when you were at Ham, I was a soldier there, and was punished for passing you in a pound of tobacco." "Well," said the Emperor, "it shall be my turn now," and a few days afterwards the man was installed in a well-stocked tobacconist's shop.

When away from Paris the Emperor lived very

unostentatiously ; for instance, at Plombières, strangers often did not even suspect his presence, and were very surprised to be told that the stoutish gentleman in garments of the simplest kind and a wide-a-wake, whom they saw trudging, sometimes quite unattended, through woods and across fields, or, perhaps, chatting familiarly with peasants, was the Imperial Majesty of France, against whose life the hand of the assassin had been more than once raised, and whose disappearance from the political stage, come when or how it might, would create dire confusion in Europe.

Regarding everything, however, connected with his fixed idea of becoming Emperor, Louis Napoleon was unscrupulous, and many anecdotes used to be told about his crafty ways. On the eve of the *coup d'état*, when suspicion of his design was rife, he met, it is said, a member of the Chamber who had recently lost his mother, and condoled with him on the mournful event. "It is, indeed, a sad thing, and one hard to bear," said the deputy, "to lose a parent to whom one has been so tenderly attached." "One thing," replied the Prince President of the Republic, "is still sadder, and still harder to bear—to be suspected of plotting to overthrow a Constitution one has sworn to preserve." The deputy went away satisfied that the danger was over, and communicated his satisfaction to the destined occupants of the prison vans of December.

Malicious rumour declared that Napoleon III was no true Bonaparte. According to one story, his

real father had been a Dutch admiral. The Emperor himself, it would appear, was quite alive to what was said on this subject, but, being a philosopher, took no notice. On one occasion when the brother of the Great Emperor called upon his Imperial nephew at the Tuileries, he commenced a tirade of violent reproach, levelled mainly against the reluctance of the latter to set the army on the march for Italy. Amongst other things, the old Prince is said to have exclaimed, "You have not a drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins." "Well," replied the immovable Emperor, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders," giving at the same time such a shrug of the appendages mentioned as indicated a violent desire to rid them of their onerous burden.

Though, during his exile in London, Prince Louis Napoleon had no reputation as a wit, many *bon mots* have been attributed to him in after years.

The Duke of Malakoff, having received a present of a Cheshire cheese for the Emperor of the French, sent, it is said, the following telegraphic dispatch to his Imperial master:

SIRE—Un Chester m'est remis pour vous être rendu.
Je vous envoie donc le fromage attendu.

To which Napoleon III replied:

Vous êtes Maréchal, mon très cher Pellissier,
Ne vous livrez donc pas à des vers de'picier.

The unfortunate fate of the Prince Imperial seemed to those who knew French history but the perpetuation of a sort of curse which since the days

of Louis XIV has been upon the heirs to the throne of France. Since that time, not a single king has been at his demise succeeded by his son, notwithstanding that none of them has been childless, with the exception of Louis XVIII.

Louis XIV lived to see the extinction of several generations of successors, and was at last succeeded by one of the younger children of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy.

Louis XV was succeeded by his grandson Louis XVI, who in his turn left a son behind him only to perish in a horrid dungeon, to which the vengeance of the Terrorists consigned him. The only son of the great Napoleon died a colonel in the service of Austria.

Louis XVIII was childless.

The Duke de Berri was cut off during the lifetime of Charles X, whilst the son of the Duke de Bordeaux was an exile from his native land. The eldest son of Louis Philippe died by an accident, and his grandson and heir was ejected from the throne of his ancestors. Such a catalogue of sorrows connected with the crowned heads of France was calculated to make the thoughtful pause a few moments and speculate on the probable future of the Imperial Prince born to Napoleon III.

It is somewhat singular that very many great men, in ancient as well as in modern times, have either left no male children or are now represented through the female line or by collateral connexions.

The great Napoleon was represented only by his nephew, and no direct legitimate descendant of his exists. In America the name of Washington is a notable example. Washington Irving and many others, distinguished as statesmen, soldiers, men of letters, left no offspring. It is the same way in France. Corneille, Racine, and Molière were childless. Voltaire was unmarried. Cromwell has left no descendants. Guizot and Thiers had no children. All over Europe the same rule seems to obtain. Shakespeare, Bacon, Newton, and Locke left no male descendants. Milton's family consisted of two daughters. Ben Jonson left no male heir. Pope, Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, Steel, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Hayley, Cowper, John Wilkes, Chancellor Thurlow, and a long array of eminent literary and legal men were either unmarried or had no male children by their wives. The great Duke of Marlborough, the Wellington of his day, lost his only son early, and his duchy descended to his daughter by Act of Parliament, finally going to her nephew, the Earl of Sunderland, when the Churchill family thereby became superseded by the Spencer. Lord Hill's title descended to his nephew, Lord Nelson's to his brother. Lord Lynedoch, Lord Beresford, Sir C. Napier, and others left no sons. Reginald Heber left no son. Of Thomas Moore there is not now any descendant: all his children died during his lifetime. Byron and Scott are represented only by the children of their daughters. Of artists, the

number who have no direct descendants is unusually large—a conspicuous instance is the late Mr. Watts. It is the same with statesmen. Pitt and Lord Liverpool were never married. Burke's only son died before his father. It seems as if Providence was unwilling for great men to leave offspring. Lord Beaconsfield's heir was his nephew.

Forty or fifty years ago, most bachelors about the West End were idlers. If a young man with any means did anything at all in those days he was either an officer in some crack regiment or else went to the Bar, indeed quite a number of complete idlers were nominally entitled to call themselves barristers. In practice, however, the majority ignored their profession.

Success at the Bar has scarcely ever been obtained by anyone born with the silver spoon in his mouth. With regard to this, Chief Justice Lord Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

Though serious people have always rather despised dandyism, there was a certain glamour about the beaux of other days which fascinated the frivolous, who considered it quite a fine thing to wear well-cut clothes and idle one's life away. Many envied the lot of the gorgeous figures who haunted St. James's Street and Pall Mall.

Count d'Orsay was, of course, the supreme dandy; nevertheless, when stern necessity forced him to turn his artistic talents to account, he did not acquit himself so badly. A most agreeable man, endowed with much social tact and good nature and knowledge of the fashionable world, he may be said to have bridged the gulf which lay between the old-fashioned buck and the more modern "swell" (odious and vulgar term) of early Victorian days. During the period—the times which I remember were called the "Curly Days"—when he was to a large extent an arbiter of modes and manners at the West End of the town his contemporaries were almost without exception idle men who had been brought up to think that no gentleman was intended to work. They were therefore somewhat surprised when d'Orsay tried to increase his slender resources by making sketches of well-known people, which being lithographed were sold in Bond Street by Mitchell. All of these portraits, it may be remarked, were executed in profile, d'Orsay, it would seem, being only able to draw likenesses in this way. Though his limitations as an artist were considerable, the portraits drawn by him constitute an interesting collection; and it should be remembered that he alone amongst all the many painters to whom the Iron Duke sat, gained the soldier's approval. d'Orsay, he declared, was the only artist who had ever painted him like a gentleman.

Most of the dandies like poor Count d'Orsay

ended rather sadly, but a few had a happy old age. Such a one was Prince Paul Esterhazy, who as an old man frequented Carlsbad, where he was a noticeable figure, a jaunty, slim little old dandy, in a white hat, cocked on one side, and dressed in a loose suit of pepper and salt, quite unlike his ambassadorial costume in days of yore at St. James's, when he was "all jewels from his jasey to his diamond boots." At Carlsbad he was to be seen chattering away in great glee and good humour. He was frequently to be seen skipping gaily along the promenades, chaffing the pretty peasant girls. He appeared, indeed, to be the incarnation of happy old age as he strode along flourishing a dainty cane and murmuring compliments through the most perfect of his sets of teeth.

He at least did not suffer from the satiation which so generally follows upon a life devoted to pleasure. This probably was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of a celebrated voluptuary, who, leaning over the balcony of his beautiful riverside villa at Richmond, where every pleasure was collected which wealth could purchase or luxury devise, whilst with jaded eyes he followed the majestic Thames, winding through sylvan groves of varied loveliness, exclaimed, "Oh, that wearisome river, will it never cease running, running, and I so tired of it?"

With all their faults the old dandies were men, and could be stern enough when occasion called. They were made of different stuff from some of the

youths of the present day, who are, I think, far less masculine. One of these young gentlemen, I was recently told, being very annoyed with a friend, boasted he had revenged himself ruthlessly. "Well, what did you do?" inquired one who was standing by. "Why," was the reply, "I sent for the scoundrel and asked him to hand me his umbrella, when he did so I broke it and, giving it him back, said, 'There, now I hope it may rain.'"

The dandies in England at best scarcely ever exercised any real power. That lay in the hands of the great landowners, many of whom were determined characters, not at all the men to put up with nonsense from anybody, and often highly unconventional in their ways. "I'm right and you're wrong" was, I fear, the favourite maxim of many of them. One old squire I remember hearing about showed considerable originality, especially in his dealings with his servants. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from a certain well in the village close by. To this the coachman objected that his business was to drive, not to run on errands. "Well, then," said the old autocrat, "bring out the barouche, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well"; a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of every one.

Others like the celebrated Lord Alvanley were notorious for recklessness. This nobleman, for instance, used always to read in his bed till he could

no longer keep his eyes open, then, by way of getting rid of the light, he either threw the candle into the middle of the room, and his pillow after it, hoping to make a good aim, or else he placed it, lighted as it was, under his bolster. At Badminton and other country houses where his habits were known, a servant was made to sit up and keep watch outside his room till all was safe.

Like many of his class, no doubt he suffered from defective training in his youth.

The proper education of heirs to great estates has never, I think, been a strong point amongst the land-owning class in England, though in old days, when people lived more in the country, young men got a good insight into the needs and ideas of the tenants on their ancestral estate.

Those days, however, are over, and if the old ruling class is to retain any semblance of its former power, new methods should be adopted with a view to fitting a young man for the responsibilities which he will eventually have to undertake.

When one realizes that one of the most favourite methods for training the eldest sons of peers and great landowners for the care of the family estates was (and often is still) to send them into the Blues, the comparative downfall of the British aristocracy as the predominant ruling class must cease to be a matter for wonder. For a youth who is to inherit large possessions a military career of this sort nine times out of ten entails great extravagance, whilst

his almost continual presence in London brings him in contact with a number of pleasures and allurements which tend to make him frivolous and unthinking. What can such a man know of the needs of his tenantry?

No wonder that when a particularly wild young landlord came down to see his estates the inscription "God help us" in enormous letters occupied the most prominent place in the arch erected at his park gates.

Many young sprigs of nobility scarcely troubled to take advantage of the fair education which they received. They considered themselves different from the ordinary run of mortals—a sort of superior caste.

A lady asked a very silly young Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scotch who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more ability than those who remained at home. "Oh," said he jokingly, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honour of the country, no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then," remarked the lady, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

Formerly, of course, from a purely material point of view the education of young noblemen was not so important as it is to-day, a number of Government appointments being without much difficulty procurable for younger sons of good birth—a system which was too often abused.

A peer whose family had had a liberal share of the sinecures which at one time abounded, was making his will.

After he had dictated it his lawyer pointed out to him that he had made no provision for his younger sons. "Sir," replied the hereditary lawgiver, "my country has provided for the younger male scions of our family for the last three generations, and shall I begin to doubt her gratitude now?"

Before the introduction of competitive examinations, admission into Government offices was very easily obtained by young men of good family, there being merely a qualifying examination, generally of a somewhat farcical kind. Amusing stories used to be told about some of these.

In one instance a clever, though very nervous, young man was told to attend the next morning at ten to be examined in arithmetic by an old chief clerk who enjoyed considerable fame as a great arithmetician. Trembling with fear, the young candidate entered next day the gruff presence of the terrible examiner. "Sit down, sir," roared out a voice of thunder. Then, after a painful pause—"Now, sir, attention. I shall examine you in arithmetic." "Shall I not have pen and pa—" "No, sir," thundered out the tyrant's voice. "Attention! How much are two and two?" Paralysed by the voice and the sudden question, the youth stared, and then gasped out, quite seriously, "Four, sir." "Quite right, sir," roared out the examiner, slapping

him on the back, "You'll do, sir," and the old humorist walked out of the room. This ended the examination in arithmetic, and the further ordeal which followed was of much the same kind.

The examiners had few illusions as to the mental capacity of most of the candidates, and this was occasionally shown in an amusing manner.

When, for instance, one of these, failing in every subject upon which he had been tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew, a square inch cut from a sheet of foolscap was passed to him, with the remark that in all probability that particular piece of paper would fully suffice.

The state of affairs in Government offices even as late as 1858 was extraordinary.

A very amusing and clever man, the father of a dear friend of mine, once gave a most entertaining account of what went on at that date. There is a place in London, said he, not put down in the guide-books amongst the show-places a stranger ought to see, but which is worth visiting. It is called Downing Street, and contains Government offices. Here are a number of old buildings, some of them tottering and propped up. The front is what was formerly the lawn, but now covered with bricks and rubbish, the whole being fenced in with rough boards. Here you will find the officials so drowsy that even a visitor can hardly keep his eyes open. Almost everybody in that place is fast asleep. The very sentries there

have orders from the Horse Guards to keep in perpetual motion, or otherwise they would drop asleep. People talk about death occurring during surgical operations performed upon patients under chloroform; I venture to assert that if a man were taken to Downing Street, he would sleep so soundly that his leg might be cut off before he awoke. When you expound your views to one of the worthies in that "sleepy hollow," he turns over in his bed and asks you what you want. If you tell him that we have five colonies, with five different laws, with five different sets of custom-houses, and five different currencies, he replies, "What is that to us? Call again next week." And so he turns over and goes to sleep again.

There were many comfortable posts to be obtained in those days, a rather snug one was that of being a King's Messenger.

Fifty years ago there were fifteen in number, the first three being obliged to hold themselves ready for service at the Foreign Office. At a previous period there was no distinction between them and the Home Service Messengers. They were all under the Lord Chamberlain, and their connexion with his office was said to be the origin of the silver greyhound pendant from their badge. At a later period they were transferred to the Secretaries of State, and took journeys abroad indifferently in their turn; but in 1824 there was a separation into home and foreign service. Lord Malmesbury reduced the number of

Foreign Service Messengers from eighteen to fifteen, and these were found quite sufficient, owing to the greater speed with which journeys could be performed, the introduction of the electric telegraph rendering many of these unnecessary. Lord Malmesbury also reduced the number of journeys considerably, effecting a saving of about £11,000 a year. The Queen's Messengers formerly had very small salaries —only £60 a year, but large profits by mileage and other allowances when employed. The situation was worth £800 or £900 a year. Colonel Townley indeed once stated that his profits were nearly £1100 in one year. Lord Malmesbury altered the remuneration to a salary of £525, and the travelling expenses. This was considered by the messengers too great a reduction of their income, and the arrangement was open to the objection that it gave them an inducement to shirk work which was expensive to them. Earl Russell made a new plan, giving them salaries of £400 a year, and £1 a day for their personal expenses while employed abroad, besides their travelling expenses.

Within recent years the emoluments of this office have been still further reduced, indeed at the present time it is one of the least profitable posts under Government, the Messengers being now very poorly paid.

To-day, sinecures are a thing of the past, and there is little artificial support for the scion of an ancient house who has lost his patrimony. An

extravagant landowner has little chance of being set on his legs again, except by the time-honoured method of a rich marriage. Failing this many a one has been forced to sell his ancestral estate. All over England old families are now parting with their domains, and in the course of half a century or so their very names will be forgotten in districts where their ancestors lived for centuries. It does not take long for this to happen, and, judging from the constant recurrence of sales, such a thing as an old estate will soon be quite a rarity.

The intense veneration with which many people belonging to old families regarded their ancestors is, I think, on the wane, and many now part with their land, plate, and family portraits, provided always that a good price is obtained, without the slightest feeling of regret.

An original view was that taken by a certain peer possessed of a good deal of humour.

Shortly after he succeeded to the family estates he sold all the portraits of his ancestors, amongst them that of his grandfather, which drew forth remonstrances from some of his friends.

He was, however, in no wise abashed. The reason I sold the old gentleman was, said he, because I wanted him to pay his debts. When he was in control of the property he mortgaged it to the extent of no less than £30,000, which I find myself obliged to pay off. It is only natural, therefore, that he should do what he can to make amends for his

reckless extravagance and help me to find the money. As it is, the old man still owes me £29,750, for unfortunately his portrait fetched only two hundred and fifty pounds.

As the reason for having sold another family picture, dating several generations further back, the same peer pointed out that the ancestor whom it represented had been so stingy that he had actually cut off the last letter of his name in order to save ink.

Very great properties have seldom remained in the possession of one family very long. There are exceptions of course. Such a one is the case of the Dukes of Devonshire, and it is more extraordinary, as I believe there has never been any entail in their family.

A directly opposite instance is that of the Seymours. The present Lord Hertford, though his ancestors were enormously wealthy, is, I believe, not at all a rich man.

The third Marquis of Hertford—Thackeray's Lord Steyne, I just remember at his house in St. John's Wood to which I was taken as a child—he died in 1842. With him seems to have expired the quaint office of Warden of the Stannaries, which I have never heard of since. His son, the fourth Marquis, a great collector, was an intimate friend of my brother, Lord Orford, and was fond of telling him how necessary it was not to neglect the interests of one's family no matter how much one might differ

from them. This principle he affirmed, by leaving almost everything he could to Sir Richard Wallace instead of to his successor, the fifth Marquis. Lord Hertford lived a great deal abroad and bought *objets d'art* with judgment and discretion.

It was to this Marquis, the great art-collector, to whom the Duke of Wellington referred shortly before his death as "a man of extraordinary talents who ought to live more in England and occupy his place in the House of Lords," and of whom Sir Robert Peel observed that "he was a man of great comprehension ; not only versed in the sciences, but able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination, and that, had he lived in London, instead of frittering away his time in Paris, he would have, no doubt, become Prime Minister."

Lord Hertford's brother, Lord Henry Seymour, an Englishman who never set foot on English soil, was said, in reality, to have been the son of Count Casimir de Montrond, lover of Princess Pauline Borghese and of some other famous ladies, a typical member of the old French *noblesse* who, after the death of his intimate friend Talleyrand, found himself in such financial straits that in his last years he opened a clandestine gaming house with which the police, with considerable toleration for the old *viveur* of a vanished epoch, did not interfere. Montrond died in 1843, thirteen years before Lady Hertford, the Mie Mie of Old Q. and George Selwyn, both of whom believed her to be their child, and both of whom

left her large sums of money which Lord Henry Seymour spent lavishly in Paris; nevertheless, at his death in 1859, I believe he was able to leave some £36,000 a year to French and English hospitals. As to Sir Richard Wallace, the handsomest man I think I ever saw, various theories have been advanced as to his parentage, the most plausible of which declared him to have been another son of Lady Hertford, who, in the clause of her will which left him £500 a year, called him her nephew. In a most interesting letter written to the "Times" (January 1912) from Mr. Charles A. Voigt, he describes how, looking across a bundle of letters written in the Thirties of the last century by an English nobleman to his grandfather, he found the following:—

"On leaving Tortoni's this afternoon for a drive out to see Carter's horses and stables at Sablonville, I was amused to see Lord Henry Seymour run full tilt into his elder brother, Lord Yarmouth, at the corner of the Rue Taitbout." He adds, "Both raised their hats politely to each other and mumbled excuses, as if they were perfect strangers to each other, before passing on. On looking up to the windows of the first floor opposite I saw a lady and a youth behind one of the withdrawn *persiennes* in fits of laughter. They had witnessed the fraternal rencontre, and were none other than the Marchioness of Hertford and her youngest son, Richard Wallace."

The house in question at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Taitbout is now occupied by a

Roneo Duplicator and an Appenrodt shop! The lower floor of the building was let to the Café de Paris, while Lady Hertford and Lord Henry Seymour had separate suites of apartments elsewhere in the mansion, originally occupied by Prince Demidoff. Lord Hertford lived close by in the Rue Lafitte. On the site of Tortoni's celebrated café there now is a ready-made cheap boot shop!

Another theory as to the parentage of Sir Richard Wallace was that he was a son of the third Marquis by the wife of an officer named Wallace, who had been his brother officer in a cavalry regiment.

I always understood that Sir Richard Wallace made overtures of friendship to the late fifth Lord Hertford, and wished to be on good terms with the family with which, at any rate, he was very closely identified. Lord Hertford, however, chose to take up an ultra-moral attitude, with the result that he lost a fortune, for there is no doubt had Sir Richard not been repulsed, some of his wealth would have been bequeathed to the Seymours. I used to go to Sir Richard's entertainments at Hertford House and well remember his wife, a Frenchwoman, who, though she retained few traces of the beauty she was reputed to have possessed, was a pleasant and tactful woman.

Of the heir to so much of all this wealth, the late Sir John Murray Scott, I cannot speak too highly. To him England owes the magnificent Wallace Collection, for it was entirely owing to the representa-

tions which he made to Lady Wallace that it is now at Hertford House, where it is pathetic to note Sir John was taken with the seizure which led to his death.

A good point about the old English aristocracy was that they liked to make an impression by the simplicity and solidity of their appearance; and the best of them disliked exciting attention by a dashing and extravagant exterior. They had not the least desire either to dazzle or to awe the tradespeople or to make them envious. They were too sure of their position to be tempted to advertise it, except when giving grand entertainments, most of them, unlike some of our modern mushroom moneybag peers, were not ostentatious in their ways. And what gentlemen they looked! There was an unmistakable air about the old English nobleman which I suppose was largely the result of his environment and the traditions of his race.

It is curious to reflect that one cannot exactly describe what constitutes a gentleman.

What it is that makes a man one, is much more easily felt than described; of course we all know him when we see him, but we do not know how to account for him, or to explain why he is one. Ease, grace, dignity, have been given as his essential external qualities, but I would rather say that an habitual self-possession is the characteristic that produces a thoroughly gentlemanly man.

Never, was it said, were so many handsome

English gentlemen gathered together as at the Eglinton Tournament.

It was a sad and singular fact that three of the young noblemen who took part in this memorable event died comparatively young men. The generous and liberal founder of the pageant, who spent, it is said, nearly £80,000 in his attempt to revive a chivalric pageant from the records of the Middle Ages, was consigned to the tomb at the premature age of little more than fifty. Another was Lord Alford, the heir to the princely estates of the Earl of Brownlow and of the Earl of Bridgewater; another was the Marquis of Waterford, whose melancholy and sudden death, from a fall in the hunting-field, caused such widespread regret.

In appearance, the Marquis of Waterford was a "genuine Beresford, with the clear, searching eye, and regularity of features, hereditary for generations in that noble race. In bodily form he was conspicuous for a chest and shoulders of rare development. At thirty years of age Lord Waterford was probably the strongest man in the kingdom, and his activity was equal to his vigour." Lord Waterford was the third peer who, within a short period, lost his life from hunting. The others were the Earl of Harewood and Lord Fitzhardinge, who also died from bad falls in the field.

The perfect type of gentlemen, I suppose, would be that known as an "Admirable Crichton."

Many, many years ago, in the Forties of the last

century, Mr. Rawdon Browne told us some interesting historical facts concerning the handsome young Scotchman in connexion with whom this expression first came into use.

His biography, in which the accomplishments of James Crichton of Cluny are described in somewhat inflated language, has been written by Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais.

More reliable information, however, was provided by Mr. Rawdon Browne, who, knowing that Crichton had paid a visit to Venice, made diligent search amongst the old archives for some trace of the celebrated Scotchman.

Eventually he found, amongst the minutes of the Council of Ten for 19th August 1580, a statement that "A young Scotchman in this city, by name Gaicomo Crichtonio, of very noble lineage, from what one hears about his quality; and, from what has been clearly seen by divers proofs and trials made with very learned and scientific men, and especially by a Latin oration which he delivered extempore this morning in our college, of most rare and singular ability; in such wise that, not being above twenty years of age, or but little more, he astounds and surprises everybody; a thing which, as it is altogether extraordinary, and beyond what nature usually produces, so ought it extraordinarily to induce this council to make some courteous demonstration towards so marvellous a personage, more especially as from accidents and foul fortune

which has befallen him, he is in very straitened circumstances. Wherefore it will be put in the ballot, that of the moneys of the chest of this Council there be given to the said Crichton, a Scottish gentleman, 100 golden crowns.—Ayes, twenty-two; noes, two; neutrals, four."

Three years later the gallant Scotchman was killed at Mantua in a duel with his pupil, Kincenzo di Gonzao.

To-day, of course, almost every one is a gentleman and an esquire, but in Crichton's day a far more sparing use was made of such terms.

The present use of the distinction "Esquire," conveys not the remotest idea of its origin or appropriation in past ages. The esquire originated in the days of chivalry, when the sons of gentlemen, from the age of seven years, were brought up in the castles of superior lords, which was an inestimable advantage to the poorer nobility, who could hardly otherwise have given their children the accomplishments of their station. From seven to fourteen, these boys were called pages or varlets; at fourteen they bore the name of esquire. They were instructed in the management of arms, in the art of horsemanship, in exercises of strength and activity, so as to fit them for the tournament and battle, and the milder glories of chivalrous gallantry. Long after the decline of chivalry, the word esquire was only used in a limited sense, for the sons of peers and knights, or such as obtained the title by

creation, or some other legal means; it was the next degree of title after that of knight.

Even at the present day the strict definition of an esquire is a gentleman entitled to bear a coat of arms; nevertheless it is applied with reckless and frequently ludicrous indiscrimination.

Much the same indiscriminate popularization has befallen the cockade, which is supposed to have been first adopted during the wars of York and Lancaster, when the white or red roses worn by the adherents showed to which party they belonged. The cockade certainly has a certain resemblance to the old badge of the rose. In later times only servants of those in any way connected with the army or the navy or the naval defence of the country, were supposed to wear cockades; but at the present day numbers of grooms or coachmen wear them, though their masters or mistresses have but a remote connexion with either of the services.

It is always, I think, pleasant to find inoffensive and pretty old customs preserved, and for this reason one must not cavil at those scarcely entitled to it sporting the cockade.

Of late years, I am glad to observe, there seems rather a tendency to revive certain ceremonial usages, witness the installation of Prince Edward as a Knight of the Garter. The late King, it may be added, was never installed at all, a circumstance chronicled by the following inscription on the plate on his stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. This runs—

"Du très haut, très puissant, et très illustre Prince Albert Edouard Prince de Galles, Duc de Saxe, Duc de Cornwall et de Rothesay, Comte de Chester, Carrick, et Dublin, Baron de Renfrew et Seigneur des Iles, Grand Maïtre d'Ecosse, Colonel aux Armées de la Reine, Chevalier du très Noble Ordre de la Jarretière. Dispensé des ceremonies d'Installation par des Patentes datées du ix. me jour de Novembre, MDCCCLVIII."

This mention of King Edward VII recalls to my mind the deep and genuine expressions of regret that, during these times of social unrest, his genial, tactful personality is no longer with us.

The late Duc d'Aumale once said, "The best and most popular of our French Kings, Henri IV, said one day, in one of his public addresses, 'when I am no more you will regret me.'" The thing happened as he predicted; his great popularity began after his death. The late King Edward might have said the same thing. Certainly he was esteemed and popular during his life, but only now that he is lost to this world is the full extent of his immense services and merits fully appreciated.

In social matters the late King exercised an enormous influence of a quite peculiar kind, his knowledge of life being intimate and unique. Not only was he a king, but a man of the world with enormous experience of men and things, together with great tact, besides which he had the most extraordinary gift for recognizing faces which anyone has ever

possessed. There was a genial *bonhomie* and good-nature about him which put every one at their ease. To use a somewhat crude metaphor, Edward the Seventh might have been called a social electric light, which when turned on illuminated everything within reach of its rays.

Of the five monarchs under whom I have lived I have only seen the coronation procession of two,—that of King Edward, which I witnessed from a house in Piccadilly, and that of King George V, which I saw in great comfort from Devonshire House.

On the second day of the coronation, rather fearing the crowd, I determined not to accept an invitation I had received to go to a private house along the line of route, and made up my mind to stay at home.

When the time came, however, I could not help going for a little walk to see what was going on, and pursuing my way up Berkeley Street was very much surprised to find hardly any crowd at all, so passing through the huge barrier I made my way into Piccadilly, where there was also no uncomfortable crush. Standing outside the Berkeley Hotel a gentleman came out and most politely begged me to come and join a party in a room he had there, which charming invitation I accepted, and saw the procession in the greatest possible comfort. Though the gentleman, I must add, appeared to know me perfectly well, I could not remember who he was, so if this should meet his eye, I hope he will accept my very sincere thanks for his nice hospitality.

In my opinion the barriers undoubtedly marred the rejoicings. These high barricades which were to be seen in every side street ready to be closed and to shut out the people from the line of route of the procession were, I am told, unpopular with the working class, some of whom ironically nicknamed the line of route the Forbidden City. Without doubt the extraordinary precautions taken, and the warnings as to the possibility of huge crowds, fairly frightened the people off the streets and scared away thousands who, as it turned out, might have witnessed the procession in comfort. As a matter of fact during both days there was no time when one could not have walked about in Piccadilly with complete ease; never in all my long experience of public ceremonials have I seen such small crowds.

At the coronation of King Edward I believe a certain number of barricades were put up, but nothing like the great number which at the time of his successor's coronation converted the West End into the semblance of a city prepared for invasion. There can be no possible doubt that at no time during the two days was there ever the slightest real necessity for closing these gates; the crowds, such as they were, being quite amenable and respectful to the authorities, which had looked upon them with such palpable mistrust. The casualties, very few indeed in number, were of an unimportant kind, which was of course brought forward by the defenders of these un-English barricades as a proof of the success of the elaborate

precaution taken ; nevertheless it is to be regretted that more discretion was not shown in dispensing with some of the barriers, and erecting the rest only at certain strategic points where crushing was to be expected. The very essence of a successful public ceremony is that it should be as free from restrictions as possible. A cowed and frightened mass of spectators are naturally little disposed to exhibit the enthusiasm without which all public functions lose their meaning. In addition to this it is said that there existed a deep feeling of resentment amongst the working classes at being what they called shut out of the streets ; in any case, not a very large number of them seemed to be present, the middle and upper middle classes predominating amongst those who acclaimed King George, who in all probability was quite unaware that the success of his coronation had been marred for thousands owing to the well-meant but injudicious multiplication of too elaborate precautions.

# VIII

The old aristocracy—An adroit reply—Anecdotes of queer characters—The last of the Gordons—Stories of the Iron Duke—An ingenious subterfuge—Peers of the old school—Vicissitudes of great families—"Finderne flowers"—Curious old privileges of actors at Drury Lane—Matrimonial alliances between the aristocracy and the stage—Romances of the Peerage—The purchase system—Ruthless discipline—The "Wolseley gang"

IT was not altogether unnatural that, with a view to maintaining the prestige of their class, the aristocracy of the past should have understood that their best policy was to make their offspring believe that they were the finest people ever born into the world. In some cases, indeed, the latter though they were encouraged to see something of the people, were taught to regard them as beings totally apart. Such a thing as living in close contact with those of inferior caste was unheard of, and no doubt the rigid cleavage which separated the old aristocracy from the rest of the world effected its purpose, for a certain number, owing to being imbued with a spirit of their own superiority, did really develop great qualities, which, in the Senate and on the battlefield, served their country well. Others were able to give free play to an originality which at the present time is almost extinct.

As high and low, rich and poor, are in reality

pretty much alike, the levelling up or down of the different classes, it would seem, rather tends to destroy independence, and produces the monotonous mediocrity which is such a feature of the present time.

The old aristocracy had no idea of apologizing for being aristocrats; they found themselves born into a position of comfort and command and did not see any necessity for explaining, as some of the same class appear to do to-day, that they were not such bad people after all.

Argument and explanation are not good weapons against revolutionaries, and for this reason perhaps few modern peers are capable of defeating Socialists in a battle of words.

Few of those born, as the old saying is, with a silver spoon in their mouth are a match for opponents with nothing to lose.

The late King of the Belgians, who, as every one knows, was an extremely clever man, on one occasion, however, by an adroit answer, utterly routed an individual of very advanced views. The latter by nature was half revolutionary, half snob. In the course of a conversation with the King, whose diplomatic talents and tact were exceptional, this advocate of a new order of things having been quite charmed, said, "My only regret, your majesty, is that you should be a King when you are so admirably equipped by nature to be an ideal President of the Belgian Republic."

"Thank you very much," rejoined King Leopold, "I shall remember your remark when I go to see

my doctor this afternoon, and tell him what a pity it is he is not a veterinary surgeon."

Though the upper classes of other days were kindly and charitable enough, there was little visiting of the poorer quarters of London by those living in the West End; nevertheless the aristocracy was not unpopular. To-day, when so much interest is taken in attempts to elevate the dwellers in the slums, I am told a very bitter feeling prevails against the well-to-do; familiarity here, as in other instances it would seem, has bred contempt.

In the past, of course, the low quarters of London were very much more dangerous than they are to-day, and the police hardly dared venture alone into certain districts.

In 1863 a man was robbed in one of St. Giles's rookeries and stripped naked, and the thieves rolled a blanket round him, stitched him up in it so that he could not move a limb, and thrust him in that state into the street, with a large label containing the word "Thief" pinned over his breast.

Since those days there has been a great improvement in the respect of observance of law and order amongst even the lawless classes, but on the other hand a very disquieting spirit of class hatred has arisen.

It is a melancholy fact that the numerous settlements and missions in the East End, and the social entertainments, organized by those who devote no inconsiderable portion of their time to philan-

thropic work, do not seem to have produced much sympathy between rich and poor; on the contrary, it would appear merely to have fanned the growing flame of Socialism.

The old aristocracy were not very much given to making public profession of their desire to elevate the populace and of their love for social reform, but I think on the whole they did their duty quite as well as, if not better than, the present representatives of their class.

The difference between the two is strikingly shown in many instances. Not a few of the newly-created peers, noted in public life for their zeal in promoting every meddling Act of Parliament devised in order to make England into an Utopia, are cordially detested by all for miles round their country residences; some of them own fine parks, access to which can only be obtained by complying with strenuous and irksome regulations.

On the other hand, most of the stern old Tories, though they never professed any philanthropic views, were the most popular men in their county. Their parks were freely thrown open to all, and without fuss or ostentation everything possible was done for the poor who lived on the estate.

Though very often excessively proud, many of the old-fashioned aristocrats made a point of attending all sports and festivities in that part of the country where their estates lay—no doubt in many cases they were thoroughly bored, but even those

who detested being present at such provincial merry-makings, realized that it was good policy to mingle with their neighbours, and a result of all this was that great good-fellowship prevailed between high and low.

In an address Baron Alderson delivered to a Suffolk Grand Jury in the Summer Assizes of 1844 he said: "In a neighbouring county, which I passed through on the circuit this time, I had, what I am afraid I shall not have here, a day of rest; and I went out into the country and had the pleasure of seeing a match of cricket, in which a noble Earl, the Lord-Lieutenant of his county, was playing with the tradesmen, the labourers, and all around him, and, I believe, he lost no respect from that course; they loved him better, but they did not respect him less. I believe that, if the aristocracy associated more with the lower classes of society, the kingdom of England would be in a far safer, and society in a far sounder, condition. I wish I could put it into the minds of all to think so, because I feel it to be true."

Some of the old aristocracy were queer characters with strange ways. Such a one was old Lord Fitzwilliam, who was said to be the greatest exponent of impassiveness who had ever existed. Sitting at lunch one day with his daughters, one of them suddenly said, "Take care, Papa, there is a wasp crawling up your tie." Her father, without exhibiting the slightest symptom of alarm, having languidly raised his head, turned to one of the footmen, and in

the most careless way in the world remarked, "John, remove the wasp."

A very curious woman in her old age was the old Duchess of Somerset, who had been Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament. For years before her death she never parted with any of her old dresses, and the like, and the sale after her death of the enormous accumulation of things was quite extraordinary. I bought some fine steel buttons at it, I remember, which came from one of the many court suits which she appeared to have collected.

Then there was the fifth Duchess of Queensberry, who, when in Scotland, was supposed always to have dressed herself in the garb of a peasant girl from the curious desire to humiliate certain of her neighbours. She wished, it is said, to ridicule and put out of countenance the stately dresses and demeanour of the Scottish gentlewomen who visited her. One evening some country ladies paid her a visit, dressed in their best brocades. She proposed a walk, and they were, of course, under the disagreeable necessity of trooping off in all the splendour of full dress, to the utter discomfiture of their starched-up frills and flounces. Her Grace, at last pretending to be tired, sat down upon the dirtiest dunghill she could find, at the end of a farmhouse, and invited the poor, draggled, fine ladies to seat themselves around her. They stood so much in awe of her that they durst not refuse.

In the Sixties the memory of another famous

Duchess—Jane Duchess of Gordon—had not entirely faded away. Duncan Mackenzie, an old Peninsular soldier, aged nearly ninety, who died at Elgin in 1865, was the last of this beautiful Duchess's recruits; a stalwart Highlander, more than six feet in height he must have been, as he himself used to declare, a strapping fellow when he kissed the Duchess, in taking the shilling from between her teeth, to join her regiment—the famous Gordon Highlanders.

Highly original were the ways of some of the aristocracy of the past. One great nobleman, for instance, of whom it was said that it was "Lent all the year round in his kitchen," when driving in his brougham made it a practice, directly any rain fell, to make his footman and coachman hand him in their hats to keep them from getting wet.

A queer West End character of the past was old Lady Penrhyn, who, when she died, left an annuity to her three ugly little pugs, which, dressed in neat scarlet cloaks and bonnets, were constantly to be seen taking exercise under the care of a footman in a West End square.

Another great dog lover was the Countess who carried her dog with her everywhere she went, and when the little pet died at Milan, invited all the small dogs in Milan to the funeral. Three hundred mourners appeared, and each was supplied with a pall covered with silver tears. After the ceremony the three hundred were invited to partake of the funeral baked meats, but here good conduct and

philosophy failed them, and the feast broke up abruptly. The Riot Act had to be enforced, but not until one of the guests had been torn to pieces.

This lady would never be parted from her pet, and resorted to all sorts of means to avoid being separated from it.

"Madam," said the keeper at the gate of Kensington Gardens, "I cannot permit you to take your dog into the gardens." "Don't you see, my good friend," said the lady, putting a couple of shillings into the keeper's hand, "that it is a cat, and not a dog?" "Madam," said the keeper, instantly softening the tone of his voice, "I beg your pardon for my mistake; I now see clearly, by the aid of the pair of spectacles you have been so good as to give me, that it is a cat and not a dog."

One of the most eccentric lovers of animals who ever existed was the last Earl of Bridgewater, who died in Paris three years after I was born. This nobleman kept a house full of cats and dogs dressed as ladies and gentlemen. All his pets were fed at table, and taken out in carriages for drives.

At the present time, more than ever before perhaps, the British aristocracy seems in some need of regeneration; where amongst them are to be found some of the old stock such as produced the great Duke of Wellington, whom I saw borne to his last resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral?

During the last years of his life "the Duke," whom I just remember—I suppose I am one of the

very few alive now who has shaken hands with him —occupied a unique position in society and, indeed, in England, such political mistakes as he had undoubtedly made had detracted little from his fame.

There was never, probably, a man in this country of whom there were so many interesting and characteristic anecdotes told, so many rough, but emphatic and pithy sayings preserved. Every day of his life, up to the last, has supplied a store of these, and, were we once to begin, we should soon lose ourselves. The relish with which they have been caught up and the amusement they have afforded, even when they were not complimentary or even agreeable, proves the estimation of the man who could say and do what he liked. Few men, even great humorists or wits, ever left so many sayings or had more appreciative hearers. The Duke's influence continues even to-day, as was shown in the recent debates upon the Parliament Bill, when his action in 1832, perhaps unwisely, was copied by the Unionist leaders.

Many things which are looked upon as necessities in this luxurious age, were undreamt of, when the majority rather despised excessive comfort and deemed it weakening and effeminate. Such ideas were, without doubt, in a great measure fostered by the Spartan habits of the Iron Duke, whose simplicity of life was notorious. I do not know whether his bedroom at Walmer Castle is still shown; at one time it was a great source of interest to visitors. He slept

on a small, narrow, camp bedstead, whilst everything necessary for his toilet was contained in a sort of wardrobe, the whole thing of the simplest kind. Nevertheless his guests were made comfortable enough, the housekeeper being ordered to furnish them with anything they might want, provided the old Duke was left free to lead his usual life.

Though stern and curt the Duke was a very kindly man, and many stories were told of good-natured actions which he had performed. Amongst them was the following—for the truth of it I will not, however, vouch :—

During the battle of Waterloo the Duke was said to have perceived an individual in plain clothes riding about on a cob, braving the thickest fire. Beckoning to him during a temporary lull, he asked the man who and what he might be, and what business he had among the troops. The rider of the cob replied that he was an Englishman accidentally at Brussels, that he had never seen a fight and he wanted to see one. The Duke then pointed out that he was in instant danger of his life. He said, "Not more than your Grace," and they parted. But as the fight continued every now and then he saw the man on the cob riding about in the smoke, and, at last, having nobody to send to a regiment, he again beckoned to this little fellow, and told him to go up to a certain regiment and order them to charge, giving him a token of authority the officers would recognize; at the same time he received the stranger's card, after

which the latter galloped away, and in a few minutes the Duke saw his order obeyed. Looking at the card the day after the great battle, the Duke found that the rider of the cob lived at Birmingham, and travelled for a firm of button-makers. Some time after, being at Birmingham, the Duke inquired for him and found that he was then in Ireland. He left word that should the man come to London he would be glad to see him, and, in due course, the "little cob man," as the Duke called him, came to Apsley House, where he received a very pleasant welcome, being told a vacancy in the Mint worth £800 a year was waiting for him—an unexpected windfall which the Duke said his gallantry deserved.

The Duke, as is well known, had a most voluminous correspondence, to every detail of which he attended himself. All sorts of people used to pester him with letters, some of them probably merely from a desire to obtain a line from the victor of Waterloo. For instance, a lady who kept a boarding-school at Kensington, though totally unknown to the Duke, once wrote soliciting, as she said, a particular favour from his Grace, namely, that he would recommend to her some non-commissioned officer, whose character stood high in his esteem, for the purpose of teaching her young ladies to walk.

The Duke, indeed, was so much pestered for his autograph that at the end of his life he became very wary about sending replies to his numerous correspondents, and almost all the stratagems used to

obtain a line or so from him failed. Either he did not answer at all, or directed his private secretary to do so, and thus the famous signature of "Wellington" became a rarity highly prized by collectors. Some of the subterfuges employed were ludicrous. A lady who had an album garnished with the autographs of most of the great men of the day, but who wanted that of the "Great Captain," mentioning her distress to a well-known wit, a few days after, to her great surprise and pleasure, received a note in the handwriting of the victor of Waterloo. It ran thus—

"Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington never ordered a pair of braces of the Messrs.——. If F.-M. the Duke of Wellington had ordered the articles he could not forget it. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington always pays for his braces."

This was a very odd document for a lady's album, but its authenticity was undoubted, and it therefore found the best place in the interesting collection. The singular note in question had been obtained in a most ingenious way, the gentleman having filled up a Bankruptcy Court Form and signed it, informed the Duke that in winding up the affairs of Messrs. X & X, he (the assignee) had found on their books an item of 6s. 6d. due by his Grace for a pair of braces. This sum he requested the Duke would immediately settle. Of course this wit's ruse was founded on pure fiction, but it succeeded.

The Duke, like a number of his contemporaries, was of course somewhat unconventional in his ways,

and did many things which would shock what is called the public conscience of to-day. Nevertheless, the criticisms of some of our modern little great men concerning such giants of the past, irresistibly remind one of a dapper tom-tit or London sparrow complaining of the improprieties of the eagle.

Besides men of action and leaders of men like the great Duke, the old English aristocracy numbered in its ranks a good many men of a type now pretty well extinct, that is, polished English gentlemen of the old school who, besides being fine classical scholars, possessed a remarkable knowledge of both English and foreign literature. These qualities together with a keen sense of humour and a delicate wit and a ready appreciation of both the grave and gay side of nature rendered them charming companions. Such men, reproducing in themselves the qualities which marked a century of culture, of refinement, of learning, and of distinction, have now passed away, the type having been lost in the rush and turmoil of modern existence.

One of the last of them I may fairly claim was my brother, the late Earl of Orford, a great bibliophile and a man of scholarly tastes. An enthusiast for the Stuart cause he had in his possession many valuable relics of Charles Edward, of that Prince's father, and of Cardinal York.

Though unwilling, as his great friend Lord Beaconsfield desired, to enter upon the public career for which his talents fitted him, unfortunately perhaps

my brother prefered to lead a life of cultured ease. However, he was no absentee landlord, for up to the very end of his life he spent the greater portion of the year at his country house in Norfolk, for which county, like myself, he cherished an enthusiastic affection.

One of his most ardent desires was to sleep his last sleep upon Norfolk soil, and very many years before his death he made the most complete arrangements to that end.

Close to his house, in a pretty grove, were the ruins of a tiny village church, and here within walls overgrown with ivy containing many a crumbling memorial of old English families long past away, he erected a tomb for himself in black granite which, for some forty years, he never failed to visit when residing at Mannington. Here he lies beneath the open sky, his last resting-place marked by the Latin epitaph which he himself composed—

Hic jacet Horatius Comes de Orford
Mortis Memor
Posteritatis Neglingentium Providens
Hoc Sepulchrum
Vivans sibi fecit.

The old-fashioned peers in many cases, combined with a strong feeling for imagination and romance, understood the country folk well and realized their outlook upon the world.

The new class which has taken their place, no doubt owing to the different spirit of the age, takes an

entirely different view of humanity and in many cases are more intolerant of the limitations and failings of the rustic mind.

Such men, no doubt, owing to heredity are dominated by commercial instincts, and not unnaturally perhaps, when one thinks of their ancestry, quite fail to appreciate the old maxim *noblesse oblige*.

The old school were possessed of a natural geniality, the secret of which few ennobled millionaires seem able or anxious to possess.

To succeed in governing others, something more is required than good qualities and right meaning. Above all a sense of humour is useful for such purposes, and this many of the old school of peers possessed.

One of them, who owned the greater part of a provincial town, being waited upon by a committee for a subscription to rebuild the fence about the cemetery, gave a reply which was characteristic as well as witty. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have always made it a rule on my estate never to make any repairs until the tenants themselves begin to complain."

The vicissitudes of a number of families once powerful and great would make very interesting reading.

Many an heir to great possessions has wandered away and disappeared, whilst others have been found amidst very squalid surroundings.

The heir of an ancient British earldom, who had been wanting, was found at last as a "boots" in Australia. A draft for £100 accompanied an intima-

tion that he was to come to England to put in his claim, but the "boots" spent the money in drink, and died within a week from dissipation, thus clearing the way for the next in the line of succession.

Not a few great families like Brocas of Beaurepaire have utterly vanished, their very names are forgotten, whilst the estates they loved have long since passed into other hands.

The recollection of an old family soon disappears, though occasionally some reminder of it lingers long after everything else has passed away.

The most touching instance of this was that given by Sir Bernard Burke, who, in search of a pedigree with reference to the Findernes, once a great family in Derbyshire, sought for their ancient hall and found not a stone remaining to tell where it stood. He entered the church, not a single record of a Finderne was there! He accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes. "Findernes," said the rustic, "we have no Findernes here, but we have something that once belonged to them; we have Finderne flowers." "Show me them," said Sir Bernard, and the old man led him into a field, which still retained faint traces of terrace and foundation. "There," said he, pointing to a bank of garden flowers grown wild, "these are Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and, do what we will, they will never die."

A similar instance of much the same sort is to

be found at Ketteringham Hall, Norfolk, once the seat of the Atkyns family, the wife of whom, born Miss Charlotte Walpole, had a good deal to do with the Royalists during the French Revolution and spent large sums to promote their cause. In the park here every springtime there appear some flowers, which local tradition says are the descendants of those planted by Mrs. Atkyns' mother more than a century ago.

Miss Charlotte Walpole, whose father belonged to an Irish branch of the Walpoles, before her marriage to Edward Atkyns of Ketteringham had been an actress at Drury Lane Theatre. In consequence of this she does not appear to have been very heartily welcomed in Norfolk, which no doubt was the reason she and her husband betook themselves to France, where Mrs. Atkyns, it would seem, owing to the Duchesse de Polignac, obtained an introduction to Marie Antoinette.

In Miss Walpole's day it is curious to note that Her Majesty's Servants, as the actors at Drury Lane Theatre were described, had some curious privileges which they could have claimed. According to tradition eight of them were entitled to a table at the royal palace, together with the right of wearing the Windsor uniform, the right of attending His or Her Majesty on state occasions, and the right of shooting on crown land without a licence. It would be curious to know whether at the present time there is anything but desuetude to invalidate these claims—the last

time they were exercised, however, seems to have been at the end of the eighteenth century.

To-day, actors and actresses very properly move in the best society; personally, I never had any prejudice against them, having been proud to know a great number of people connected with the stage—Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Toole, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Sir George Alexander, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree amongst the number,—all clever and delightful in their different ways.

In old days, however, a large number of people looked upon actors and actresses as a different race of beings, and whenever by chance they saw any theatrical celebrity in the streets, would watch their movements closely, and apparently be much disappointed at not perceiving any eccentricity in their walk or manner, hoping that after a few steps the actor would invert himself and proceed for the rest of his journey on his hands, or that upon calling a cab he would spring in head foremost through the window and disappear like a harlequin.

Though from the early days of the English stage the English aristocracy appears to have had a keen appreciation of the actresses, some of whom, like my ancestress, Mrs. Oldfield, had a regular social position of a peculiar kind, it was not for about half a century after the English drama had become an established institution that any of them took an

actress from the stage for the purpose of making her his wife. The squires in this case had precedence of the knights; and the antiquary, Martin Folkyes, led the way, by espousing Lucretia Bradshaw—an actress of unimpeachable character, the original Corinna in the "Confederacy." This marriage took place in 1713, and there was not a happier match in England than that of the antiquary and the actress. A Knight of the Garter followed, with an earl's coronet, and in 1735 the great Lord Peterborough acknowledged his marriage with that daughter of sweet sounds, Anastasia Robinson. Her father had been a painter who, it was said, came of the family of Lane, who in the troublous days of the Civil War befriended Charles II. The daughter of Lord Waldegrave, Lady Henrietta Herbert, married young Beard, the actor. This was thought "low," and another knight's daughter was less censured for marrying her father's footman. The "Beggar's Opera" gave two coronets to two Pollys. Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly at Lincoln's Inn in 1728, became Duchess of Bolton a few years later. Her portrait in character, by Hogarth, was purchased by the National Gallery at the sale of the Leigh Court pictures in June 1884 for 800 guineas. I wonder what has become of another similar portrait of her exhibited at the South Kensington Museum in 1867? About half a century later Edward Atkyns, of good Norfolk family, married Miss Walpole, and in 1813 no less a man than Lord Thurlow took as

wife Mary Catherine Bolton, who was scarcely an inferior Polly to the original one; Lady Thurlow was a model wife. The squires once more took their turn when Sheridan married Miss Lindley; but before the eighteenth century closed, Miss Farren gave her hand to the "proudest earl in England," the Earl of Derby.

Miss Farren's name—it is not, I believe, generally known—was in reality "Farran," at least it was spelt so in the register by Margaret Farran, a sister of the bride and a witness. The marriage took place at Lord Derby's house in Grosvenor Square.

In 1807 a knight and two squires took two ladies from the stage. In that year Mr. Heathcote married the beautiful Miss Searle, and Earl Craven married Louisa Brunton.

In the middle of the last century I recall five ex-actresses who had married men of rank or note. One was the widowed Countess of Essex who, before her marriage with the fifth Earl, had been Miss Stevens. Though she rests at Kensal Green there is a monument to her memory at Watford where she is *not* buried. Which makes the inscription upon it the more curious—

> "Rest undisturbed within this peaceful shrine
> Till Angels wake thee with a note like thine."

Another was Miss Foote, who had married the Earl of Harrington. She was the daughter of the Manager of the Exeter Theatre, and six years previous to her marriage had recovered £3000

DERBY AND JOAN. (MISS FARREN AND LORD DERBY)

FROM A PRINT BY DIGHTON, 1795

damages in a breach-of-promise suit she had brought against Mr. Hayne—known as Pea-Green Hayne.

This was a large sum for those days, but a far larger one was the £10,000 awarded to an actress who, some thirty years ago, brought an action against the heir to a modern earldom.

Other actresses who had married well were the widow of Sir William Becher, Bart. ; Mrs. Nisbett, the relict of the bold Sir William Boothby ; and Miss Tree, whose husband, Mr. Bradshaw, was at one time M.P. for Canterbury.

Since those days matrimonial alliances between the aristocracy and the stage have become so frequent as now scarcely to attract attention. It cannot justly be said that this is altogether a bad thing, for many actresses, besides being girls possessed of a good deal of sense—a quality scarcely conspicuous in the majority of young men who take their wives from the musical-comedy stage—are also healthy young women likely to produce fine offspring to their lords. Many an old family has gained fresh vigour from an infusion of fresh blood, and some of these alliances have been accompanied by considerable romance. An extraordinary story is the history of the second marriage of Henry Cecil, tenth Earl of Exeter, who, after being divorced from his wife, owing to her misconduct in 1791, retired to Bolas Magna, a quiet Shropshire village, being almost broken-hearted at the whole affair.

At that time, of course, he was not Lord Exeter,

for he only succeeded to the earldom on the death of his uncle, the ninth Earl, in 1793.

For some reason or other at Bolas, Cecil, about forty years old, became a farm-servant to one Thomas Hoggins, who, besides his farm, had a mill in pretty full employ. Cecil's chief work was in this mill, and he laboured, like any other servant, fairly to earn his wages. He had frequently to call at the house of the Rev. Mr. Dickenson, the clergyman of Bolas, where, according to the custom of the time and place, he was always invited to rest in the kitchen and take "a mug of ale." He seldom was tempted to enter into conversation, but spoke so well, when he did converse, that Mr. Dickenson's household gave him the name of "Gentleman Harry." It was not long before this nickname and its cause became known to Mr. Dickenson, who put himself in the way of meeting this strange miller's man, and became so much interested in him that, instead of being asked to rest and refresh in the kitchen, "Gentleman Harry" was regularly invited into the study, where the good pastor used to join him in a draught of home-brewed ale and a pipe.

The miller Hoggins' only daughter Sarah was about twenty and a beauty, indeed she was known as the beauty of Bolas. She was not uneducated for her day—knew some French and could play the harpsichord; it was not, therefore, very strange that she should have preferred Cecil to the louts of her native village.

Soon he loved her too, with the result that he called at the parsonage one evening to consult with Mr. Dickenson—in a word, to entreat him to marry them privately; and then, making a clean breast of it, "Gentleman Harry" confessed that he was Mr. Henry Cecil, next heir to the earldom and estates of Exeter. He bound over the clergyman to secrecy, not allowing him to disclose his personal secret to Mr. Hoggins, not even to the fair Sarah. It was a difficult matter to obtain the miller's consent to the marriage, which was celebrated on the 30th October 1791, at St. Mildreds, Bread Street. The happy couple lived upon a small farm during the following two years, until Mr. Cecil casually learnt from a Shrewsbury paper that the death of his uncle had placed a coronet upon his brow and the palatial residence of Burghley at his disposal.

The miller's daughter, who, however, did not live very long, became known as the "Peasant Countess"; Tennyson somewhat idealized the whole affair in his "Lord of Burleigh." Another aristocratic romance is the story of Miss Cochrane. Her father, Sir John, taken prisoner fighting in Argyle's rebellion against James II, was sentenced to be hanged. His daughter Grizzle, having obtained information that the death-warrant was expected from London by the coach, dressed herself up in man's clothes, and twice attacked and robbed, between Belford and Berwick, the mails which conveyed the death-warrants. This gave time to Sir John Cochrane's father, the

Earl of Dundonald, to negotiate with Father Peter, a Jesuit priest and the King's confessor, who, for the sum of £5000, agreed to intercede with his royal master in favour of Sir John Cochrane, and to obtain his pardon, which was granted. The great-grand-daughter of this lady, Miss Stuart of Allen Bank, was the grandmother of the well-known banker, Mr. Thomas Coutts, whose grandchild was the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

In the old days gentlemen were supposed only to go into certain professions—one of the most popular of which, of course, was the Army, then quite easily entered by any dunce owing to the existence of the Purchase system, abolished about thirty-two years ago. An ensign's commission in a regiment of the line, as far I can remember, cost something under £500, the cavalry cost more, and to obtain a cornetcy of hussars necessitated the payment of about £800.

Though at the present time this system seems outrageous in practice, it did not work so badly. Moltke, himself of course a highly trained and scientific officer, I believe once declared that the abolition of Purchase would mean the ruin of the British Army. Probably he thought it produced brave, dashing officers likely to be popular with their men. Certainly not a few of the aristocracy who had purchased their commissions served their country well. In the Purchase days regulations about age were not very strict—for instance, Lord Cardigan, of

Balaclava fame, did not go into the Army till he was twenty-seven. His promotion was very rapid.

A cornet in 1824, he became a lieutenant in the next year, a captain in 1826, a major in 1830, and a lieutenant-colonel in 1834—thus, in the short space of ten years, rising to the command of a regiment. Purchase officers, it should be added, when they had means, often spent their money very freely. Lord Cardigan, during his Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 11th Hussars, is said to have spent no less than £10,000 a year upon that gallant corps.

In the eighteenth century, of course, the aristocracy obtained commissions without being ever troubled to pay for them. Mere children commanded companies, and Lord Armadale, one of the Scotch judges, had a son who, at the age of eleven or twelve, rose to the rank of major. One morning his mother, hearing a noise in the nursery, rang to know the cause of it. "It is only," said the servant, "the major greeting (crying) for his porridge."

The Purchase officers were for the most part generous and easy-going, and very often reluctant to enforce some of the terrible punishments which were considered necessary for the maintenance of discipline, when ruthless floggings were not unknown. The whole system, of course, according to modern ideas was rather barbarous.

At the time when Major Dreyfus underwent the ordeal of public degradation, considerable surprise was expressed in England that such a barbarous

ceremony should be retained; nevertheless much the same kind of thing was not uncommon in the English Army in comparatively recent times. In 1859, for instance, the whole of the officers and men of the Royal Engineers assembled on the parade-ground of Brompton Barracks for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony of degrading a corporal of the corps by order of sentence of court-martial. The offence of which the prisoner was tried and found guilty was that of having been absent from his work in the barracks and telling a lie to the sergeant-major. The absence of the prisoner was caused by his going to see his sweetheart off by an omnibus. For this breach of military discipline the court sentenced him to twenty-eight days' imprisonment in Fort Clarence, and also to be degraded to the rank and pay of a private. On the sentence being submitted to Colonel Sandham, that officer ordered the twenty-eight days' imprisonment to be remitted, but the ceremony of degradation was performed before the whole corps, the prisoner's chevrons being stripped from his arms. The prisoner, it should be added, was a man of some education, and his punishment made such an impression upon him that he subsequently succeeded in absconding.

The Army as we see it to-day, with its ideals of strenuous work and efficiency, we owe to Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Wolseley. The latter it was who first of all perceived the necessity for breaking with the old easy-going ways. His

energy and capacity for hard work may, without exaggeration, be said to have fairly appalled the officers of the old school, who were much given to fussing about trifles to which he attached no importance. This no doubt led to the mixed feeling of distrust and dislike with which in some quarters the so-called "Wolseley gang" was regarded. No one, however, could call in question the efficiency of this coterie. As a very competent critic once remarked, Wolseley was sure of the "machine" of his own construction, of which every cog and pinion had been selected by himself, always on the alert to discover capable men, and endowed with an intuitive discernment of character; when found, they were always kept well up to the mark by the unquestioned and unquestionable master mind which had perceived their aptitudes and attainments.

# IX

Country-house life—Then and now—The spirit of unrest—Simple pleasures—The old English Christmas—Old country towns—Bee-keeping—Strange beliefs—Ancient abodes—The absentee landlord—Local gentry—Vandalism—All honour to Lord Curzon—The curse of "Restoration"—Quaint customs—Old-fashioned parsons—Anecdotes—The obsolete three-decker—Ritualism and Dissent—Rustics of the past—Anecdotes—"*A way to get Wealth*"

COUNTRY-HOUSE life has entirely changed since my early days. In former times, after the season was over the owner of a mansion in the country would move his whole household out of London, and keep them away from it till the next season began. Now a couple of months or so is the usual limit of country life for the great majority, though of course flying visits for the purpose of sport are common enough. Week-end stays have also supplanted the lengthy sojourns which in former days were the rule rather than the exception. Love of change and variety causes people soon to become tired of remaining in one place, besides which, to some a succession of guests is more amusing than a few staid old friends whose habits and conversation never vary. After having successfully conquered the town, the spirit of excitement and unrest has directed its energies towards the enlivening of country-house life,

with the result that in many cases life there differs very little from what goes on in town during the season. The old days, when, whilst the men were out shooting, the ladies sat peacefully working at home, are over, and only advanced age or unconquerable infirmities can now prevent most ladies from following the shooters into the field.

This was all different in my youth, when people in the country led far narrower lives and were mainly interested in local affairs and gossip, such as still, I suppose, goes on in small provincial towns. The difference between life in such places and life in London was, perhaps, most aptly summed up by the gentleman who said, "In the country, if you have a leg of mutton for dinner, everybody wishes to know if you have caper sauce with it; whereas in London you may have an elephant for lunch and no one cares a pin."

In the days when people passed the greater part of the year in their country houses they were satisfied with few distractions. At the proper season the men, of course, shot and hunted, but, except for an occasional local ball—long looked forward to, and considered a great event—the ladies had hardly any of the amusements which abound to-day.

For the most part they were content to be occupied with matters connected with their household. Most of them spent a good deal of time at embroidery, fancy work, and other similar occupations. During the long winter evenings the younger ones would be quite satisfied to sit making "spills" from old

paper—"waste not, want not" was a maxim which then enjoyed great popularity.

Except for the annual visit to town there was very little to break the calm, and not unpleasant, monotony of their lives. A few relatives would come to stay at Christmas, but the huge parties such as now assemble at that season were practically unknown.

What is known as the "old-fashioned" Christmas is really a modern festival. It was invented by Washington Irving and afterwards rehashed by Dickens. There is very little mention of Christmas Day in old memoirs, and, going farther back, Pepys merely touches upon it.

Though the "old English Christmas" is in a great measure a new invention, a number of quaint and picturesque superstitions were cherished by the country people of various districts.

In the south-west of England, for instance, there at one time existed a notion that the oxen were to be found kneeling in their stalls, at midnight of this vigil, as if in adoration of the Nativity. Another pretty old legend declared that bees were wont to express their veneration for the Nativity by singing, as it is called, in their hives, at midnight, upon Christmas Eve; and in some places, especially in Derbyshire, it was asserted that a reverend watcher might hear the ringing of subterranean bells. In certain mining districts the workmen declared that high mass was solemnly performed by spirits in that cavern

which contained the richest lode of ore—that it is brilliantly lighted up with candles; and a service chanted by unseen choristers.

The old-fashioned English village now scarcely exists; no doubt it was, from a sanitary view, usually far from satisfactory, but, remembering how quaint and pretty it was, one cannot help regretting that the march of progress should have entailed its destruction.

What a joy were the quaint old streets before they were disfigured by "stores" and other artistically abominable, if convenient, innovations. At that time the small and unpretentious shops still retained most of the charm which is to be discovered in the pictures of the eighteenth century. Plate-glass and cast-iron ornamentation were as yet absent. In many of the old country towns the streets were full of delightful Georgian shop-fronts, the woodwork of which was often fine. In connexion with this subject it is curious to note that, whilst of recent years a distinct attempt at reviving the shop-fronts is visible in the West End, they are still looked upon with contempt by tradesmen in the provinces, the majority of whom consider them old-fashioned and out of date. Of original small shop-fronts still remaining, the best instances are Lock's hat shop in St. James' Street, and Fribourg and Tryer in the Haymarket. A very successful front in the old style, which has been erected within comparatively recent years, is that of Messrs. Hatchard. Here the designer seems

to have caught a good deal of the spirit which made this sort of work so pleasant to the eye.

The little village gardens, with their old-fashioned flowers, exactly suited the queer old cottages, most of which had a look of immemorial antiquity. Most cottagers then kept bees in the quaint straw hives of local construction and usually did well out of them. The great part which those useful workers formerly played in the economy of simple households was once shown by a queer old custom now probably quite obsolete.

When any one of their owner's family died, it was once the custom to inform the bees of the death. If this was not done in due form the hive, according to an old superstition, would dwindle and die. The manner of communicating the intelligence to the little community, with due form and ceremony, was this: to take the key of the house, and knock with it three times against the hive, telling the inmates, at the same time, that their master or mistress, as the case might be, was dead!

Many queer usages were connected with funerals; one of the strangest of these, which must have originated in prehistoric times, was the idea of providing food for a corpse. As late as 1892 a Nottinghamshire rustic was buried with a tin of salmon and an opener in his coffin!

Many country towns had their own peculiar customs; one of the most singular was that which prevailed within the walls of the ancient borough

of Ludlow on Shrove Tuesday. At three o'clock in the afternoon a rope, thirty-six yards long and three inches in circumference, which was provided by the chief constable, was exhibited at one of the windows of the market-house, and an hour later it was thrown down in the street, where it was seized by hundreds of people. The parties who contended for bearing away the prize were the inhabitants of Castle and Broad Streets, against those of Old and Lowe Streets, and the object was to drag the rope to the extremity of one of the wards. This dangerous amusement, it is said, was adopted by the Corporation in contempt of the unjust execution of the two bailiffs of the town, by the royal party, during the contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster.

Up to the late Sixties, or even later, there was very little rebuilding, the inhabitants of small towns and villages being quite content to reside in the old houses which had sheltered their ancestors. Many of these houses were of immense age. When one of them—an old residence known as Bucks, the property of Colonel Wyndham, about a mile from Rogate, close to which was our country house, Dangstein—was demolished in 1861, a nine-pounder cannon-ball was found embedded in mortar at the foundation. This must, at least, have been there for two or three centuries. The house was one of the old-fashioned framed walls, and the doors leading from one room to another built as small as if they were intended for

Lilliputians only to pass through. The last family who occupied it had been settled there more than a century.

Of late years many old manor houses, some of them almost in ruins, have been very satisfactorily restored to a habitable state ; in most cases, I am glad to say, all ancient features being retained.

One of the first to realize the adaptability of an old ruined house to modern uses was my brother the late Earl of Orford, who many years ago turning his attention to an old embattled building on his estate—Mannington, built in 1412, which had long fallen on evil days—converted it into a thoroughly comfortable and artistic residence, filled with rare old panelling and pictures. A large portion of the former, I regret to say, came from old Norfolk farmhouses and churches—the restoration mania being then in full swing, and quantities of fine old woodwork being obtainable for a mere song.

Forming a lovely formal garden within that part of the grounds, bounded by a neglected moat which he put in good order, he formed an ideal retreat where, surrounded by the books he loved, he passed many peaceful days. In a spot reposeful and full of sweet memories of our childhood he erected a pillar upon which he inscribed, "Matri dulcissimæ Horatius Filius," a fitting tribute to our mother, who, combined with considerable beauty, possessed a nature of singular sweetness.

The village streets of the past possessed an old-

MARY, COUNTESS OF ORFORD

BORN 1783; DIED 1860

FROM A CRAYON DRAWING BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER

world charm now rarely found. From the little lattice windows which looked out upon a patch of garden, most of the inhabitants as children had seen the postchaises and gay-jacketed postilions sweep by on their way to London, had heard the merry sound of the coach-horn, and seen carriages full of gaily-dressed gentlemen and ladies driving to local festivities. Wealthy landowners and peers formerly kept up a good deal of state, besides presiding at local dinners and riding at the head of their tenantry on certain occasions. The consequence was that they were looked upon as part of regular institutions necessary to the well-being of the country at large, besides which in many instances they were regarded with genuine affection and pride. During the last quarter of a century this has all been changed. An enormous number of family places are now permanently let to rich stockbrokers and wealthy aliens who, though often generous and ready to spend any amount of money, are seldom regarded with any particular love or respect.

As for the absentee landlord, here to-day and gone to-morrow, it is only natural that in many instances no one knows much or cares much about him. The well-to-do classes have to a great extent deserted the country except for sport. Most of the small local gentry, who in old days constituted quite a powerful class, have either been sucked into the nearest big town or have gone to live in London; while those who are left eke out a sort of moribund

existence, bewailing a past in which they counted for a good deal more than is the case to-day—indeed the small landowners and little squires were formerly a most important link in a social chain which beginning with the Sovereign ended with the hind who toiled in the fields. To-day, the poor country gentry for the most part lead gloomy lives. Considered too dull to be asked up to the great house by the "gentleman from London," who, besides, brings his own house-parties with him, and too proud to make any attempt to conciliate the Crœsus in question, not a few spend a good deal of their time deploring the vulgarity of modern days and the decadence of the old aristocracy which once used to live in the district. They are out of touch with the class above them, and consequently have lost most of the Conservative ardour which was one of their chief characteristics in the good old days.

Some of this class lead such an uneventful life that they may be said to exist rather than to live, though it must be admitted that the majority of such households are models of conjugal peace. Even this, however, is sometimes not an unmixed blessing.

Archdeacon Paley, a very sociable divine, being once asked whether the life of a gentleman who had not even had an argument with his wife for more than thirty years was not admirable as a domestic example, dryly replied: "No doubt it was verra praiseworthy, but it must have been verra dool."

The monotony and absence of amusements which

is often inseparable from country life is no doubt largely responsible for driving the population into large towns.

People of small means and average intelligence also suffer from the lack of sufficient social intercourse. In many homes the days follow and resemble each other with almost killing regularity: the husband comes back after a hard day's work to dinner or tea, which he eats in silence in company with his wife, whose stock of ideas he has long ago exhausted, as indeed she has his; the children realize that there is no very great prospect of a prosperous future, and in due course of time the more ambitious amongst them migrate into cities, where, if competition is keener, life is more bright and active. Those who do remain behind are now seldom content to follow the humdrum ways of their forefathers, and such as possess enterprise and a little capital devote their energies to developing such property as they possess or can get hold of, running up cottages and villas, generally of quite surprising ugliness, and pulling down old houses which are not up to date.

Though there has been some improvement in the way old historical edifices are dealt with, the national attitude towards these venerable and often beautiful relics of the past still stands in need of improvement.

The little this country really cares for its ancient monuments was shown by the apathy exhibited concerning the removal from Tattershall Castle—it was said for sale to some American—of the famous

15th-century Tattershall fireplaces—the finest example of their kind, taken as models when the present Houses of Parliament were built.

All honour to Lord Curzon, who, in the most public-spirited manner, first purchased the remains of the castle from which they had been torn and then rescued the fireplaces, which he is going to put back in their places, whilst as far as possible restoring the castle and its surroundings to their original condition.

It seems a pity that in this age of regulation no attempt has been made to see that villages as they are gradually rebuilt should be erected in a fitting style of architecture; it is a melancholy fact that modern country taste is execrable, and glories in the erection of the most hideous kind of house; in fact, in this respect country people are far worse than townsmen, many of whom fully realize the charm of an ancient edifice. When the rebuilding and restoration mania got into full swing, the cathedrals and, in an even worse degree, the village churches of England suffered terribly.

What happened then cannot be better described than in the words of Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, who in a tract called "Hard Measure," upbraided the vandalism of the Reformation.

"Lord, what work was here! What clattering of glasses! what beating down of walls! what tearing up of monuments! what pulling down of seats! what wresting out of iron and brass from windows and frames! what demolishing of curious stonework that

had not any representative in the world!" No respect was paid to the artistic genius of the old iron-workers or to the skill of the mediaeval mason.

There is more beauty in the work of a great genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in that of a little genius who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them; and whilst the restorers knew, or were supposed to know, the various styles, they entirely failed to realize that in destroying features which they considered incongruous they were obliterating the record of continuity which connected the past with the present.

There has been no such artistic curse as "Restoration" since the days of Cromwell; without doubt it has done more harm to the churches than his troopers, rough and brutal as they seem to have been.

In the Sixties of the last century one of the four pinnacles of the tower of the restored church at Withernsea was blown down. A parish meeting was called to determine upon the best course to be taken in consequence of this disaster. There was a long and an animated discussion; and ultimately it was resolved, "That the three pinnacles still standing should be taken down!" This church, it should be added, had only been restored three or four years before.

The careless way in which church restoration was conducted during Victorian times was little short of a scandal.

At Hanbury, near Burton-on-Trent, for instance,

on the completion of the restoration of the church, the workmen employed obtained permission to sound the bells in honour of the architect. One of them, by way of a practical joke, thinking to deaden the sound, suddenly clasped his legs around one of the bells at the moment when his comrade struck it. He succeeded beyond his wishes; for the bell cracked on receiving the blow, and had to be recast.

Small reverence was shown for memorials of the past. In one case a clergyman went so far as to pave his coach-house with fine old tombstones torn up to make way for the encaustic tiling so dear to the restorer's heart.

In their zeal to substitute sham Victorian Gothic for fine Jacobean and Georgian work, the restorers, besides destroying much priceless woodwork, robbed hundreds of grey old churches of their ancient charm. Even when they were fairly judicious the result was rarely satisfactory; for whilst the outward form was destroyed the inward spirit, which had animated the old builders, was generally lost.

You may spend enormous sums in the erection of buildings in the style of a long-past age, nevertheless there is little charm in architectural structures, of which we have seen the stones placed one by one, comparable to the charm of ancient monuments, filled with memorials of a chivalry long passed away.

The craze for renovation in some cases reached a quite ridiculous pitch. A conspicuous instance was that of a generous though indiscriminating lady who

became really annoyed because (though she offered to pay all expenses) she was not allowed to make a level lawn round an old village church, serious objections being raised to the obliteration of the humble mounds marking the last resting-places of the rude forefathers of the hamlet, whose untidiness offended her fastidious eye.

In addition to the mere æsthetic loss, it is more than doubtful whether the restoration mania did not harm the Church of England in rural districts. Those who knew the old-fashioned rustics must be more than half inclined to think that numbers of them were driven into the ranks of the Dissenters by what seemed to them the new-fangled arrangements introduced into the village churches where their forebears had worshipped for generations past.

The old-fashioned services of that day would seem strange to the present generation. How quaint were the prayers which had to be said in commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot, the Martyrdom of Charles I, and the restoration of Charles II. In January of 1859, rather needlessly, I think, a Royal warrant abolished the use of all these services, and ordered them to be eliminated from the Prayer Book.

Curious old ways and customs prevailed in many churches; for instance, within the memory of people alive fifty years ago, the congregation in the parish church of Kingston-upon-Thames were accustomed to crack nuts during Divine Service, on the Sunday before the eve of St. Michael's Day (29th September).

Young folks and old alike joined in the cracking; and the custom is thought to have had some connexion with the choosing of the Corporation officers on Michaelmas Day, and of the annual feast attending it. Still, the oddity was not peculiar to Kingston; for Goldsmith makes his Vicar of Wakefield say of his parishioners: "They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes at Shrove-tide, showed their wit on the 1st of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve."

Many clergymen then hunted; not a few were very unorthodox in their ways. In dress, however, then as now, black was the colour which they usually affected. From Luther is it that the clergy have derived this tint?

When, in 1524, he laid aside the monk's costume, and dressed according to the fashion of the world, he chose black clothes. His reason for choosing this colour was: the Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and occasionally sent him a piece of black cloth, which at that time was in fashion at Court. Luther's scholars thought it became them to wear the same colour as their master, and since then black has been the colour mostly worn by the clergy.

Many of the old country parsons were very bluff and blunt. One whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner

that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it; I don't like 'em myself."

Others, well aware of their shortcomings, made little secret of the fact that they were in the habit of purchasing their sermons. Some, however, tried to pass off the product of other men's brains as their own.

A divine, celebrated for his powers as a preacher, was once astounded to hear one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of the service he accosted the clergyman, and said:

"That was a fair sermon. How long did it take you to write it?"

"Oh, I tossed it off one evening when I had leisure," was the reply.

"Indeed, it took me much longer than that to think out the very framework of the sermon."

"Then I suppose I am speaking to the writer?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the unabashed preacher, "all that I have to say is, that I am not ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

"Look at him," whispered a wag whilst another clergyman whose sermon was one long string of unacknowledged and barefaced plagiarisms was preaching, "I declare his very whiskers are curving into inverted commas."

Bought or original, I fear the sermons made little

impression upon a good part of the congregations which dozed peacefully in the old horse-boxes, now almost without exception discarded in favour of open seats.

The old three-decker pulpit has also become a rarity. The late Mr. Spurgeon, I remember hearing, used to be very sarcastic about these wooden boxes, as he called them. The only use, he declared, he could imagine for pulpits was to remind the people of their latter end, by keeping before their eyes the whole time of the service a man half buried in a wooden box. He thought they must have been invented for the benefit of some one whose legs were deformed. He believed the power of oratory lay very much in the legs, and he liked to see a man, when preaching, walk about, as Hermes did, and roar out the truth like a lion. He himself preached from a railed-in platform, on which he had plenty of room to move about.

To-day, only in a very few village churches can one find the box-like pews (often of deal, but sometimes of fine old oak and good workmanship) and old-fashioned galleries, in which, as I can remember, local instrumentalists supplied the music, now furnished by organs. All these things, to simple village souls, were inseparably connected with the ideas of worship; and when they saw all the old woodwork carted out like so much lumber, and the church gutted before being handed over

to some architect from town, no wonder that a link with the past seemed to have snapped. No amount of elaborate modern work and glaring stained glass could produce just the same atmosphere as they had known, when as children they were first taken to church.

The Nonconformists were not slow to realize how advantageous what the rustics called "the new-fangled ways" were likely to be to them. The advance of Ritualism, whatever it may have done in great towns, has not been popular amongst agricultural labourers, to a vast number of whom the services held in the dull, dreary chapels are far more attractive than the ornate services of the modern village church, in which they feel themselves out of place.

It is a pity that in past days—things, I believe, are better now—there so often existed an antipathy between the Nonconformists and the parson.

"But Dissenters are connected with it, and I can't work with Dissenters," said a clergyman asked by a lady to participate in a fête got up for some charitable purpose. "But do you not expect to meet some good Dissenters in heaven?" The clergyman replied, with an air of condescension, that he believed he should. "Then how will you be able to associate there if you will not meet them here?" The clergyman paused a moment, and then replied, "Well, you know, we are told there will be many mansions."

In one church where an unusually good choir had

been introduced it was allowed to monopolize the musical portion of the service. A man who had only just returned to the village after several years entering the church joined in the hymn. A verger waddled up to him, and exclaimed, "Stop, sir, stop! We do all the singing here ourselves, sir."

To an inquiry why he preferred chapel to church a Norfolk labourer gave the following reply, which explains why so many of his class are Dissenters :—

"When I goes to hear paarson," said he, "I must sit mum and take the jaw, but in chapel you can jaw back."

In many cases the modern High Church clergymen does not seem to realize that a village congregation is entirely different from a London one, a large proportion of which, attracted by an elaborate ritual, attends service almost as much to listen as to pray.

The old rustics were very peculiar people who lived entirely out of the world. Mr. Roebuck used to tell a story of their extraordinary ignorance.

Reading a paper in his garden not a hundred miles from the metropolis one morning, he found the announcement of the death of the great Duke of Wellington. A labouring man—a shrewd, clever fellow he rather liked—passing, asked, "Any news, sir, this morning?" "Yes," Mr. Roebuck replied, "rather bad news." "Bad news, what's that, sir?" "Why," Mr. Roebuck said, "the Duke of Wellington is dead." "Ah, sir," he remarked, "I be very sorry for he; but who was he?"

More than half of the rural population could neither read nor write. In the middle of the last century, education began to be much talked about, but in practice it was strictly confined to the higher and middle classes ; it is true that "mechanic" institutions were instituted, but the little good they ever accomplished was postponed for many years.

Profound ignorance existed about ordinary things, and the labourer's vocabulary was very limited.

A Sussex clergyman having been inducted into a living, took occasion during his first sermon to introduce the word "optics." At the conclusion of the service a farmer who was present thanked him for his discourse, but intimated that he had made a small mistake in one word, softening down at the same time the severity of his criticism by saying : "Yet we all knew very well, sir, what you meant." On the clergyman's making further inquiries about this word, the farmer replied : "What you called hop-sticks in this part of the country we call hop-poles."

Notwithstanding their ignorance, many of the old-fashioned rustics were fine characters. The honest hard-working labourer, who from morning till night toils to provide coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by his generous motive, to true dignity ; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

Such a man has little time to gather much knowledge of the outer world, and before the days of the

cheap newspaper he troubled himself little about anything which happened out of his immediate neighbourhood.

Even the farmers knew almost nothing about the great world outside.

A gentleman who had been partaking of the hospitalities of a farmer's house, having heard his host say one day that he would like to taste turtle, as he supposed it was very good, on returning to town sent him a turtle. On a subsequent visit he heard that the present was not productive of satisfaction; for, said the farmer, we boiled 'un in the copper, wi' cabbage for a matter of seven hours, and then he warn't done!"

Village people were very blunt and bluff, and though kind-hearted enough, quite devoid of those niceties of speech and feeling which are the product of urban civilization.

A lady in advanced age and declining state of health went, by the advice of her physician, to take lodgings in a farm in a peculiarly healthy district, the owner of which let rooms to invalids. Going down to look at the place, the lady when coming downstairs observed that the balustrades were much out of repair. "These," said the lady, "must be mended before I can think of coming to live here."

"Oh no, madam," replied the landlady, "that would be only wasting money, as the undertaker's men, in bringing down the coffins, would break them again immediately."

At the present time a genuine effort seems to be made to improve the labourer's lot by means of giving him facilities to cultivate a plot of ground of his own. Without doubt also there is a great future for those who devote themselves to what is known as "Intensive Gardening." The recognition of the commercial possibilities of a well-tended garden, it is interesting to note, is no new thing. As long ago as 1668 this was recognized by the author of a work entitled "A Way to get Wealth." "The Gardener," the author says, "had not need to be an idle or 'lazie lubber.' Weeds are always growing; the great mother of all living creatures, the Earth, is full of seed in her bowels, and any stirring gives them heat of Sun, and being laid neer day, they grow: Moles work daily, though not always alike: Winter herbs at all times will grow (except in extreme frost). In winter your trees and herbs would be lightened of snow, and your allies cleansed: drifts of snow will set Deer, Hares and Conies and other noysome beasts over your walls and hedges. When Summer cloaths your borders with green and speckled colours, your Gardener must dress his hedges, and antick works, watch his bees and hive them. Distil his Roses and other Herbs. Now begin Summer fruits to ripen, and crave your hand to pull them. If he have a Garden (as he must needs) to keep, you must needs allow him good help, to end his labours which are endless, for no one is sufficient for these things." This description of the market-gardener of two hundred and fifty years ago, with his duties thus summed

up in a curiously concise manner, concludes with the rewards which shall be his, "God shall Crown the labours of his hands with joyfulness, and make the clouds drop fatness upon your trees; he will provoke your love, and earn his wages and fees belonging to his place." It is curious to observe that the enumeration of the products of a market-garden of two centuries ago is but little different from that of to-day, although some of the most common vegetables are absent, amongst others the potato and rhubarb; and from some of the amusing descriptions of the uses to which certain of the vegetables and herbs are to be put, it might be inferred that they were not very common. Thus lettuce is described as "usual in sallets and in the pot." Of strawberries, "the use is they will cool my Housewife well, if they be put in Wine or cream with Sugar." Aniseed is "good for opening the pipes." Burrage and Bugloss are two cordials "most comfortable for the heart and stomack." Camomile "is sweet smelling, qualifying head-ach."

In speaking of carnations or pinks, the writer says, "July-flowers, commonly called Gilly-flowers or clove July-flowers (I call them so because they flower in July) they have the name of Cloves of their 'sent.' I may well call them the king of flowers except the rose, and the best sort of them are called Queen July-flowers—of all flowers (save the Damask Rose) they are the most pleasant to sight and smell. Their use is much in ornament and comforting the spirits by sense of smelling."

# X

London sixty years ago—Fogs—Amusements—Improvement in locomotion—Hackney coaches and Hansoms—Street noises and cries—Punch—Unmelodious music—Letters from Mark Lemon and Dickens—Tolerated mendicity—The London police in its early days and now—Impostors—Begging letters—A curious specimen—London rivers—The Lord Mayor's barge—London bridge and Free Trade—The Spitalfield weavers—From Camisard to Cockney—The Reverend Osborne Jay and his admirable work—The London Hospital

LONDON at the present day is a far more pleasant place to live in than it was sixty years ago.

Formerly the fogs were appalling. No doubt they gave the English the reputation for suffering from that mysterious malady of which little is now heard, the spleen. In a fog, the air was hardly fit for breathing; it was grey-yellow, of a deep orange, and even black; at the same time, it was moist, thick, full of bad smells, and choking. The fog appeared, now and then, slowly, like a melodramatic ghost, and sometimes it swept over the town as the simoom over the desert. At times, it spread with equal density throughout the streets, rolling itself into intensely dense masses, from which the passengers came forth like ghosts.

In the way of amusements the metropolis has

enormously improved. A curious fact, however, is that whilst cheap entertainments, such as cinematograph theatres, abound, the prices of seats at plays is far higher than was formerly the case. At many theatres there were no stalls at all, contrary to the modern fashion, according to which stalls take the place of the pit: the pit occasionally reached right up to the orchestra. Another old feature was the "Footman's Gallery," to which on the application of their masters or mistresses, footmen were admitted free.

The present price of stalls, it is curious to remember, dates only from 1867, when considerable irritation was caused by 10s. 6d. being charged for them at the St. James's Theatre, where a Parisian company gave some performances.

"What" (said a critic) "would the public say if they were asked to pay half-a-guinea for a stall from which to see *A Scrap of Paper*, and *Box and Cox*, unless perchance for a charity, when the end justifies the means employed? And yet here is Mr. Michell, who never—no never—made the French plays pay, asking ten-and-sixpence for a stall at the St. James's Theatre."

On the other hand, it must be remembered that far more money is now lavished upon theatrical productions than was formerly the case.

The greatest metropolitan improvement of all, I think, is the Taxi, which has so completely superseded the four-wheelers and hansoms, which in their day had been improvements upon the old hackney coaches.

These were really old private carriages which had

had their day ; the older ones were family coaches with steps to let down : these were drawn by a pair of horses at a fare, I think, of about a shilling a mile. Later came the back cabs, with a hood, and the driver sitting by his fare ; the Patent Safety Hansom, though one cannot say there was ever very much real safety connected with any hansom, came into use about 1840.

In many other ways the amenities of London have improved ; though we have the motor bus, there is a distinct lessening in other nuisances. Newspaper-boys are no longer allowed to shout, and the cries of the street-venders, who used to bawl out the names of their wares, are no longer heard. For some time after the law against them was rigidly en forced they continued to haunt the West End, wistfully looking up at windows and down into areas for purchasers. The shivering groundsel-sellers stared silently at balconies where birdcages hung. The dealer in hare skins and rabbit skins communicated softly, like a spirit-rapper, with the cook. Such small traders are rarely seen to-day in the West End, and street cries are a thing of the past. The old clo' man no longer utters his wail, and the muffin man has long ceased to combine the harmony of words with the tinkle of his bell.

Some of those old street venders, picturesque as they undoubtedly were, indulged in many dubious practices.

One who had a particularly melodious way of

calling "Cherries ripe, a penny a pound, full weight," was brought before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, charged with causing an obstruction in the city. His scales and weights were produced in court. The scale intended to hold the fruit had a piece of lead attached to it. His quarter-pound weight weighed two ounces, and his pound weight about seven ounces; but the most impudent fraud was perpetrated with regard to his half-pound weight, which weighed only one ounce and three-quarters—it being hollowed out below to the thinness of a wafer and filled up with a piece of cork.

When drastic measures were adopted, Punch, owing, if I remember rightly, to the Lord Bessborough of the day, was spared. The nobleman in question made a speech in the House of Lords defending our old friend. The House assented with much hilarity, and Polichinelle's solitary squeak was excepted from the general order of tongue-tying. Alas! there are few Punch-and-Judy shows about to-day.

In old days, organ-grinders were the worst torturers, as at that time they ground their instruments of torture wherever they saw a light at the window, even after ten or eleven o'clock at night; Another cruel nuisance was the German boy-band, every member of which attempted a different tune at the same time, on a damaged wind instrument. Evening was their great time; taking up a position before houses even when the knockers had been tied

up, and where the street was strewn with straw, they would create an intolerable din.

Besides these, there were the abominable horse-organ, with the kettledrum movement (which waited round corners till the policeman was out of sight); and a terrible widow, whose infant phenomena performed irritating sonatas on a jingling pianoforte placed on a costermonger's vegetable truck drawn by a small donkey.

Other torturers were men and women with harps and violins, singing, often out of tune, sentimental songs and duets; individuals with dulcimers who sang, generally outside public-houses, to the accompaniment of their instruments, "Man the Lifeboat" and "Gaily still my moments roll." One ingenious personage who was a whole band in himself played Pan's pipe, the bells, the drum, the hurdy-gurdy and the cymbals, at the same time his wife sometimes adding her voice to increase the din.

The best understanding existed between all these plagues, and they carefully imparted to each other the exact localities where their presence was least acceptable, and, therefore, most likely to be bought off at a remunerative figure.

As one sufferer declared, their methods differed in nothing from the practice of the Chinese mendicants, who clatter strips of bamboo at the door of a shop-keeper till they are got rid of by an alms. If not paid, they will create their disturbing din for any length of time, just as the London organ-grinder will

play his collection of discords three times over, to wear out his victim's patience. It becomes a battle of endurance on both sides, with this advantage on the part of the grinder—that his infliction becomes less endurable every moment. The bamboo-player however, is bound by custom to cease on receipt of the smallest piece of money current; his Italian counterpart in London has been known to refuse a shilling as not sufficient to buy him off.

Even good music, forced on the ear at all hours, becomes an unmitigated nuisance; but discordant melodies, execrably played, organs out of tune, and defective bagpipes, are absolutely unbearable.

The obtrusion of it at all times and seasons, at all hours of the day and most of the night, is indeed an intolerable torment. Probably madness could be produced by incessantly plying a prisoner with sweet sounds. It would be like the torture of the dripping water, which no head can long endure—not painful, perhaps agreeable in the commencement, but agony by repetition.

Canning told Sir Richard Mayne that on one occasion when writing a dispatch of great importance, a serious error occurred owing to the noise created by a band under his window.

Some people are gravely affected by street music, and one of these was the artist whose memory will probably ever be kept green by Punch and the inimitable illustrations to the Handley Cross Series.

In a letter written to the late Mr. Michael Bass,

M.P., who attempted to bring the subject of street music before the House of Commons, Mark Lemon, writing in 1864, said:

"I am so greatly interested in the success of your measure for the regulation of street music, that I am desirous of strengthening your hands by putting you in possession of some facts within my knowledge. I formerly lived in Gordon Street, Gordon Square, but was compelled to quit London to escape the distressing consequences of street music, although Gordon Street was comparatively a quiet locality. A dear friend of mine, and one to whom the public has been indebted for more than twenty years for weekly supplies of innocent amusement, and whose name will find a place in the future history of Art, has not been so fortunate. He lived in Brunswick Square, and remained there until the nervous system was so seriously affected by the continual disturbance to which he was subjected whilst at work, that he was compelled to abandon a most desirable home and seek a retreat at Kensington. After expending considerable sums to make his present residence convenient for his art work—placing double windows to the front of his house, etc., he is again driven from his home by the continual visitation of street bands and organ-grinders. The effect upon his health—produced, on my honour, by the causes I have named—is so serious, that he is forbidden to take horse-exercise or indulge in fast walking, as a palpitation of the heart has been produced,—a form of

angina pectoris, I believe,—and his friends are most anxiously concerned for his safety. He is ordered to Homburg, and I know that the expatriation will entail a loss of nearly £50 a week upon him just at present. I am sure I need not withhold from you the name of this poor gentleman—it is Mr. John Leech."

A large number of other men well known in the literary and artistic worlds supported Mr. Bass in his attempts to get Parliament to suppress street music. Amongst them was Charles Dickens, who, writing for a number of celebrated men (Tennyson, Millais, Holman Hunt, Carlyle, and others) who were desirous of thanking Mr. Bass for introducing his Bill, said:

"Your correspondents are, all, professors and practitioners of one or other of the arts or sciences. In their devotion to their pursuits—tending to the peace and comfort of mankind—they are daily interrupted, harassed, worried, wearied, driven nearly mad, by street musicians. They are even made especial objects of persecution by brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles, and bellowers of ballads; for, no sooner does it become known to those producers of horrible sounds that any of your correspondents have particular need of quiet in their own houses, than the said houses are beleaguered by discordant hosts seeking to be bought off."

An eccentric individual I once heard of, had a highly original way of getting rid of street music.

"THERE'S THREEPENCE FOR YOU, AND MASTER WISHES YOU'D MOVE ON."

"THREEPENCE INDEED!! I NEVER MOVES ON UNDER SIXPENCE. D'YE THINK I DOESN'T KNOW THE 'WALLEY' OF PEACE AND QUIET?"

DRAWN BY R. SEYMOUR

When a German band or organ-grinder made his appearance, going to the window, he would call everybody in the house to join him, smile—applaud, and ask for more. Finally, he would send out and thank the performers or performer for the beautiful music. Money, however, he never gave, with the result that his repose was very seldom disturbed.

The modern piano-organ is a great improvement upon the old hurdy-gurdy, indeed, a number of people, amongst whom I am half inclined to count myself, rather like this music. One gentleman in my street, I remember, was very infuriated at the rather high-handed action of a society which seeks to suppress street noises, and when a German band was told to move away, sent for the musicians to come into his house and, posting them upon the balcony, made them play for a considerable time.

The taste for music in London has, of course, greatly improved, and admirable bands now play in the Parks; this is a far greater improvement than filling these lungs of London with statuary.

On the 5th of November and the 1st of May many small perambulating bands of men and boys were to be seen in the streets, these anniversaries being the occasion for much tolerated mendicity.

The sweeps' festival on the 1st of May was a remnant of the old British merriment on that day. It has been asserted that their chorus of "Hey

derry down" was the burden of the song of the Druid priests when they danced round the oak. But there is another reason given for the rejoicings of London sweeps on this day. Lady Montagu, of Montagu House, had been robbed of her beloved child, and one fine 1st of May she is said to have recognized her son's voice whilst singing as a little chimney sweep on the top of her chimney. This was, of course, long before an Act of Parliament rendered it unlawful to make children go up chimneys. In commemoration of the recovery of her child as a sweep on May Day, annual rejoicings, according to arrangements made by Lady Montagu, used to take place on that day among the sooty fraternity.

Much sympathy used to be expressed for the poor little boy sweeps of other days, so many of whom, it is to be feared, were cruelly treated. They had to climb up the chimneys and put their heads and brushes out of the pots, crying, "Sweep," to show they had properly done their work.

In my childhood the police were quite a new institution, the Metropolitan Police Act having only received the Royal assent three years after I was born. The new police force was not introduced generally into our large towns until after the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, in 1836.

The London Police force, it is curious to reflect, is the direct descendant of the London Watch, instituted about 1253.

The present force, it may be added, actually commenced duty on the 29th of September 1829. The first Chief Commissioner appointed was Sir Richard Mayne.

The new force had not a fair start, and for years had to encounter the suspicion and prejudice of the London public. With no one class was it at first a popular body, not unnaturally perhaps it was an object of intense dislike among the dregs of the population. Occasionally it was assailed in the most unmeasured language. Unfledged Hampdens and pot-house politicians denounced it as an instrument of tyranny; the establishment of such a force was railed at as a gross attack on the sacred liberty of the subject. Individualists were rampant. Some vestries viewed the uniformed man as a direct attack on the Constitution, the old constables talked of revolution, all bumbledom was struck with horror, and the feeble watchmen wailed out lugubrious cries of danger: in short, all London seemed of one mind in condemning the whole thing as an uncalled-for innovation, not to be countenanced at any price.

Thus, unsupported by the public, the new police had an uphill fight for a positive and respectable position; and it may fairly be said that it was not until nearly a generation had passed away that it became to be grimly accepted as an indispensable necessity.

To-day, however, every one except the criminal classes appreciates the tact, urbanity, and kindness of

the London police—that admirable force which, though their duty brings them constantly in contact with the very scum of the earth, contract none of their habits of rudeness, which appears to be an essential portion of the stock-in-trade of the continental guardians of law and order.

The London policeman is the stranger's friend. If you are in search of an acquaintance and only know the street where he lives, apply to the policeman on duty in that street, and he will show you the house, or at least assist you in your search. If you lose your way, turn to the first policeman you meet; he will take charge of you and direct you. As for the manner in which he directs the traffic that, as is well known, forms the admiration of Europe.

The excellence of the London police, I think, is in a large manner due to the happy way in which, of late years at least, the chiefs of the force have been selected.

Whilst most capable in matters of administration, they have been also tactful men of the world and charming personalites.

A conspicuous example of this was my dear friend, the late Sir Edward Bradford, and another is the present Chief—Sir Edward Henry, with whom I always enjoy a chat.

Considering the enormous increase of population, the way in which crime and fraud are kept in check is really wonderful.

There is a large class who hover on the borderland of crime, and live by all sorts of shifty means.

One of the most extraordinary methods of getting money by illicit means was the case of a rogue who had been a dentist.

Posing as a public health officer he appeared at a large provincial boys' school with the announcement that he was a public health officer deputed to inspect the sanitary condition of the boys. Their teeth he declared, after an examination, were in a very bad condition. Before he left he extracted about two hundred and fifty, all of them, it afterwards transpired, splendid and undecayed. However, the man got away with his booty long before this was discovered, and sold the teeth for a considerable sum.

Formerly there was more open begging, and children were shamefully exploited, being sent out to pester people, having previously been crammed with some story or other.

"I thought I understood you to say that your father was a merchant only a week ago," said a lady to a little girl who was soliciting alms; "and if that is so, how could your family have been so soon reduced to beggary?" "It is true, ma'am; my father kept an oyster stall, and last week he took a bad sovereign, and failed."

Beggars sometimes gave themselves great airs. Such a one was the individual who applied at the door of a Scotch partisan of the Anti-Begging Society.

After the beggar had in vain detailed his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he; "go—we canna gie ye naething." "You might at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

At one time all sorts of impostors strove to palm themselves off as sailors, great popularity then attaching to men who had followed the sea. In the Seventies, considerable amusement was caused by the case of a man dressed in sailor costume, who was charged with stealing a pair of boots. As he had no counsel, the Court appointed a young lawyer to take charge of the defence. The lawyer opened the case with a speech, in which he alluded to his client as "a child of the sad sea waves, a nursling of the storm, whom the pitiless billows had cast, a forlorn and friendless waif, upon the shores of time, after a life spent in fierce and heroic contest with the raging elements." Then the defendant was put in the dock, and the fact was revealed that he was cook upon a canal boat, previous to which he had hawked fish in Whitechapel. Eventually the unfortunate "nursling of the storm" was sent to gaol for six months.

At the present day, exploiting the sentiment of pity has become quite a regular profession. Year by year an increasing number of persons, a few of whom, perhaps, have managed to persuade themselves of their own sincerity, contrive to make a very fair

living by foisting worthless water-colours and fancy work upon charitably disposed people.

Not all the persons, however, who subsist upon the charity of individuals are worthless or impostors.

A celebrated composer, for instance, who died in the early Seventies of the last century, for years derived his principal income in old age from a snuff-box which had once been given him as a token of esteem by Baron James de Rothschild. A short time later the recipient sold it for seventy-five napoleons to the same jeweller from whom it had been bought. This became known to the Baron, who gave it again to the musician in the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweller's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great comfort and satisfaction of the musician in his declining years.

Of late years begging-letter writing has been brought to a high state of perfection. The profits, I believe, are often considerable, indeed one woman of whom I heard educated two children on the results of continuously writing begging letters. Of these the son became a clergyman and the daughter a governess.

During my life I have received an enormous amount of these epistles, written from all sorts of queer places ; but the queerest of all was one I received last year from Lagos, apparently written by a native of that distant spot. The wording is so quaint that I give it here.

"LAGOS, S.N., W.C.A.
*18th September* 1911

"LADY DOROTHY NEVILL
45 Charles Street, Berkeley Square
London, W.

"DEAR MADAM,—I hope you will pardon me for taking this liberty to write you as to put a matter before you for your grave, pathetic and motherly consideration.

"1. I am a man of a very poor family and my father had, with some friends' assistance, been able to send me to the Primary School for education.

"2. I have since I left the school been able to get a situation as a clerk at a salary of one pound a month.

"3. Besides this, my father is a very old man and I have had to exclusively live on the pound a month. I am living with one of my father's friends but about a few days ago for some reasons unknown he has asked me to leave his house. I have therefore with great sorrow and bitterness of heart been considering what to do on vacating his house this week as I would only seek shelter then in market sheds and other open-air places, as I cannot both live on the pound a month and pay house rentage.

"4. Fortunately for me I should say an acquaintance of mine who sees my great need and calamity has mentioned to me that if I can write you, and explain my circumstances you would give me a helping hand and with this assurance I now seize this opportunity

of writing you, Madam, begging you in the name of God your Creator that through your benevolence and generosity you may be kind enough to *brighten my life and cheer my pathway.*

"5. I, of course, do believe with all positiveness that it is the Lord who has directed me to thee as He says He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform and I trust that as Elijah of old was sent to the widow of Zarepthah who did not then refuse him a helping hand, so I am now sent to thee, dear Madam, and I trust that for God's sake and in His name you will not refuse me a helping hand. I am now in a very dilapidated condition for, not to mention anything about my perpetual starving and patched clothes, I have to be taking refuge under market sheds and other open-air places, as soon as I am driven out by the man in whose house I am now living this week.

"6. I may add that though I am now at present living in his house, he always refused to give me anything to chop and considering these serious circumstances of mine, I pray for God's sake you may be good enough to pity me and *assist me in sending me some money and relieve me from my present grave calamity.* I may mention that I do not want to worry you in relating my whole circumstances but trust all that I have stated above will meet with your very kind and favourable consideration as to send me some financial help, for it is sure that as long as you have done it to one of the little ones,

you have done it to the Almighty who will, I am sure, reward you accordingly, I am confiding this great thing to your worthy confidence, and I shall be greatly pleased and thankful if you will be good enough for God's sake to send some money in order that I may lead a better life and be able to get a small house of my own, and you will no doubt in God's name assist me and relieve,—Yours in great need.

"*N.B.*—Awaiting your very kind and early reply."

It is difficult for people of a late generation to realize what London was even in the fifties—dreadful slums, filled with the scum of the populace, abutted close upon the best streets; whilst compared with the London of to-day, the whole appearance of the town was dingy and ill-kept.

In my childhood the great city, indeed, ill lit and badly drained, had not been much improved since the eighteenth century, when the gutters were often streams of black mud, stagnant during the summer heat; and after a heavy rain they became perfect torrents of filth, overflowing the streets in their headlong course

> To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames—
> The King of Dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

All the streams, however, had long been covered up, except the Serpentine, then, of course, not as well kept as to-day. Few Londoners realize how many rivu-

lets flow beneath their feet. Many a once purling brook now imprisoned underground, frets its way through murky darkness and sullen gloom, void of sunlight or fresh air, cheerless and disconsolate.

Perhaps this is just as well, for all these little London rivers are now defiled and in clearness cannot be compared to the Thames, which has ceased to be in the disgraceful state it once was.

In former days its condition was the subject of considerable comment in the Press.

A most amusing skit appeared in a monthly magazine (the "Money Bag" for July 1858), in which Father Thames was represented as standing on his trial. When brought up before the magistrate (so ran the skit) the prisoner's appearance excited the most unbounded disgust, while the effluvia he exhaled was revolting in the extreme. Father Thames said he came originally from the Cotswold Hills in Wiltshire—that he was a scion of the noble family of Rivers. He had seen better days, and never thought he should come to this. He had passed through Oxford with credit and an unsullied name. He had been presented to Her Majesty at Windsor. Indeed, there had never been a word against him till he came to town, where he had fallen into low company, and had all sorts of dirty jobs thrown upon him most unwillingly. As to his own filthy condition, the prisoner said, "The Metropolitan Board and the Board of Works were the real culprits, while he, with the best intentions, got all the abuse. The

Court should appeal to the Privy Council to enforce the necessary steps. There should be pipes and culverts to take the sewage underground to at least twenty miles from London. He himself could force it along the culverts by flushing." His Worship said no one could flush these pipes unless he was very flush of money, and that it was a question of who would pay the piper. The Court having become most oppressive, the prisoner was discharged with an injunction to behave better for the future.

It has always seemed to me a great pity that the ceremonial of the Lord Mayor celebrating his appointment by going upon the Thames was abandoned.

Formerly, according to time-honoured custom, he had to take a trip in a barge from one of the City bridges to Westminster. Fair weather or foul, take the water he must; and the broad river presented a spectacle on such occasions as was never seen in any town of Europe since the days when the Venetian Doges celebrated their nuptials with the Adriatic in stately splendour.

Splendid barges richly gilt, glass-covered, and bedecked with a variety of flags and streamers, bore the Lord Mayor and his suite. Previous to starting, according to old custom, a supply of water was taken on board. The Lord Mayor's barge was either rowed by his own bargemen, or taken in tow by a steam-tug. Round the barges there were boats innumerable with brass bands. The bridges and the river banks were covered with spectators, and the

river was more full of life, gladness, and colour than on any other day of the year.

The trip to Westminster was short; it was, however, long enough for the company to take a copious *déjeuner à la fourchette* in the saloon of the City barge. This breakfast was a kind of introduction to the grand world-famed dinner with which the Lord Mayor inaugurated his advent to power.

No one seems to know exactly what became of the stones of old London Bridge—some of them, I have heard, were used in the construction of the pier at Herne Bay.

In connexion with London bridges it is probably not generally known that the Latin inscription on the foundation-stone of Blackfriars Bridge contains a reference to Free Trade which experience has scarcely justified.

At the risk of being tedious, I give a translation of this optimistic effusion: "The former bridge over the River Thames having fallen into decay, the Court of Common Council of the City of London ordered the construction of a new bridge on the same site, of which the Right Hon. Warren Stormes Hale, Lord Mayor, laid the first stone on the 20th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1865, we trust under better auspices, for the former bridge was built during a period of general war. The construction of the present has been undertaken in a time of profound peace, in the twenty-ninth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, at a moment when the former

restrictions of commerce have been removed, and, by the adoption of Free Trade, those separate interests which divided nations have been happily bridged over. May the Almighty, of His infinite goodness, grant to the omen a happy completion. Joseph Cubitt, engineer."

Whilst on the whole I think London has greatly improved, it is rather lamentable to observe how certain districts, formerly full of well-to-do workers, have entirely changed their character — Bethnal Green and Shoreditch are cases in point. This, of course, is due to the overwhelming triumph of the factory system.

Here, in former days, the descendants of the old French weavers carried on a prosperous trade, now but a memory of the past.

My friend, the Reverend Mr. Osborne Jay of Holy Trinity Vicarage, Shoreditch, who does such excellent work in this part of London, has given me many interesting details of its past history.

Even thirty years ago a large number of the long windows known as "weavers' windows," filling almost a side of a house, were to be seen in some of the streets, but now only a few remain.

Though the majority of French Huguenots have been absorbed in the general population and drifted away from the district, French names are still not uncommon, such as Delieu, Polaine, Delarey, and the like. One family—Cockneys of the fourth generation

which bears the name of Ogilby—must originally have migrated to France from Scotland and probably experienced many strange vicissitudes before settling down in this part of London. What romance and tragedy would reveal themselves were one but able to discover the true history of some of the French families whom the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove from their fatherland, the language of which a number jealously retained up to comparatively recent times.

Mr. Gladstone once told Mr. Jay that forty years ago his predecessor had a weekly celebration in the French language; the attendance, however, even then was not large.

A few of the old looms, including, I believe, one handloom which was brought over from France and set up by Huguenot refugees, are still in existence, though it has been said comparatively few weavers remain—the majority having migrated to Braintree. In course of time the descendants of the Huguenots spread from Spitalfields into Bethnal Green, Mile End, and Old Ford, whilst becoming Cockneys of a most pronounced type. These, like almost all the very poor, are for the most part utterly ignorant of their own history. The whirligig of time produces many strange changes; few surely can be more striking and pathetic than the evolution, or rather retrogression, of the stern, dignified old Camisards—the stanch old fighting men of the Cevennes, who held the dragoons of the Roi Soleil at bay—into inhabitants

of the poverty-stricken London East End, the majority of poor, indifferent physique, drifting aimlessly along, submerged amongst that vast section of the population which just contrives to live.

There is at present, it is said, some prospect of a revival of the weaving industry in Bethnal Green owing to the interest taken by Queen Mary in fabrics of English manufacture, and her patronage of the Spitalfields Silk Industry. The general condition of the district, as on my visits to Mr. Jay I have been glad to observe, has, owing to his admirable and self-sacrificing efforts, greatly improved within recent years—a different state of affairs from the early Seventies of the last century, when the descendants of the old weavers were described by a great newspaper as "Sickly mothers nursing sickly babies, sickly girls toying in a sickly manner with sickly weaver boys." "Dreadful old women as ugly as sin, who looked as if they supported nature on a diet of lucifer matches and gin." The late Mr. George Augustus Sala, who wrote the article in question after a visit to the district, together with the paper in which his article appeared for the time being, attained great local unpopularity; but there can be little doubt that the exposure of the sad and miserable state of affairs which then prevailed ultimately produced nothing but good.

Considering the admirable work which Mr. Jay is doing, he should receive greater support from the wealthy West End. Unfortunately unobtrusive and

really beneficent philanthropy in these days of blatant advertisement seldom obtains its due share of appreciation.

How few of the wealthy West End butterflies, I wonder, realize the self-sacrificing efforts of those who live and work amongst the poor, and what noble self-sacrifice and devotion is displayed in nursing the poverty-stricken sick. I have come thoroughly to realize this from constantly visiting the London Hospital, a practice I still keep up; there is little that interests me so much as a talk with the matron—Miss Lückes, a most admirable organizer.

In all our vast metropolis there is no charitable institution more worthy of support and encouragement than the London Hospital. Situated as it is in the heart of the most densely populated as well as the poorest parts in London, it is more in need, perhaps, than any other of funds. Its position enables it to benefit immediately those who are most in want of help, and consequently it has at times been obliged to exceed its income, and to depend upon the benevolent to carry out its noble work. In this it has been eminently successful, as may be gathered from the fact that since the opening of the hospital, in 1740, several millions of patients have received help and relief; but the enormous increase of the population of the district has rendered the utmost exertion on the part of those who have had the management of the hospital necessary to keep pace

with the requirements of the time, and the history of the various additions which have been made to it from time to time, so as to enlarge its sphere of usefulness to the utmost, has been the history of one long struggle.

When first built, the hospital, like St. George's, stood quite in the fields, and the patients looked out of their windows upon a calm scene of sylvan beauty, which has been gradually transformed into closely packed bricks and mortar.

# XI

Modern London—The Casino style of architecture—An original scheme of decoration—Increase of unwieldy statuary—The *Allée Verte*—Northumberland House—Open spaces—Colonel Sibthorp—Berkeley Square—London fountains—The Albert Memorial—Victory or Peace?—Tombs of the Great Dead—Architectural samples—James Gibbs and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—Mid-Victorian taste—London improvements—Temple Bar—The mystery of its single room—Legal phraseology changes but 6s. 8d. remains—Suburban health resorts of the past—Travelling by canal-boat

MODERN London has no physiognomy, being merely a collection of specimens of various ages. At the present rate, indeed, it seems as if the whole town will be renewed every fifty years—building and rebuilding constantly going on, with the result that the historical significance of metropolitan architecture in the West End at least has been much impaired.

The simple though dignified Georgian style does not apparently satisfy the present generation, which builds itself houses somewhat after the fashion of French casinos.

A number of the façades of new houses, indeed, are overladen with heavy decoration, whilst little care has been taken to execute any good work in those parts of these buildings not in full view of the street, our modern architects not being at all of the same

way of thinking as that Greek sculptor who, being asked why he had carved the back part of a statue let into a temple with as much care as the front, considering no one would see it, answered, "Except the Gods."

With what is practically the rebuilding of a great part of the West End a good deal of interesting old work has disappeared. So great has been the transformation of most houses owing to the craze for the French style, that comparatively few of the old Georgian houses which still stand contain their original interior decorations. The plan of an English town house as it existed a hundred and fifty years ago, can perhaps be best reconstituted by visiting one of those localities which the tide of fashion has left high and dry. Such a one is Soho Square, called King's Square when it was first built; one or two houses here, I believe, still contain interesting mural paintings. The whole south side was once occupied by the Duke of Monmouth, the most unfortunate of all Charles the Second's somewhat numerous progeny.

A great deal of time, thought, and trouble is now devoted to furnishing and adorning a house. In the mid-Victorian era things were very different in this respect.

When, for instance, Thackeray went to live in Palace Gardens, he gave an order to Jackson and Graham much in these terms: "Build me a house according to the submitted plan, and furnish it from top to bottom."

About the most original scheme of house decora-

tion was that devised by the celebrated French dramatist, M. Scribe, when he moved into new rooms in the Rue Pigale.

Five panels in his study showed the history of his life. The first showed an old shop in the Rue de la Cordonniere, with the sign-board — "Scribe, cloth dealer." This was his father's home. The second panel represented "the entrance to the Gymnase Theatre," which was the home in which M. Scribe attained his celebrity. The third was called "Happy Days," and was a picture of his country home at Sericourt. The fourth was called "Honours," and showed the portals of the French Academy, to which M. Scribe belonged; and the last, entitled "Repose," represented a comfortable brougham going along the streets of Paris with the dramatist reclining inside it.

The spirit of change must ever be at work. Old buildings I suppose must be razed to the ground, while others more in keeping with the advance of civilization arise in their place, though too often inferior to their predecessors in massive beauty and grandeur of outline; improvements only as regards increase of accommodation and convenience.

Time was when our cities and towns were built after some definite plan. If in their construction they did not present many pictures of intrinsic beauty, at least they had the specific character of architectural design and uniformity that was far from displeasing to the eye. Many examples of this cultivated mental discipline in buildings still remain, notably in Chester,

Bath, and in several districts in the metropolis which have escaped destruction in the march of modern innovation.

In our modern buildings, for the most part, where ornament is attempted, it is only stuck on, instead of usefully entering into the design of the building. Everywhere there is a visible nakedness of fine and appropriate design.

With an increase of wealth there has generally been a corresponding development in the luxurious arts, of which the beautiful in architecture has not been the last to advance. The prosperous commerce of the Middle Ages, by fostering the arts, built up the palaces of Italy—notably of Venice, Genoa, and Florence; and in our own country, what is called Elizabethan architecture owes an infinite deal to the mercantile spirit that sprang up immediately after other lands than those of Europe were opened up to the enterprise of Englishmen. It seems, however, in our day that this educated feeling has died out in the hurry to get rich.

Paris is the only city in the world that has not retrograded in its architecture; but then, it must be remembered that in Paris the style of street architecture is controlled. In this country people build as they like. There is no artistic authority to direct their operations, and the general public having neither taste nor voice in the matter, the result is a street architecture which neither the weather nor fogs nor smoke can render more unsightly.

Modern London can scarcely congratulate itself upon its statuary. If, however, the quality is bad the quantity is rapidly increasing, and what is more alarming is that the parks are now becoming encumbered with unwieldy and not very appropriate memorials,—that to the late Queen Victoria perhaps is not so bad from a decorative point of view, but its ornate and elaborate detail make it a queer memorial to the great old Queen who above all things liked simplicity. Also the spot where it has been set up is none too suitable, for Queen Victoria was never very fond of Buckingham Palace, indeed at one time she had a great aversion to residing there, the reason being that the place was then infested with rats and bugs. For a period various professors of extermination "worked in vain"—the rats and bugs could not be got rid of, and invaded the Royal apartments, to the great disgust of the Queen.

Soon we are to see a memorial to the late King Edward; this I gather is to be placed at the end of the new *allée verte*, near Piccadilly, to which, however, the King's back is to be turned, a rather unfair way of treating this great artery of the metropolis.

Curiously enough, the *allée verte* mentioned above has almost escaped notice, though there can be no doubt it is an immense improvement upon the ridiculous road which it replaced.

The restoration of this bit of green to the Park is, I understand, entirely due to the present First Com-

missioner of Works, Lord Beauchamp, who deserves to receive the thanks of all lovers of open spaces.

Up to comparatively recent years there were comparatively few elaborate monuments in the West End.

Charles I, George III, the Guards' Memorial, and the statues in Trafalgar Square were the chief of what there were, and most of those in the Square have not been there so very long.

I indeed remember this meeting-place of Socialists and Suffragettes as a bleak, bare, paved, open space in the days when neither the Nelson Column, Landseer's Lions, nor the fountains had yet come into existence. Morley's Hotel, which still flourishes, then had a post office under the coffee-room, whilst a prominent feature on the south-east was the façade of Northumberland House, the huge double doors of which were always kept closed. The Lion crowning this mansion (long ago removed to Sion House, Isleworth) was a never-failing object of interest to country-people visiting London ; and it was a favourite joke of mischievous boys to tell any rustic of more than common credulity that if this Lion were watched long enough it would certainly be observed to wag its tail ; and not a few returned to their homes firmly convinced that they had seen the animal perform such a feat.

A less ridiculous and indeed possibly true legend used to be current about Somerset House.

During its rebuilding it was said a workman

stumbled on a scaffold, and would have fallen and been killed, had not the chain to his watch caught a hook, and held him suspended until rescued. Out of gratitude for his preservation, he obtained permission to have his watch inserted in the wall where the hook was; but I never heard of anyone who had seen it. If this story was true, the watch should be still in place.

Northumberland House was an historical edifice which the craze for "modern improvement" should have spared. A stately mansion, it had marked for more than a century and a half the boundary between the "City" proper and that apocryphal city of Westminster which owed its designation to an extinct bishropric, and being the seat of the Royal palaces, the Houses of Parliament, and, before their removal to Fleet Street, the Law Courts.

Though a fine old building, Northumberland House was not very ornate as regards architectural detail. Here in 1867 the fifth Duke lay in state. I believe that this was about the last occasion upon which this custom, once so usual amongst the high nobility, was observed. Half a million was the price paid for the house and grounds,—about three acres of land,—and the descendant of the builder was able to lay the "flattering unction to his soul" that he had not disposed of his inheritance at a sacrifice. In 1873, when the purchase was concluded, there was considerable opposition to the demolition of the old mansion which had for so long been a London landmark.

"If there were no other way of getting from Charing Cross to the Embankment than by the destruction of Northumberland House, with its associations, its art collections, and most interesting Jacobean façade," said a critic, "we should feel that resistance would be useless, although we will not admit that even then it should not be attempted. We believe that an association, a touch of sentiment, a reminder of the past may, under circumstances, be of more value in the education of a nation than a short cut. But we are strongly of opinion, with all respect for the professional advisers of the Board, that an equally good approach might be obtained without this very costly sacrifice."

It seems a pity that some considerable portion of the three acres could not have been preserved as an open space instead of being covered with buildings.

Every inch of open space in the metropolis, indeed, ought to be fought for and given up only at the sword's point, whilst the trees in our parks should be jealously guarded.

A man in this respect, born as it were before his age, was Colonel Sibthorp, who during the building of the Great Exhibition of 1851 was Paxton's great antagonist. This gallant member of the House of Commons would not consent to sacrifice the trees which adorned the site of the building. "Make what fuss you like about your modern ideas of industry," said he, "but you shall not touch the trees; they are worth all your industry, and all your foreign nick-

nacks, and free-trade and nonsense, and, indeed, anything that ever came from Manchester." Paxton, however was equal to the occasion, "Let the old trees stand," said he, "we will roof them over!" and accordingly he built his glass house one hundred feet higher in the middle, and thus made the transept, keeping the trees beneath.

Except in the parks, few trees will now flourish in London. I believe, indeed, that it is now impossible to grow elms, or even limes, still less laurels, within the range of London smoke.

Only one tree stands the atmosphere well, this is the plane, which renews its annual youth by casting its smut-begrimed bark, and flourishes, as in Berkeley Square, with a vigour and beauty unknown to its native haunts.

In other respects this old square, close to which I have lived for over forty years, does not present a very sylvan appearance, it being, I understand, practically impossible to get the hedge within the railings to grow. Nevertheless in summer it is a peaceful old-world spot, the sole touch of modernity being the fountain facing the entrance to Lansdowne House.

The scantily-draped lady who furnishes a somewhat intermittent supply of water in Berkeley Square is comparatively harmless as compared with many other drinking fountains scattered over the country. Nearly all of these are irredeemably ugly, and positively without a redeeming feature. Nine out

of ten in the metropolis are as insipid in appearance and tasteless in design as the ugliest modern villa, in which all the rules of architecture are wildly set at defiance. Even the best fountain of all, "Gilbert's" at Piccadilly Circus, is lacking in proportion, the base being much too large for the figure at the top; whilst others, like that erected in 1875 at Park Lane, can lay no claim at all to being works of art.

The original design of this fountain could not at first be carried out owing to the death of Mrs. Brown, a rich and benevolent old lady who had entrusted the commission for it to Mr. Thorneycroft.

She died before it was completed, leaving no will, in consequence of which this fountain, one of her pet projects, suffered, her property being thrown into the Court of Chancery, as a result of which the Board of Works refused to supply water for it. It appears that this was considered a promise made during Mr. Ayrton's tenure of office to Mrs. Brown, who intended also to leave the munificent sum of £70,000 for building public baths; but, unfortunately, she died without a will.

In the early days of this fountain, at a time when some of the traditions of the Tom and Jerry period still lingered, I remember hearing that youthful roysterers were apt to playfully duck one another in its not very free-flowing water.

The most expensive and largest monument in London is, of course, the Albert Memorial, which

was supposed to be modelled upon the design of one of the Eleanor crosses which Edward the First erected at the different stages where his queen's body rested during its progress to London. Speaking of his work, Sir Gilbert Scott, then Mr. Scott, said, "I have not followed an existing type, but struck out one suited, to the best of my judgment, to the individual subject."

Be this as it may, the result has not been fortunate; for, in appearance, the Memorial, with its superabundant gilding, resembles nothing so much as a glorified Christmas card of feeble design.

One of the original schemes for the erection of a memorial to Prince Albert comprised the erection of a monolith; and this would have actually been carried out but for the supreme difficulty of not only finding a stone large enough for the purpose, but transporting it safely to the metropolis.

A number of other schemes were also mooted; perhaps that for an Albert College was the best, but it was too comprehensive, and did not meet the precise object; eventually, the whole matter was settled by Queen Victoria herself selecting the present design.

A prominent memorial in the West End is the Duke of York's column, of which very little can be said, except that it is ninety-four feet high, and some years ago the jumping down from the top and being smashed on the broad stones at its base was a fashionable mode of committing suicide. It is a pity

that none of the poor suicides ever thought of overthrowing and jumping down with the statue of the Duke of York, for it stands ridiculously high, and the impression it makes is not particularly agreeable.

A monument I always regret is the crude old statue of the Iron Duke (now at Aldershot) which used to stand on the top of the Arch, where the effigy of Lord Michelham's son, Herman, now drives the horses (rather spirited in design) which draw the chariot containing the enormous effigy of Victory or Peace, one cannot quite make out which.

The great Duke himself particularly liked his quaint statue; and considering this, it is difficult to understand why it was not allowed to remain.

Altogether, the victor of Waterloo has not been very fortunate in his monuments; the one at Hamilton Place—though the soldiers around it are good—is lacking in spirit and devoid of character.

Far better, I believe, is the only recently completed design of Albert Stevens in the crypt of St. Paul's, where the Duke sleeps his last sleep.

At the time of his funeral much difference of opinion existed as to the part of the crypt in which his remains should be placed. The tomb of Nelson already occupied the portion of the vault immediately beneath the centre of the dome of the Cathedral. Many considered that to place the Duke on either side of Nelson would not be treating the soldier with sufficient distinction. Some proposed that the

Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson should be placed side by side in an enlarged tomb, but this idea was very properly abandoned. On the day of the funeral, the Duke's coffin was lowered to the flat top of the sarcophagus which covers Nelson (the coronet and cushion of the Viscount having been previously removed); and here the enriched coffin of the Duke remained nearly two years, enclosed by a wooden casing, which hid both the tomb of Nelson and the remains of the Duke. In 1854 the coffin was moved down an inclined plane from the centre of the area to the middle of a square chamber about forty feet to the east (almost immediately under the entrance to the choir of the church), in which compartment of the crypt no interment had previously taken place.

Mr. Penrose, the architect attached to St. Paul's, prepared the tomb, the material of which, it was eventually decided, should be porphyry, from Luxalyan, in Cornwall, excessively beautiful and rich in colour. Singularly enough, this porphyry has never been found *in situ*, but strewed in huge boulder-stones over part of Cornwall. Pretty well all the big blocks, however, had been blasted away, as they occupied much space, and formed obstructions in the centre of fields and roads, with the exception of one noble boulder, which the people of the district regarded with almost superstitious veneration as the last of its kind—so much so that they would never allow it to be removed or broken. This huge block,

weighing upwards of seventy tons, was, by order of the Crown, destined to uses which saved it from the oblivion which has overtaken its fellows. It was wrought and polished by steam power at Luxalyan on the Treffry estates, and in the field wherein the huge porphyry boulder was found.

Amongst our oldest statues, one of the oddities of London is the effigy of George II, placed on the apex of the steeple of St. George's, Hart Street, Bloomsbury. It elicited the following epigram from Walpole:

> When Henry VIII left the Pope in the lurch,
> The people of England made him head of the Church,
> But George's good subjects—the Bloomsbury people—
> Instead of the Church, made him head of the steeple.

The father of the monarch just mentioned has now, I believe, no monument, though at one time mounted on a horse he lorded it in old Leicester Square.

This statue of George I was modelled by C. Buchard for the Duke of Chandos, and brought from Cannons in 1747, when it was purchased by the inhabitants of the square. It was finely gilt, and in 1812 was regilt. In later years, however, it fell into terrible disrepair, the horse losing a leg and its tail; indeed it became a sad object of derision, being occasionally smeared with coats of paint and subjected to other indignities. The square itself was in a shocking state till 1875, in which year it was com-

pletely enclosed with posts about twelve feet high. It was then reported that the square itself would be levelled, asphalt laid down, and the enclosure used as a drill-ground. The hoarding was made an extensive field for advertisements.

Eventually, however, Baron Grant stepped in, and to his liberality the public owe the present pleasant, if small, pleasure-ground.

There is no longer any tradition of English town architecture; the best proof of this is St. James's Street, which is now merely a collection of architectural samples, one of which was apparently designed in imitation of a child's toy castle.

Our best modern building, let it be remembered, is the Automobile Club in Pall Mall—the work of a Frenchman.

Whilst modern architects disfigure our old streets with their hideous and colossal constructions, the memory of a good many of the real architects of the past fades out of all recollection.

How many Londoners to-day know the name of James Gibbs, the builder of the dignified and stately St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (1722–1726)? Of a "rambling disposition," Gibbs, even as a youth, had a great genius for drawing, travelled in the "Low Countries," France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, also studying architecture under Carolo Fontana, Surveyor General to Pope Clement XI, and architect to St. Peter's at Rome. After his return to London he was patronized by John, second Duke of Argyll,

by the Earl of Mar, and by that great Englishman of small stature, Sir Christopher Wren.

Gibbs, besides building the Radcliffe Library at Oxford and the Senate House at Cambridge, was the architect of several London churches, including St. Peter's, Vere Street (last repaired and reseated 1881), at one time considered one of the most beautiful structures in the metropolis. Gibbs sleeps his last sleep in Old Marylebone Church, where a simple white marble tablet—a memorial of a scarcely sufficient importance to so great an architect—perpetuates his memory.

Like Wren, however, his best monument is his work; there is no one alive to-day who could produce any building so admirably designed as the fine church near Charing Cross.

A curious historical fact is, that on account of the Admiralty being in the parish of St. Martin's it used to be customary for naval victories to be first announced by the bells of this church. This edifice was completed in 1726. The expense of the erection was nearly £37,000. When completed the king gave one hundred guineas to be distributed among the workmen. According to an old legend, the truth of which I fear is very doubtful, the famous Nell Gwyn, who was interred in the burying-ground of this parish, where school children play to-day, left a sum of money to afford a weekly entertainment and a leg of mutton to the ringers of St. Martin's Church—the benefit of which they long enjoyed.

It seems a pity this old burying-ground has not been turfed and trees planted in it. Nothing is more attractive in London than oases of this sort, which enable one in certain parts of the City, for instance, to be at one moment in the midst of the roar and apparent confusion of an amazing street traffic, and in the next in the repose of a locality venerable with antiquity, and adorned with the trees and green patches of earth our ancestors loved so well.

Would that more old London buildings had been saved—many were demolished fifty or sixty years ago.

The feeling prevailing in mid-Victorian days as to old edifices may be gauged from the following, written in 1859, in connexion with a proposal to preserve the so-called palace of King John at Old Ford :

"It has been proposed to pull this old rookery down, and erect in its stead buildings more appropriate to the character and wants of the neighbourhood, for neither Stepney nor Stratford-le-Bow forms now any part of the court end of the town. But the lovers of the antique have taken the alarm, and an agitation has been commenced for the purpose of endeavouring to preserve this relic of the dark ages of our history for the admiration of two or three more generations. As a specimen of old English architecture it may be well worth preserving, but in this age economical considerations are the strongest, and we much question if it were found absolutely necessary to pull

down Westminster Abbey, whether any reverence for its antiquity would save it. Personally, we have no reverence for old blood-stained piles of stones, but if they can be preserved to art so much the better; if they cannot, we do not see why there should be lamentation over their removal."

In 1865 a number of "improvements," or what were deemed such, were carried out in various parts of London. Then it was that all the houses from Blackfriars' Bridge to Snow Hill on the one side of Bridge and Farringdon Streets were either pulled, or being pulled, down. The new station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway then raised its head above all the other buildings, and new luggage-stations were being erected in that once ancient site, Charterhouse Square. Above-ground and under-ground railways were being formed hither and thither. The Holborn Valley began to be filled up. The Thames Embankment was going rapidly on, and ancient landmarks were disappearing in every direction.

With many other interesting old buildings, down came the Old Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane. This, in old coaching days, was a great place, and even in the early Sixties had been used, more or less, for the warehousing of parcels to be dispatched to the country, or to be delivered in town. This house, being about to be pulled down, the person in charge of it gave notice of a number of parcels which were there, some of them for half a century, unclaimed.

Under the supervision of officers appointed for that purpose, many of the parcels were opened. Some contained articles of clothing, which looked peculiarly quaint when compared with the fashion of the present day. A large quantity of old-fashioned jewellery was found in two parcels, the intrinsic value of which was computed at between £700 and £800. The most valuable parcel had been there forty-five years, and was directed, "Mr. ——, to be left at the Bell Inn till called for."

After Lord Palmerston's death, Cambridge House was reported to be about to be pulled down in order to make way for a Roman Catholic chapel. Happily this fine mansion, for many years past the Naval and Military Club, was spared. Had a chapel been erected it would have added another chapter to the curious history of this site, which originally was occupied by an inn.

The present mansion has been known by the name of Egremont, Cholmondeley, and Cambridge House, from the names of its various tenants, previous to its occupancy by Lord Palmerston. One of its early noble tenants used to take his chops and spend his evenings at "the Glo'ster Coffee-house" when his lady had a rout. "He didn't care for such things," he said, "and liked to be quiet." The third Earl Cholmondeley acquired Houghton by marrying Sir Robert Walpole's only legitimate daughter. The son of the first Marquis Cholmondeley (Lord Malpas) embraced the Roman Catholic faith, was converted

from his conversion by the mother of the lady whom he afterwards married, and subsequently left the Established Church for the Wesleyan connexion. During the Cambridge occupation, Queen Victoria was leaving the house when she was assaulted by one of those deranged individuals who wish to call attention to some grievance.

If modern London builds itself hideous erections, it has at least the good taste to preserve its old public buildings. I was delighted to read a short time ago that there is a chance of Old Temple Bar being brought back from Theobald's Park, where for a considerable number of years it has served as a gate lodge.

How it was ever allowed to leave London, I cannot conceive, though, of course, in view of the vast increase of traffic it could scarcely have been allowed to remain in its original position.

Even in old days, when there were far fewer vehicles in the street, it constituted a serious obstruction, and many travellers late for their train muttered maledictions upon the time-worn archway which had involved them in a block.

What changes this old Bar has seen since the days when a ghastly show of rebel heads crowned its summit to the time of its removal in the Seventies of the last century!

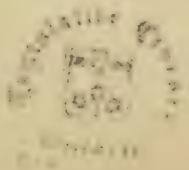
It had watched youth riding to be married, and age rumbling in its black caravan to the grave. Generation after generation has passed through it;

changing, shifting, succeeding one another with remorseless rapidity, as the sands of life ran out.

Considerable mystery always existed about the single room over the archway, with the yellow-paned dusty windows looking east and west. When Queen Victoria visited the City for the purpose of opening the Royal Exchange, and the ceremony of closing the Bar on the part of the City, and knocking at the rotten old portals on the part of the Court, was gone through, the Lord Mayor awaited the coming of the Royal procession "inside Temple Bar." At ordinary times, if report spoke truly, the old room was put to a more prosaic use, being utilized as a repository—a sort of gigantic stone safe—for the old ledgers of Messrs. Child, the bankers, who still have the old Bar engraved upon their cheques, though, of course, their original sign was a Marigold.

This pretty practice of every house having its sign or peculiar name is now almost obsolete; one, however, still flourishes as of yore—the sign of the three golden balls. This, indeed, is rather too familiar to those whose "money burns in their pockets." The usual explanation of this sign is that the "three balls were formerly the arms of Lombardy; Lombards came to England, and became the first bankers and money-lenders, consequently the Lombard arms are still used by money-lenders, *alias* pawnbrokers." So far so good; but how came the arms of Lombardy to consist of three golden balls, and what do they signify? Neither more nor less than three pills—





three gilded pills. The great and afterwards illustrious Lombard family of the Medici originally practised medicine, of which profession the three pills, boluses, or golden balls, were the sign.

Different districts were once affected by different professions. Craven Street, in the Strand, for instance, was remarkable for the number of lawyers residing there. Coal barges used frequently to be moored in the Thames, which flows not far away. On one occasion a dinner-party was given by one of the Arundel Street fraternity, and a gentleman present (not a lawyer), for the sake of eliciting some fun, wrote the following verse on a slip of paper and handed it to the president:

> In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
> And ten heavy coal barges are moored at its base,
> Fly, honest, fly! from this Craven retreat,
> For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

The sally succeeded to admiration; but it was immediately most cleverly matched by a lawyer present, who also handed the following witty reply to the president:

> Why should honesty fly from the great retreat
> Of the lawyers and barges, 'Od rot 'em,'
> When the lawyers are just at the top of the street,
> And the barges are just at the bottom?

On the 1st of November 1875, attorneys and proctors ceased to exist, both titles being merged in the Chancery appellation of solicitor. A suit became an action, "bill" and "declaration" alike disappeared, and became "statement of claim" or

'statement of complaint," for the draftsman of the Bill did not appear to have quite made up his mind on this point. The Judicature Commission recommended the continuance of the term "declaration." "Plea" and "answer" became "defence,' "replication" became "reply." "Demurrer" and "motion for new trial" both stood their ground; but bills of exceptions, proceedings in error, pleas in abatement, and new assignments disappeared for ever. No abatement, however, was made in the cost of going to law, and a visit to a solicitor still reduced a sovereign to thirteen and fourpence.

Most of the old houses near Temple Bar were inhabited by tradesmen, some of whom let lodgings. One of these houses used to be pointed out as having been the scene of a murder connected with remarkable circumstances, not the least remarkable of which was, the perpetrator being the last individual who was pressed to death, according to the ancient practice, for refusing to plead to the indictment that was preferred against him.

In the days when Temple Bar still stood, though business men had long given up living over their premises, in the City many of the palaces of the old merchant princes still survived, and though mostly transformed into counting-houses and chambers, retained many picturesque features. A very great proportion of the houses of the style prevailing between 1700 and 1800 were of dingy brick, though even then palatial edifices were gradually pushing them away.

A favourite residential quarter for well-to-do men "upon change," as the phrase ran, in old days was the Kennington and Newington roads leading to Brixton and Tulse Hill, who were then satisfied with cottages which would not suffice for the needs of the more luxurious stockbrokers of to-day.

About the Regent's Park dwelt middle-class London; whilst St. John's Wood, now fast becoming a staid and decorous neighbourhood, sheltered a mass of people who, with much euphemism, might have been styled Bohemian.

The Bloomsbury and Bedford Square district, built between 1790 and 1810, had lost most of its old-fashioned, solid respectability; the well-built houses, some of which are now once again regaining a well-deserved prestige, giving palpable evidence of having seen better days. The date when this quiet neighbourhood first began to enter upon a period of social decay was about 1828, when a great removal towards the West End set in. At the beginning of the nineteenth century much of the rank and fashion of the town lived there, as may be observed from the fine architecture of old houses in Great Ormond Street and Queen Square.

As London spread out into the country all sorts of strange villas were built. In 1856, for instance, an eccentric gentleman of fortune, named Saunders, took a fancy to build himself a house in the suburbs with stone from the fortifications of Sebastopol.

Going out to the Crimea in a small yacht he

himself procured the material wherewith to carry out his eccentric idea.

In those days some of the outlying districts, such as Norwood, were considered quite as health resorts.

As late as 1871, Brompton, lying low, was supposed to be a first-rate resort for consumptive people on account of its moist and warm air. Such an idea, of course, was exactly opposed to the teachings of modern science, which prescribes widely different conditions as being necessary for the cure of that white scourge—tuberculosis.

South Kensington, close by, only arose about 1854, when the once rural Chelsea was already becoming crowded with poor, living in miserable dwellings, nearly all of which have been swept away to make room for high-class residences.

Clapham and Hackney still contained fine villas and mansions, which were the abode of rich merchants, many of which class to-day are carried in luxurious motor-cars either to palatial mansions in the West End, or further afield right out of London.

Already, however, the fine old houses were falling before the pick. In 1873 was demolished the last remaining example of Sir Christopher Wren's work in Camberwell—an educational establishment; for years it had been celebrated as one of the foremost grammar schools in the country. This old mansion was identified with many interesting historical memories from the fact of it having at one time been the residence of Mrs. Thrale, and the family who

founded the great firm of Barclay, Perkins, and Co., when Dr. Johnson was a frequent visitor there.

My husband's father, the Honourable George Nevill, it seems curious to remember, had known Mrs. Thrale quite well; he lived at Godstone, not very far away, in a district which still remains comparatively rural.

The change in locomotion in my own lifetime is extraordinary. In my early childhood a coach travelled to Dalston three or four times daily; fare, 1s. outside; inside, 1s. 6d. A journey by coach to Gravesend cost 5s. or 7s. 6d. You might get there by boat for 2s. 6d., but the voyage occupied a very long time. Hackney, then a remarkably select neighbourhood, offered conveyances every half-hour at 1s. or 1s. 6d. The coach ran to Hampstead three times daily; fare, 2s. 6d. or 1s. 6d. Highgate was rather more difficult of access. Six journeys were performed between London (the City) and Islington daily; charge, 1s. or 1s. 6d. Margate was a long and costly journey by road; those who ventured on board a hoy travelled cheaper, but frequently at no small amount of physical suffering, especially from sea-sickness. There were several stages between Paddington and the Royal Exchange; the charge from 1s. 6d., but never under 1s. Most people of those days were capital pedestrians, and seldom troubled them. A modern omnibus holds from twenty-six to thirty persons, and is frequently crowded. These old-world vehicles would only accommodate at the most eight or

ten, and were seldom full. The canals about London, particularly the Grand Junction, were formerly constantly used by passengers ; to-day, anyone who spoke of travelling by canal-boat would be thought mad.

In connexion with the use canals were formerly put to the following paragraph, referring to the dispatch of troops from London to Ireland at a time of great excitement, is curious :

" The first division of the troops that are to proceed by Paddington Canal for Liverpool, and thence by transports for Dublin, will leave Paddington to-day, and will be followed by others to-morrow and on Sunday. By this mode of conveyance the men will be only seven days in reaching Liverpool, and with comparatively little fatigue ; and it would take them above fourteen days to march that distance. Relays of fresh horses for the canal-boats have been ordered to be in readiness at all the stations."

# CHAPTER XII

The frugal past—Rise and fall in prices—Tea, oysters, and sealskin—Before envelopes and postage stamps—Mulready—A curious craze—Foolscap—Priceless MSS. at £7 a ton—An astute collector—Gretna Green—Sir Henry Peyton's driving-whips—"Amadio" portraits—Pins and fancy ware—The White Lodge—Miss Braddon and her son—Tea-pots—Bomba dollars—Anecdotes—Eridge

LOOKING back upon past days, it is curious to remember how many of the small conveniences of life were unknown to a less luxurious generation. Things which are now taken as a matter of course were—such as night-lights when first placed on the market—considered a wonderful novelty.

Before they were invented a sort of candle set in a japanned tin cylinder pierced with holes was employed to give a dim light in the rooms of sick people, or of those who did not like sleeping in the dark. Some of these curious contrivances, which were not pretty, may now be occasionally found in old country curiosity shops, together with other relics of the domestic life of the past, such as old tea-caddies and the like. The best of these, besides two compartments for different kinds of tea, contain a glass sugar-basin.

In old days both black and green tea were used

together. At that time, when the tax was two shillings a pound, tea was, of course, expensive. Costing scarcely ever less than five shillings a pound, it was considered a luxury, and usually kept locked up in the aforesaid caddies, the more elaborate of which are now so highly prized by collectors. It is curious to reflect that whilst tea has gone down in price, oysters have come up. Formerly they were so cheap as to be within the reach of the poor, as may be realized from Dickens' remark "that Poverty and Oysters always seemed to go together." A very different state of affairs prevails to-day, when oysters cost about six times what they formerly did.

A number of other things which were once not in great request have, owing to an increased demand, become comparatively dear. A notable instance of this is "sealskin," which in the Forties of the last century was common enough. Boxes were covered with it, gloves and driving-rugs were made of it, costermongers and cabmen cut their caps from it. Then came a time when some cunning furrier discovered how to dye it a rich dark brown, and to give it that exquisite soft and downy texture which is its chief charm. At once ladies adopted the luxury. It was soon found that for cloaks, jackets, muffs, dainty little hats, collars, cuffs, bags, portmonnaies, for a thousand other articles of feminine use, it was the most delightful of all possible materials. The demand for it increased with a rapidity almost marvellous, and the fashion, instead of wearing itself

out, if anything steadily increased. Indeed, the best Alaska sealskins, like the furs of the sable, the silver fox, and the Russian sea otter, began to command an altogether fancy price, and a handsome jacket of close texture and uniform colour, with no white hairs to break the continuation of its tint, in time fetched as many guineas as five-and-twenty years before it would have fetched half-crowns. The result of the popularity of sealskin is, I believe, that now only severe measures preserve seals from extermination.

Some of our modern necessities are quite of recent origin. For instance, envelopes as we now know them date only from the time of the Exhibition of 1851, when the "envelope-folding machine" was first brought out. Originally it was laid down in the postal regulations that a letter must be on one single sheet of paper without an enclosure of any kind; and if even a slip was inserted, double postage had to be paid. Before the time of envelopes, of course, letters were folded in a special way and secured either with sealing-wax or wafers, the latter of which are now more or less obsolete.

In old days, it should be added, wafers were in general use for closing letters, but sealing-wax eventually caused their disappearance. In connexion with this one recalls the story of the village school puzzling over the word "waif."

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck a bright-eyed little fellow, and he burst out with: "I can conjugate

it. Positive, waif; comparative, wafer; superlative, sealing-wax."

I remember the introduction of postage stamps, and the opposition which was aroused at the necessity for wetting them.

The agitation against the servants' clause of the Insurance Bill in some degree revived the anti-stamp-licking outcry which was heard at that time. In spite of this, however, it is curious to note, the public from the very first always showed a strong preference for adhesive stamps over the ready-stamped envelopes which Rowland Hill himself was of opinion would be the most used. At the present day, ready-stamped envelopes, except for business purposes, are little used.

It seems a pity that the design of the beautiful Mulready envelope, now so scarce, has not been revived. I am certain it would attain considerable popularity at the present time, when artistic accessaries are more appreciated than when it was brought out.

William Mulready, R.A., was a self-made man, and the history of his early life is particularly interest- and instructive. Such a history was published so long ago as 1805. It was dedicated by Mulready himself to Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," and is illustrated with engravings from sketches made by the artist in his boyhood. It is now, of course, rare, for only one edition of the volume in question ever appeared. Its title is as follows: "The Looking-glass: a True History of the Early Years of an Artist, calculated to awaken the Emulation of Young

Persons of both Sexes in the Pursuit of every Laudable Attainment, particularly in the Cultivation of the Fine Arts. By Theophilus Marcliffe."

The worst stamps this country has ever had were, without doubt, the first issue of our present King George V. In these, for the first time, the design of the head has not been engraved. This, it is said, has been done in order to save money, though why a Government which squanders millions on all sorts of Utopian fads should grudge a few thousands in such a case, it is difficult to understand.

The firm which formerly made our stamps now no longer does so, another firm, which I believe does the work for less money, having taken its place. It has sometimes been whispered amongst malicious Tories that economy was not the sole reason which prompted this change, the old firm of stamp-makers being Conservative, whilst the new is noted for its advanced political convictions.

Be this as it may, the result has been that England has now the very worst and most inartistic stamps of any country in the world. Which is the more curious and regrettable, considering that the King himself is a discriminating philatelist, owning a fine collection.

At various times all sorts of objections have been taken to postage stamps, the colouring of which some have declared to be poisonous. This, however, has been officially denied in the House of Commons, where that ardent teetotaller, the late Sir Wilfrid

Lawson, once asked a question with reference to whether any alcoholic spirit was used in the preparation of the adhesive material on the back of stamps. The reply, it is hardly needful to say, was in the negative.

There used to be a craze for collecting used postage stamps, all sorts of erroneous ideas being prevalent as to the value of a million of them. An old Frenchman once papered the whole of a large room with stamps artistically arranged so as to represent forms. One piece represented the First Napoleon, life-size, the various coloured postage stamps being used to represent the proper tints. On another panel of the wall the Marseillaise was given, music, words, and all being composed of stamps. There was another apartment in this old oddity's house garnished entirely with cigars, which were glued to the wall in various grotesque patterns. A cartoon, so to speak, of these, portrayed the Prince of Darkness pulling at an immense meerschaum pipe—the latter being a genuine and very valuable article, split in two and glued to the wall so as to be in relief.

An idea was once prevalent that anyone having collected a million used stamps was entitled to obtain the admission of a child into some charitable home, the exact name of which, I may add, never transpired. Needless to say, this was an entire fiction. No number of old postage stamps, not even a hundred millions, was ever able to procure the admission of a

child into any charitable institution. Nevertheless, it would be curious to know how the idea arose.

For a more tangible reason—in order to sell it to paper manufacturers, poor people used to collect scraps of waste paper; and I suppose some do so still.

Every kind was welcome to them, old letters or foolscap, but not, of course, newspapers or printed matter.

I wonder how many people have any idea of what "foolscap" paper really is, or know how it came to bear this singular name. When Charles I found his revenue short, he granted certain privileges with a view to recruit them, amounting to monopolies; and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain individuals, who grew rich, whilst at the same time enriching the government, at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water marks the Royal arms. The Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, as an indignity to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the Royal arms be removed from the paper and the "fool's cap and bells" substituted. These, in their turn, were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament journal still bears the name of "foolscap."

Those who collect waste paper to sell to be made up into pulp often come across curious old letters, and, in some cases, very rare and interesting documents

have been sold to second-hand book shops, where even to-day "finds" are sometimes to be made.

In the middle of the last century little attempt had been made to classify or arrange the ancient documents connected with our national history, and all sorts of curious notions prevailed as to where they were stored. One of the most fantastic was an idea that the most precious and oldest archives of France were contained in the Tower of London, whither they had been carried by the British invaders of France in the Middle Ages. Eventually, a most careful search having been made in the Tower, nothing of any importance was discovered.

As a matter of fact, the old archives of France were, for the most part, up to the time of the great Revolution, preserved in monasteries.

Many valuable old documents were disposed of by Government offices in the last century.

"A fishmonger named Jay bought paper of Somerset House at £7 a ton in 1840. The paper included valuable official documents, containing the signature of Henry V, an autograph letter of Cardinal Wolsey, and a manuscript of Edward I."

Knowing the methods which, at that time, prevailed, a certain number of collectors made a practice of periodically visiting waste-paper dealers. In the Sixties, one of these students of the past had a rare find.

Strolling by chance into a waste-paper dealer's shop, he perceived an old bundle of letters addressed

to a fashionable West End jeweller, and bought the parcel for a few shillings. On the parcel being sent home, he discovered, amongst many others, several letters from Count d'Orsay and Lady Blessington on topics of art and taste; two letters from the great Duke of Wellington, written in connexion with debts contracted by his nephew (William Pole Wellesley) at Eton; ten letters from a former Speaker of the House of Commons to his solicitor, requesting a loan of £100 in order to enable him to pay his hotel bill at the Clarendon. In addition to these, there was a series of letters from Sir John Conroy, written early in the year 1837, at the command of the Duchess of Kent and of Her Majesty, then Princess Victoria, giving instructions to the jeweller as to the size, prices, designs, and inscriptions on the various trinkets presented by the mother to her daughter, and by the Royal daughter to her mother.

Only a short time ago Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, the donor of the collection of old London prints now in the London Museum at Kensington Palace (an indefatigable collector, as may be gathered from his interesting work, "The Bargain Book"), picked up for a few shillings near Basingstoke a very interesting batch of old letters intimately connected with the history of the University of Oxford during the earlier part of the last century. Many of these were from celebrities like the great Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and others, to the Vice-Chancellor and the heads of Colleges. So important

did this correspondence, which for years had lain unnoticed in an old box, prove, that an expert declared that its value was some four hundred times that of the sum—ten shillings—which Mr. Jerningham had paid for it.

The collection of old documents and letters, indeed, is a field well worth investigation, besides being more interesting than many of the other manias of the sort which are intermittently popular.

Very curious, for instance, must be the old registers of Gretna Green, which a short while ago, I believe, were sold at auction. The successor of the original blacksmith who riveted so many matrimonial chains in the old days of runaway matches died only in 1861. Mr. John Murray was his name. During the period in which he had assumed the mantle of the son of Vulcan he drove a brisk trade in making happy or miserable, as the case might be, many hundreds of couples who sought his kind offices. In his day, Mr. Murray, like his predecessor, must have played a leading part in many a stirring chapter of romance, and must often have been obliged to do some quick work to get through with even his own special short "ceremony" before the fugitive lovers were overtaken by some carriage and four that had rattled behind them for many a mile, bringing their storming friends in hot pursuit. After a residence of many days had become essential to the legality of the ceremony, Mr. Murray had a quieter life, but still his many-leaved registers kept filling up, and

he had a good many customers who kept up the traditionary character of Gretna Green in its halcyon days.

Relics of the great men of the past have long been in high favour, and numbers are ready to pay good prices for them: the authenticity of many, however, is scarcely above question. It used to be said that Old Sharp, the celebrated maker of articles from the Shakespeare "Mulberry-tree," of which as many were sold as would have taken almost a small forest to supply, used, when disposing of a curious article, to place his hand upon a piece of the real tree, which was affixed to his bench, and say, "I solemnly swear that I hold in my hand a portion of the tree which Shakespeare himself planted." This trick succeeded admirably, and Old Sharp died very rich; but on his death-bed he confessed that he had deceived thousands.

At present there is a great craze for the autographs of celebrated men. The signature of Napoleon set in an appropriate frame is especially popular, and often costs several pounds. From the way he wrote his name the Emperor seems always to have been in a hurry. He was, I believe, a marvellously quick writer, and could dash off a dozen or so of pages in an incredibly short time; unfortunately, however, each page consisted of eight blots and a spatter. Not inappropriately, perhaps, some of his letters seem to have been scattered by the explosion of a bomb-shell; they are knocked into cocked hats and smashed beetles.

Every sort of thing has been collected, including visiting cards—those pieces of pasteboard which a wit once defined as unsociable emblems left by people to show their delight at having found you out.

Cards of something the same sort as visiting cards oddly enough originated the word "etiquette," which in French merely means a ticket or card. It appears that in former times it was the custom in France, on occasions of ceremony or festivity, to distribute among the guests, tickets, or small slips of paper, containing an outline of the proceedings, and directions for the conduct of the company. Thus, if a thing was done properly, it was said to be done according to the ticket, or the "etiquette." In course of time the word acquired its present general meaning, and was adopted into the English language.

One of the most curious collections was one of driving-whips formed by old Sir Henry Peyton of Dodington, whose brother was a great friend of mine. Sir Henry had got together a wonderful number, the majority of which had been given to him by various celebrities. Among them was George IV, who as a young man was one of the best coachmen of his day.

About 1858, Mr. Amadio produced a novelty in photography in the shape of microscopic portraits of eminent persons. A great craze arose for acquiring a complete collection. The portraits in question were generally contained in a little single ivory opera-glass

with a magnifying lens, for they were all but invisible to the "naked eye." A half-dozen of them might be contained in a finger-ring of the ordinary "signet" size.

Queen Victoria, I believe, had in a single ring a gallery of family portraits, each a mere photographic speck; but, under the magnifying glass, displaying the finish and all the delicacy of a large portrait.

Perhaps the oddest craze of all was Queen Adelaide's mania concerning pins; she never lost one without being seriously concerned, and would have it searched for for hours.

A great subject of speculation with this Royal lady was, what had become of the millions of pins which had disappeared; the very thought of their fate gave her pain.

In those days, pin-cushions occupied a far more important place on ladies' toilet-tables than is now the case, and those belonging to the Queen Dowager were elaborately decorated with devices and designs formed of pins stuck in quite an artistic manner. Their Royal owner knew all these by heart, and when she wanted to use a pin would instruct her maid to take it from some particular curve, point, or row, at the same time giving the strictest orders that it should later be replaced in exactly the same place.

It must be remembered that, though pins were then in general use, they were thought more of than is the case to-day—indeed, at one time they had been considered a great luxury, and the maker was not

allowed to sell them in an open shop except on two days in the year, at the beginning of January. At this time husbands gave their wives money to buy a few pins. Thus money allowed to a wife for her own private expenses is still called pin-money.

Originally, before the invention of pins in 1543, skewers made of wood, bone, and ivory were used to fasten ladies' dresses.

During the mid-Victorian period a craze prevailed for all sorts of fancy wares and woodwork, the making of which largely conduced to the prosperity of certain towns.

Tunbridge Wells and, in a lesser degree, Brighton were once quite celebrated for a special industry of painted woodwork: pretty old boxes of painted hollywood, sycamore, and chestnut hand-screens embellished with flowers.

At a very early date painting on wood—at first hollywood, then sycamore and chestnut, was a peculiar industry of a certain number of the population of Tunbridge Wells, from which the art eventually spread to Brighton. The quaint old boxes and hand-screens, embellished with flowers painted in an artistic style upon white wood, have for a long time past begun to be prized by the increasing number of minor collectors who, unable to afford the huge prices demanded by curiosity dealers for fine eighteenth-century curios, specialize in less costly trifles. As far back as 1720 plain articles had been manufactured at Tunbridge Wells, whilst at a later era ornamental

designs were burnt into the wood—the flower painting came last of all. The Tunbridge Wells mosaic work seems first to have made its appearance about 1797. A certain Mr. Burrows was the first maker of such ware. He, however, employed only a few woods, whilst his designs were merely cubes and diamonds pieced together in imitation of mosaic, every piece by itself. The original idea of Tunbridge ware, it should be added, appears to have been taken from the glass and stone mosaics which once enjoyed such a vogue in Italy. Indeed, it is said that an Italian mosaic maker having come to Tunbridge Wells as a refugee, and plied his art rather secretly upon Rusthall Common, he was watched through the roof by some of the natives, whom he eventually allowed to learn all he knew.

Scattered up and down England are a number of interesting relics which are now carefully preserved. Amongst them not the least interesting, I think, are certain old tables, like that, still in existence, at which the three beautiful Ladies Waldegrave were painted. Another small historical table was one formerly at the White Lodge. Upon this, in an after-dinner conversation, whilst taking wine with Lord Sidmouth, and shortly before resuming his command of the noble fleet which achieved the ever-memorable victory of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson traced with his finger his plan of attack, and the manner in which he proposed to break the enemy's line.

Here also formerly, amongst the pictures in the

drawing-room, were portraits of George III on horseback and Queen Charlotte, which had been presented to that nobleman by the King. A picture representing an inspection by His Majesty of the Tenth Hussars, or Prince of Wales's Regiment, was copied from the original, by Sir William Beechey, at Hampton Court; but with the remarkable omission of the figure of the Prince, which was left out by the order of the King, who thus testified his then displeasure against his son.

In connexion with the subject of the White Lodge, few probably know that a very curious old custom formerly prevailed at Richmond close by; this was "Borough English," by which, in the event of the father dying intestate, lands descend to the youngest son; or in default of heirs male, to the youngest daughter. Richmond, in spite of the increase of houses and villas, is still a charming place.

The magnificence of the view from the hill is of world-wide fame. The manifold forms of beauty which its verdant landscape embraces—a vast "sea of verdure," as Scott has called it—the ever-shifting scenery of its sky, the faint tints of the distant hills —Windsor, with its Royal towers—Hampton, with its stately avenues, suggesting, while they conceal, the palace of the great Cardinal—all conspire to produce an impression which is not to be readily effaced.

No wonder that of late the many amenities

of Richmond have attracted a number of clever people, like my dear friends Miss Braddon and her son, Mr. Maxwell, who inherits much of his mother's literary talent.

A curious phase of collecting which once attracted me was the accumulation of numbers of teapots of varying material and make.

I believe the largest collection of this sort known was that of a Mrs. Hawes, who died some forty years ago, and who bequeathed three hundred specimens to her daughter. Among them were several formerly belonging to Queen Charlotte.

George IV had a large assembly of teapots—tea was not much in his way, by the by—piled in pyramids in the Pavilion at Brighton; and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was also a collector of teapots, each of which possessed some traditionary interest.

Liverpool produced two historic teapots, one of which was dedicated to the Earl of Derby, printed in "Liverpool transfer," with the Stanley crest and the following inscription: "Good health and success to the Right Honourable the Earl of Derby.

"Long may he live,
Happy may he be,
Blest with content,
And from misfortune free."

The second famous Liverpool teapot was dedicated to John Wesley, and was decorated with his portrait. A specimen of this Wesley teapot may be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Another Wesley teapot, upon which are his portrait and acrostic lines in his praise, was made in the Staffordshire potteries. Liverpool pottery, however, was not always dedicated to such noble persons or objects. One fine specimen, covered with ships and trophies, bears the inscription, "Success to the African Trade," a euphuistic expression for speculating in slaves.

A more graceful subject for the collector's attention, perhaps, was collecting old bells. My friend Lady Waldegrave had some very interesting ones, the best of which were three of silver-gilt which she bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum. They were all of different designs and of historical interest, having been appended to canopies used at the coronations of George II, George III, and George IV. These canopies were borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports, in accordance with an immemorial custom. The first husband of Lady Waldegrave (Mr. Milward) had been one of the barons, and it was through him that the bells came into the possession of the testatrix.

In the days when King Bomba ruled at Naples, I remember there arose a craze for what were called Bomba dollars, which must now be very rare.

One of this wretched ruler's favourite arguments with his subjects consisted in firing on them and throwing bombs into their streets, and therefore he was called after his chosen engines of destruction. In Sicily they adopted an ingenious mode of spreading

this title of derision far and near. A punching stamp was made with the word Bomba inscribed, and a man was employed, whose labour it was all day to impress the name gratuitously across the king's head on the dollars which the people brought to him, so that in a short time the satirical appellation of His Majesty circulated everywhere on his own coin. This annoyed him so much that all such pieces were suppressed, and a Bomba dollar was soon difficult to find.

Bomba always went about with an extravagantly dressed suite. One day when a flagship was lying in the Bay of Naples, she was honoured by a visit from the King and the Royal family, with suite, who came out in gilded barges and full parade of Royalty. The ship was dressed from deck to truck in holiday attire; the marines presented arms, the guns thundered forth a Royal salute, and the commander welcomed his guests to the quarter-deck with the politeness befitting an officer of rank. One of the suite, a spindle-shanked and gaudily attired Neapolitan, strayed away from the party, and cruising about midships, espied a wind-sail fully expanded by the air. Such an object he had never seen before, and so, taking it for a pillar, and folding his arms, he leaned against it, when it yielded to his weight, and he disappeared below, heels over head, with a velocity quite as astounding as was his escape from injury. The mishap chanced to have only one witness; this was a veteran tar, who, approaching

the quarter-deck and touching his hat, said respectfully, "I beg pardon, commodore, but one of them 'ere kings has fallen down the hatchway."

Though scarcely anyone now remembers King Bomba, or would wish to collect anything connected with him, objects which have belonged to other monarchs and rulers, mostly on account of sentimental reasons, generally fetch large prices.

The rise which has taken place in the price of everything connected with the career of Napoleon is most remarkable.

In October 1858, Messrs. Debenham and Storr offered for sale at their rooms a curious old military treasure-chest, once the property of the Great Emperor, which had been left at Acre after the siege. There was very little competition, and the "lot" was knocked down for £7 only.

At the present day the signature of the first Napoleon to even an official document is of value, as much as five or six pounds being sometimes given for the curious cramped hieroglyphics which he must have scrawled on thousands of documents. In these days the collector of small means is a good deal handicapped owing to the eagerness of wealthy and often, I am afraid, indiscriminating people to purchase curios at no matter what price. It is they who have sent up old furniture, pictures, and the like to their present very high price.

In a less ambitious sphere, however, a number of fields are open to the small collector. Coloured illus-

trations, for instance, from old books when framed are often very agreeable to the eye, besides which many of those representing cities and places possess great topographical interest. Good county collections can easily be formed in this manner; needless to say, however, only prints from already damaged books should be used, for it is barbarous to cut up a fine old volume for the sake of extracting its illustrations.

Some local prints are exceedingly characteristic and interesting; especially so is one of Tunbridge Wells in 1748—an illustration to one of Richardson's works, I think. The copy I possess I picked up attached to a few torn pages in an old bookshop.

Some time ago I missed an opportunity of acquiring the original drawing by Loggan—this was eventually purchased, I think, by that indefatigable collector, the late Mr. Montague Guest, and I suppose was sold at the sale which took place after his death, though I do not recollect seeing any mention of it.

Logan, or Loggan, whose portrait is introduced, was a fan-painter who for some years kept a shop at the south end of the Walks. He was an odd, diminutive figure, who had been pet dwarf, I believe, to the Prince and Princess of Wales. From his window at the Wells he could view the company, with the result that he got into the habit of delineating on his fans, so as to be immediately recognized, such remarkable characters as appeared amongst the groups. An honest and ingenious man, his character, good sense, jokes, and repartees were

ERIDGE CASTLE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

FROM A SCARCE LITHOGRAPH

long remembered at the Hot Wells, Bristol, where he afterwards lived, and where he died much respected.

The history of Tunbridge Wells is curious. By the dissipations of fashionable life, Dudley, third Lord North, a distinguished person at the Court of James I, had greatly debilitated his constitution. Change of air was prescribed by his physicians as the only mode of re-establishing his health. Accordingly, in 1606, at the age of twenty-five, he found a temporary retreat at Eridge House, now Eridge Castle, the residence of my dear cousin Lord Abergavenny. It was then, however, a mere sporting lodge, a great part of the ancient mansion having fallen into decay since Queen Elizabeth on her progress through Sussex had stayed there and shot a buck in the park.

Though Eridge was most romantically situated in a wild and beautiful country, the lack of human intercourse and the seclusion palled upon Lord North, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, he soon determined to return to London. Almost at the commencement of his journey—for Eridge House is only about two miles from Tunbridge Wells—in passing through a wood he observed some water on the surface of which floated a shining mineral scum, and at the bottom appeared a pecipitate of ochreous particles. Tasting this water, he found it ferruginous; and believing that it contained medicinal virtues, he directed some of it to be conveyed to London, where he consulted his

physicians on its properties. In due course they submitted the water to such chemical tests as were then in use; and, having been satisfied of its virtues, advised their noble patient to give it a trial. Acting upon this advice, Lord North returned to Eridge House in the ensuing spring; remained there three months, drinking the water, and aiding its effect by air and exercise; and, at the expiration of that term, he became a stouter, stronger, healthier man than ever; the best proof of which is, that he lived till the year 1666, and then died at the age of eighty-five.

Lord North was not slow in promulgating his discovery, the effects of which were extensively promoted by the Lord Abergavenny of that day, on the borders of whose estate the water had its rise. He ordered the ground about the springs to be cleared from the surrounding rubbish, and sent for an expert from London, with whose assistance he distinguished the two principal of seven several springs. Wells were then sunk, a stone pavement laid round, and the whole enclosed with wooden rails in a triangular form.

As a result of the growth of the town of Tunbridge Wells, Lord Abergavenny's estate greatly improved in value, with the result that eventually, in 1787, the old house at Eridge was enlarged, and more or less rebuilt in the Strawberry Hill Gothic style. The quaint old print reproduced shows Eridge Castle as it was about 1812. The little boy playing in front, Master Reginald Nevill, afterwards became my husband.

# INDEX


Abergavenny, Lord, 333, 334
Abernethy, Doctor, 4
Actors and actresses, 246; privileges formerly enjoyed by former at Drury Lane, 225, 226; social position at present day, 226
Adelaide, Queen, her mania for collecting pins, 324
"Admirable Crichton," origin of the expression, 202, 203
Albert Memorial, the, 295
Alexander, Sir George, 226
*Allée verte*, the new, 289
Amadio, Mr., his miscroscopic portraits, 323, 324
Americans, their social domination in modern days, 153; effects of marriages with, 153; bad habit of women, 153
Anglesey, Lord, 175
Anson, Mr., 121
Aristocracy in old days, 200, 201, 209–13
Armadale, Lord, anecdote of his son, 233
Asquith, Mr., 126
Atkyns, Mrs., 225
Automobile Club, the, 299

Balaclava, 25
Balfour, Mr., 83, 90
Bancroft, Sir Squire and Lady, 226
Baring Brothers, 24
,, Sir Alexander, 23
Barriers, unnecessary at coronation, 207, 208
Bass, Mr. Michael, promotes legislation against street music, 264–6
Beaconsfield, Lord, his methods, 88, 89, 90; appearance as a young man, 178, 185, 221
Beauchamp, Lord, 290
Bees, superstitions connected with, 240
Begging letter, a curious, 273–6
,, ,, writers, 273
Belgians, late King of, his reply to a Socialist, 210, 211
Benson, Mr., 121
Beppo, a Neapolitan cook, his curious *consommé*, 71
Béranger, 111, 112
Berkeley Square, 172, 173, 293
Bessborough, Lord, saves "Punch," 262
Biscuits, "Threadneedle-Street," 38
Blackfriars Bridge, reference to Free Trade in inscription upon, 279, 280
Blessington, Lady, 16
Board Schools, 98
"Bomba dollars," 329, 330
Bomba, King, anecdotes of, 71; of one of his suite, 330
Braddon, Miss, 328
Bradford, the late Sir Edward, 270
Braintree, 281
Brougham, Lord, 118
Brown, Mrs., and her fountain, 294
Browne, Mr. Rawdon, 202
Brummell, remark of, 177
Buckingham Palace, 289
"Bucks," a curious old house, 241, 242
Budget, 36
Burdett-Coutts, the late Baroness, 232

Cambridge House, its various names, 303
Campbell, Sir Colin, his views about the Victoria Cross, 26
Canning, 119, 147, 264
Cardigan, Lord, 233
Carlisle, Lord, 176
Carlyle, 2; letter from, 16, 17, 266
Carnegie, Mr. Andrew, 169
Castalia, the, 31
Castiglione, Madame de, her silence, 146
Cats, curious refuge for, 59
Chamberlain, Mr. Joseph, remark of, 51
Changes in the conveniences of daily life, 312–5

Chartists, 107, 108
Chatterton, Lady, 2
Church services abolished in 1859, 249
Churchill, Mr. Winston, 116
Churston, Lord, 7
Clarence, Duke of, story concerning, 54
Clergymen's dress, its origin, 250
Cochrane, Sir John, 231; his life saved by his daughter Grizzle, 231, 232
Collet, Louise, 111
Compliment, a pretty, 70
Constancy, instance of matchless, 67
Conversation, 146
Cornwall, Sir John, 158
Coronation of King George V, experiences of authoress during, 207, 208
Country gentry, their life, 243, 247
,, -house life, then and now, 236, 237
,, parsons of old days, anecdotes, 250, 251
Cowley, Lord, 180
Crimean Campaign, 25
"Curly Days," the, 186
Curtsey, the obsolete, 99
Curzon, Lord, his public spirit, 246

Dandies of old days, 185–9
Dangstein, 241
d'Aumale, Duc, on Henri IV, 205
Derby, Earl of, 228
Devonshire, Dukes of, custom in family of, 196
,, the late Duke of, his advice on a certain occasion, 126
Dickens, 2, 16, 20, 239, 266; his remark concerning poverty, 313
Disraeli, Mr., 11
d'Orsay, Count, 186

Education, 101
,, Act, the, 100
Edward VII, King, 205; his knowledge of life and high qualities, 206; social influence, proposed memorial, 289
Ellenborough, Lord, 127
Elsler, Fanny, 78
Eridge Castle, 333, 334
Essex, fifth Countess of, 228
Esterhazy, Prince Paul, 187
Exeter, tenth Earl, his romantic marriage to a miller's daughter, 229–31

Factory system, the, 102
Fancy ware and woodwork, 325
Farren, Miss, 228
Fashion, 167–9
Fauveau, Mademoiselle de, 142, 143
Finderne family, 224
Fitzwilliam, Lord, anecdote of, 213, 214
"Foolscap," 318

Gambier, Lord, 2
Gardening, "intensive," 257
Garvin, Mr., 13
George V, King, 31, 206, 208
German band, ingenious method of routing, 267
Gibbs, James, great London architect, 299, 300
Gilbert, the late Sir William, his criticism of suffragettes, 133
Gladstone, Mr., 90, 91; his reply to a correspondent, 123; his recollection of past days, 281
Gordon, Duchess of, 215
Gould, Sir F. Carruthers, 13, 14
Government offices, entrance into in the past, 191, 192; sleepy methods in, 192, 193
"Great Eastern," the, anecdote concerning, 30, 31
Greenwood, Mr., 13
Gretna Green, 321
Groves, Mrs., refuses to pay toll, 40
Guest, the late Mr. Montague, 332

Halsbury, Lord, 123; his fearless British pluck, 127
Hanbury Church and its bells, 248
Harrison, Mr. Frederic, 108, 133
Hatchard, Messrs., artistic modern shop-front of, 239
Hawes, Mrs., her collection of teapots, 328
Henry, Sir Edward, 270
Hertford, Lord (Thackeray's Lord Steyne), the writer's remembrance of, 196
,, fourth Marquis of, 196, 197
,, fifth Marquis, 199
Home Rule, 109
House of Commons, 119, 124
,, ,, Lords, 118, 124, 125, 127
Hudson, Mr., 6, 7
Huguenots, descendants of French, in Shoreditch, 280; vicissitudes of, 280, 281
Hume, John William, an impostor, 61, 62
Hyde Park, then and now, 174–6

Hyndman, Mr. H. M., 81, 82

Iddesleigh, Lord, his classical knowledge, 118
Impostors, 271, 272
"Improvements," 302, 303
Inge, Dr., 112
Inns of the past, bad accommodation at, 63, 64
Irving, Sir Henry, 226
Ismail, the Khedive, anecdote of, 24

Jackson and Graham, 286
Jerningham, Mr. Charles Edward, writer and collector, 320
"John-Bullism," 149, 150
Joinville, Prince de, anecdote of, 52, 53

Keepsake, the, 16
Kendal, Mr. and Mrs., 226
Kenyon, Lord, 185
King's Messengers in old days, 192, 193

Ladies and gentlemen, 144
Lances of the "gallant six hundred," where kept, 25
Layard, Sir Henry, 110
Leech, John, disturbed by street music, 265, 266
Legal charges, 306, 307
Lemanns (biscuit makers), 39
Lemon, Mark, his letter concerning street music, 265, 266
Lighting, 10
Literature, demoralizing, 17–20
Lloyd George, Mr., 104, 105, 108, 117
Locock, Sir Charles, 175
Locomotion, changes in, 310, 311
London fountains, 293, 294
,, Hospital, 283; its excellent work and history, 283, 284
London in old days, its fogs and amusements, 259; improved locomotion, 260, 261; street venders and cries, 261
,, modern, 285; its architecture, 285, 286
London Police in early days and now, 268–70
Long, Sir Charles, 176
Louis Napoleon, Prince, anecdotes concerning, 179–82
Lowe, Mr. (Lord Sherbrooke), 117
Lückes, Miss, 283
Lucy, Sir Henry, 15
Ludlow, peculiar custom at, 241
Luther, 250
Luxury, 165, 166
Lytton, the late Lord, his criticism of parliamentary life, 121

Malakoff, Duc de, his telegram to Napoleon III, 182
Mackenzie, Duncan, the last of the original Gordon Highlanders, 215
Malmesbury, Lord, 194
Manners, Lord John, 16
Manners, old and new, 144–69
Marriages of actresses to the aristocracy, 226–9
Mary, Queen, her interest in fabrics of English manufacture, 282
Maxwell, Mr. (author), 328
Mayfair in old days, 172, 173
Mayne, Sir Richard, 264, 269
Medical men, anecdotes of, 4, 5
Meux, Sir Henry, 156
Michelham, Lord, 296; statue of his son Herman, 296
Miller, William, 44
Minerva Press, the, 17
Mitchell's library, 186, 260
Montagu, Lady, 268
Morier, Sir Robert, anecdote of, 49; his characteristics, 50, 51
Morny, Duc de, 146; anecdote concerning, 159, 160, 179
Mulready, R.A., William, 315, 316
Munich, 67
Murray Scott, the late Sir John, 199, 200

Napoleon's autograph, 322, 331
Nelson's tomb, 296, 297
Nevill, the Honourable George, 310
,, Reginald, 334
Newman, Antony King, 17
Nightingale, Miss Florence, 142
Nonconformists, 249, 253
North, Lord, 333, 334
Northumberland, Duke of, 164
,, House, 291, 292
*Nouveaux riches*, 157, 159; anecdote of, 159–164

Ogilby, a French Huguenot family which originally came from Scotland, 280, 281
Oldfield, Mrs., ancestress of writer, 226
Orford, Earl of (brother of the writer), 221; his epitaph, 222; erects memorial to his mother, 242
Organ-grinders, 262, 263
Osborne, Bernal, Mr., 147
Osborne Jay, the Reverend, 280; his admirable work in Shoreditch, 282

Outram, Mr., 42
,, Sir James, 42

Paley, Archdeacon, reply of, 244
Palgrave, Sir Reginald, 13
"Pall Mall Gazette," 12
Palmer, 116
Palmerston, Lord, 43, 44, 48; anecdote of, 115, 116, 185, 303
Pareti, a Neapolitan postmaster, 72, 73
Parliament Bill, 124
Paxton, Sir Joseph, 292, 293
Peel, Sir Robert, 197
Penrhyn, Lady, her eccentric bequest, 215
Penrose, Mr., the architect, 297
Peyton, Sir Henry, his collection of driving whips, 323
Piano-organs, an indignant supporter of, 267
Pio Nono, anecdote of, 78
Power, Miss, 16
Proudhon, the ultra-Socialist, 97, 98
"Punch," 14, 15
"Purchase," 232, 233

Queensberry, the fifth Duchess of, anecdote, 214
"Quizzes," 165

Rachel, 111
Radical Party, the, 83; its zeal, 84
Radicals, rich and luxurious, 104
Railway travelling, early days of, 42, 43
Rebow, Lieutenant Gurdon, 22
Reform Bill (Great), 119
,, ,, of 1867, 127
Redgrave, Miss Eliza, 65, 74
"Restoration" mania, 246–9
Ribblesdale, Lord, 123
Richmond, 327
,, Duke of, 107
Roberts, Lord, 234
Roebuck, Mr., 254
Rogate, 241
Rothschild, Baron James de, his generosity, 273
,, Lord, astute remark of, 170
Rotten Row in the past, 173, 174
Royston, Lord, his marriage, 57
Rustics of the past, anecdotes, 254, 255, 256

Sandham, Colonel, remits a soldier's punishment, 234
Sandys, Mr. Frederick, the artist, 108
Scott, Sir Gilbert, 295
Scribe, M., his strange taste in house decoration, 287
Shah, his remark concerning Anglo-Saxon husbands, 137
Sheridan, General, 24
Shop-fronts, old, 239
Siam, letter from King of, 47
Sibthorp, Colonel, saves trees in 1851, 292, 293
Signboards, 305, 306
Socialism, 106
Society, 5; its bad bargain with the *nouveaux riches*, 157
Somerset, the Duchess of, 214
Sontag, Madame, anecdote concerning, 58, 59
Spender, Mr., 13
Spitalfields weavers and their history, 280–2
Sport, its increase, 8, 9
Spurgeon, the late Mr., his dislike of pulpits, 252
Stalls of theatres, increase in price of, 260
Stamps, execrable modern, 316; collecting, 317; curious notion as to, 317, 318
Stationmaster, anecdote of a, 43, 44
Statuary, poor quality of modern London, 289
Stead, the late Mr. W. T., 29; takes authoress to spiritualistic séance, 29; his characteristics, 29
Stevens, Albert, 296
Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord, 48
Street venders, 261
,, musicians, 262–7
Suburbs in old days, 308, 309
Suffrage, female, 132–41; views of the authoress concerning, 133
Sweeps, 267, 268
Sykes, Sir Tatton, 33, 34
,, the late Lady, 35
,, Colonel Mark, 34

Tariff Reform, 83, 86
Tattershall Castle, 245, 246
Teapots, 328, 329
Telegraph, anecdotes of early days, 11
Temple Bar, 304; room in archway over, 305, 307
Terry, Miss Ellen, 226
Thackeray, 2, 13, 14, 286
Thames, its unsatisfactory condition in old days, 276–8
Thiers, M., 48
Thrale, Mrs., 309, 310
"Times," the, 6, 11, 12, 41, 110
Toby, M.P., 15
Townley, Colonel, 194

Tradesmen, old-fashioned West End, anecdotes, 170–2
Trafalgar Square, 290
Travellers' tales, anecdotes concerning, 52–6
Travelling by road, 35–8
Travelling on the Continent in old days, anecdotes, etc., 59–78
Tree, Sir Herbert Beerbohm, 226
Trevelyan, Sir Charles, 11
Tunbridge Wells and its history, 332, 333
,, ,, ware, 326, 327
Turnpike money, 39
Turnpikes, 39, 40

Unionist party, its present position, 82; lack of keenness, 84; its apologetic attitude, 85; unfortunate tactics, 85; what it might have done, 85, 104

Vicenza, a sojourn at, 65, 66
Victoria, Queen, 1, 6, 82, 125; her hatred of unpunctuality, 155, 295, 304, 305; her memorial, 289; her curious ring, 324
Victorian era, 2, 6, 17, 141
,, "Gothic," 243
Village streets in the past, 243

Waldegrave, Lady, her collection of bells, 329
Wallace, Sir Richard, 197, 198; theories as to parentage of, 198, 199
Walpole, Miss Charlotte, 225
,, Horace, 113
,, Sir Robert, 114, 119, 303
War, 21–3
Warren, Mrs., 171
Waste paper, 318; valuable finds in, 318–20
Waterford, the Marquis of, 201
Watts, Mr., his high ideals, and life, 79, 80
Watts, Mrs., 80
*Way to get Wealth* (an old book), 257, 258
"Weavers' windows," 280
Wellington, the great Duke of, 125, 197; anecdotes concerning, 217–21; his statue, 296; monument at St. Paul's, 296, 297
*Westminster Gazette*, 13
White Lodge, relics and pictures formerly at, 326, 327
Wigan, Mr. and Mrs., 226
Wilson, Mr. George, his curious bequest, 47, 48
Withernsea, church at, 247
Wolff, the late Sir Henry, 30, 152
Wolseley, Lord, 234
"Wolseley gang," the, 235
Woman, the claims of modern, 129–141
Wren, 300
Wyndham, Colonel, 241

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CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| General Literature | 2 |
| Ancient Cities | 12 |
| Antiquary's Books | 12 |
| Arden Shakespeare | 13 |
| Classics of Art | 13 |
| "Complete" Series | 13 |
| Connoisseur's Library | 14 |
| Handbooks of English Church History | 14 |
| Handbooks of Theology | 14 |
| "Home Life" Series | 14 |
| Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books | 15 |
| Leaders of Religion | 15 |
| Library of Devotion | 16 |
| Little Books on Art | 16 |
| Little Galleries | 17 |
| Little Guides | 17 |
| Little Library | 18 |
| Little Quarto Shakespeare | 19 |
| Miniature Library | 19 |
| New Library of Medicine | 19 |
| New Library of Music | 19 |
| Oxford Biographies | 19 |
| Three Plays | 20 |
| States of Italy | 20 |
| Westminster Commentaries | 20 |
| "Young" Series | 20 |
| Shilling Library | 21 |
| Books for Travellers | 21 |
| Some Books on Art | 21 |
| Some Books on Italy | 22 |
| Fiction | 23 |
| Two-Shilling Novels | 27 |
| Books for Boys and Girls | 27 |
| Shilling Novels | 28 |
| Novels of Alexandre Dumas | 28 |
| Sixpenny Books | 29 |


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